



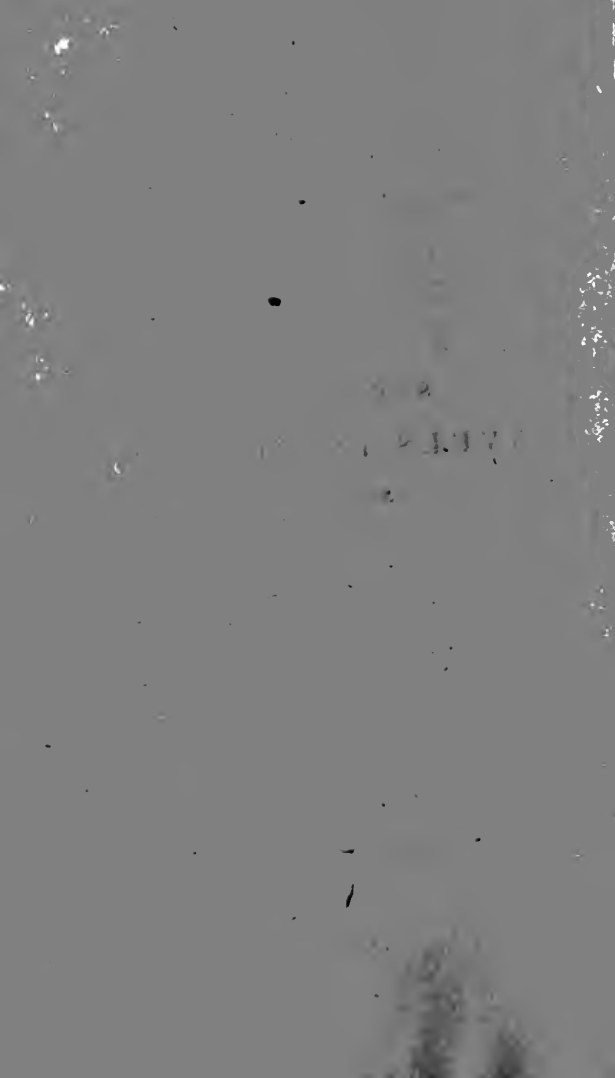
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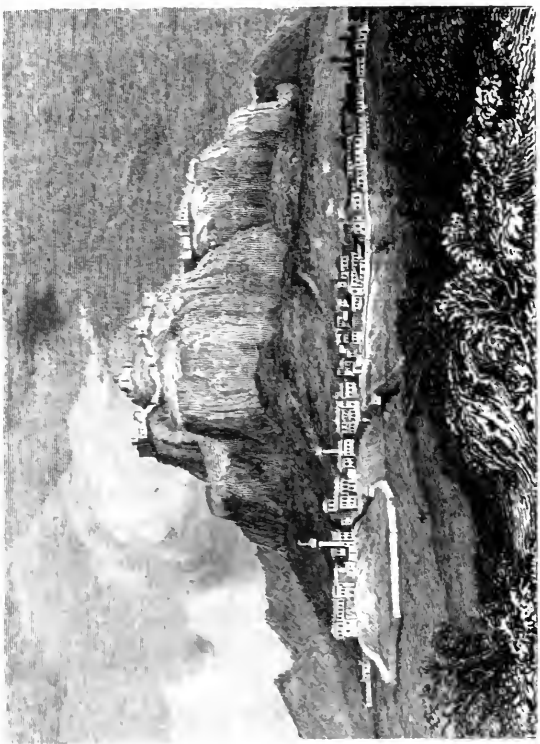
MRS. D. WOOD











INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL,  
IN  
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RUSSIA & POLAND.

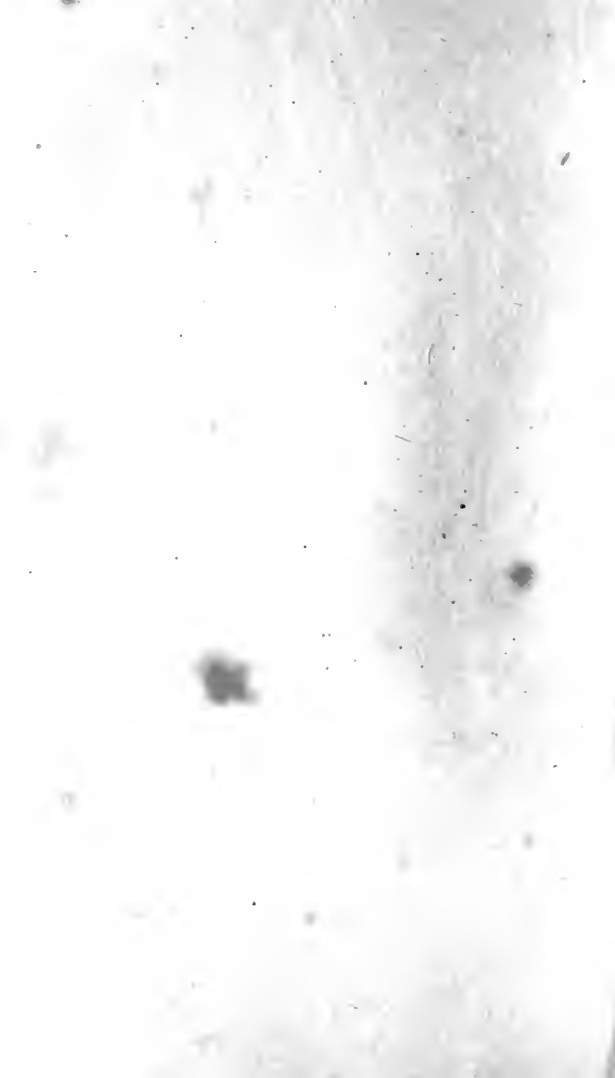
BY  
J. L. STEPHENS, ESQ.



S<sup>t</sup> Sophia . Constantinople

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL  
IN  
GREECE, TURKEY, RUSSIA,  
AND  
POLAND.

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BY J. L. STEPHENS,  
AUTHOR OF "INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT,  
ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND.

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REPORT TO THE BOARD

ALAN TERRY, 2nd

1966-67



1966-67

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# INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL,

ETC.

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## CHAPTER I.

**A Hurricane—An Adventure—Missilonghi—Siege of Missilonghi—Byron—Marco Bozzaris—Visit to the Widow, Daughters, and Brother to Bozzaris.**

ON the evening of the —— February, 1835, by a bright starlight, after a short ramble among the Ionian Islands, I sailed from Zante, in a beautiful cutter of about forty tons, for Padras. My companions were Doctor W., an old and valued friend from New York, who was going to Greece merely to visit the Episcopal missionary at Athens, and a young Scotchman, who had travelled with me through Italy, and was going farther, like myself, he knew not exactly why. There was hardly a breath of air when we left the harbour, but a breath was enough to fill our little sail. The wind, though of the gentlest, was fair; and as we crawled from under the lee of the island, in a short time it became a fine sailing breeze. We sat on the deck till a late hour, and turned in with every prospect of being at Padras in the morning. Before daylight, however, the wind chopped about, and set in dead ahead, and

when I went on deck in the morning, it was blowing a hurricane. We had passed the point of Padras; the wind was driving down the Gulf of Corinth as if old Æolus had determined on thwarting our purposes; and our little cutter, dancing like a gull upon the angry waters, was driven into the harbour of Missilonghi.

The town was full in sight, but at such a distance, and the waves were running so high, that we could not reach it with our small boat. A long flat extends several miles into the sea, making the harbour completely inaccessible except to small Greek caiques built expressly for such navigation. We remained on board all day; and the next morning, the gale still increasing, made signals to a fishing-boat to come off and take us ashore. In a short time she came alongside; we bade farewell to our captain—an Italian, and a noble fellow, cradled, and, as he said, born to die on the Adriatic—and in a few minutes struck the soil of fallen but immortal Greece.

Our manner of striking it, however, was not such as to call forth any warm emotions struggling in the breast of a scholar, for we were four or five miles from the shore, and the water was so low that the fishing-boat, with the additional weight of four men and luggage, could not swim clear. Our boatmen were two long sinewy Greeks, with the red-bouch embroidered jacket, sash, and large trousers, and with their long poles set us through the water with prodigious force; but as soon as the boat struck, they jumped out, and, putting their brawny shoulders under her sides, heaved her through into better water, and then resumed their poles. In this



way they propelled her two or three miles, working alternately with their pole and shoulders, until they got her into a channel, when they hoisted the sail, laid directly for the harbour, and drove upon the beach with canvas all flying.

During the late Greek revolution, Missolonghi was the great debarking-place of European adventurers; and, probably, among all the desperadoes who ever landed there, none were more destitute and in better condition to "go ahead" than I; for I had all that I was worth on my back. At one of the Ionian Isles I had lost my carpet bag, containing my note-book and every article of wearing apparel except the suit in which I stood. Every condition, however, has its advantages; mine put me above porters and custom-house officers; and while my companions were busy with these plagues of travellers, I paced with great satisfaction the shores of Greece, though I am obliged to confess that this satisfaction was for reasons utterly disconnected with any recollections of her ancient glories. Business before pleasure: one of our first inquiries was for a breakfast. Perhaps if we had seen a monument, or solitary column, or ruin of any kind, it would have inspired us to better things; but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that could recall an image of the past. Besides, we did not expect to land at Missolonghi, and were not bound to be inspired at a place into which we were thrown by accident; and, more than all, a drizzling rain was penetrating to our very bones; we were wet and cold, and what can men do in the way of sentiment when their teeth are chattering?

The town stands upon a flat, marshy plain, which

extends several miles along the shore. The whole was a mass of new made ruins—of houses demolished and black with smoke—the token of savage desolating war. In front and directly along the shore, was a long street of miserable one story shantees, run up since the destruction of the old town, and so near the shore that sometimes it is washed by the sea, and at the time of our landing it was wet and muddy from the rain. It was a cheerless place and reminded me of Communipaw in bad weather. It had no connexion with the ancient glory of Greece, no name or place in her historic page, and no hotel where we could get a breakfast; but one of the officers of the customs conducted us to a shantee filled with Bavarian soldiers dining. There was a sort of second story, accessible only by a ladder; and one end of this was partitioned off with boards, but had neither bench, table, nor any other article of housekeeping. We had been on and almost in the water since daylight, and exposed to a keen wind and drizzling rain, and now, at eleven o'clock, could probably have eaten several chickens apiece; but nothing came amiss, and as we could not get chickens, we took eggs, which for lack of any vessel to boil them in, were roasted. We placed a huge loaf of bread on the middle of the floor, and seated ourselves around it, spreading out so as to keep the eggs from rolling away, and each hewing off bread for himself. Fortunately, the Greeks have learned from their quondam Turkish masters the art of making coffee, and a cup of this eastern cordial kept our dry bread from choking us.

When we came out again, the aspect of matters

was more cheerful; the long-street was swarming with Greeks, many of them armed with pistols and yataghan, but miserably poor in appearance, and in such numbers that not half of them could find the shelter of a roof at night. We were accosted by one dressed in a hat and frock coat, and who, in occasional visits to Corfu and Trieste, had picked up some Italian and French, and a suit of European clothes, and was rather looked up to by his untravelled countrymen. As a man of the world, who had received civilities abroad, he seemed to consider it incumbent upon him to reciprocate at home, and with the tacit consent of all around, he undertook to do the honours of Missilonghi.

If, as a Greek, he had any national pride about him, he was imposing upon himself a severe task; for all that he could do was to conduct us among ruins, and, as he went along, tell us the story of the bloody siege which had reduced the place to its present woeful state. For more than a year, under unparalleled hardships, its brave garrison resisted the combined strength of the Turkish and Egyptian armies; and when all hope was gone, resolved to cut their way through the enemy, or die in the attempt. Many of the aged and sick, the wounded and the women, refused to join in the sortie, and preferred to shut themselves up in an old mill, with the desperate purpose of resisting until they should bring around them a large number of Turks, when they would blow all up together. An old invalid soldier seated himself in a mine under the Bastion Bozzaris (the ruins of which we saw), the mine being charged with thirty kegs of gunpowder; the last sacrament was administered by the bishop and

priests to the whole population, and at a signal the besieged made a desperate sortie. One body dashed through the Turkish ranks, and, with many women and children, gained the mountains; but the rest were driven back. Many of the women ran to the sea, and plunged in with their children, husbands stabbed their own wives with their own hands to save them from the Turks, and the old soldier under the bastion set fire to the train, and the remnant of the heroic garrison buried themselves under the ruins of Missilonghi.

Among them were thirteen foreigners, of whom only one escaped. One of the most distinguished was Myer, a young Swiss, who entered as a volunteer at the beginning of the revolution, became attached to a beautiful Missilonghiote girl, married her, and when the final sortie was made, his wife being sick, remained with her, and was blown up with the others. A letter written a few days before his death, and brought away by one who escaped in the sortie, records the condition of the garrison.

“A wound which I have received in my shoulder, while I am in daily expectation of one which will be my passport to eternity, has prevented me till now from bidding you a last adieu. We are reduced to feed upon the most disgusting animals. We are suffering horribly from hunger and thirst. Sickness adds much to the calamities which overwhelm us. Seventeen hundred and forty of our brothers are dead; more than a hundred thousand bombs and balls, thrown by the enemy, have destroyed our bastions and our homes. We have been terribly distressed by the cold, for we have suffered great want of food.

Notwithstanding so many privations, it is a great and noble spectacle to behold the ardour and devotedness of the garrison. A few days more, and these men will be angelic spirits, who will accuse before God the indifference of Christendom. In the name of all our brave men, among whom are Marco Bozzaris, \* \* \* I announce to you the resolution sworn to before Heaven, to defend foot by foot the land of Missilonghi, and to bury ourselves, without listening to any capitulation, under the ruins of this city. We are drawing near our final hour. History will render us justice. I am proud to think that the blood of a Swiss, a child of William Tell, is about to mingle with that of the heroes of Greece."

But Missilonghi is a subject of still greater interest than this, for the reader will remember it as the place where Byron died. Almost the first questions I asked were about the poet, and it added to the dreary interest which the place inspired, to listen to the manner in which the Greeks spoke of him. It might be thought that here, on the spot where he breathed his last, malignity would have held her accursed tongue; but it was not so. He had committed the fault, unpardonable in the eyes of political opponents, of attaching himself to one of the parties that then divided Greece; and though he had given her all that man could give, in his own dying words, "his time, his means, his health, and lastly, his life," the Greeks spoke of him with all the rancour and bitterness of party spirit. Even death had not won oblivion for his political offences; and I heard those who saw him die in her cause affirm that Byron was no friend to Greece.

His body, the reader will remember, was tran-

sported to England, and interred in the family sepulchre. The church where it lay in state is a heap of ruins, and there is no stone or monument recording his death ; but, wishing to see some memorial connected with his residence here, we followed our guide to the house in which he died. It was a large square building of stone ; one of the walls still standing, black with smoke, the rest a confused and shapeless mass of ruins. After his death it was converted into an hospital and magazine, and when the Turks entered the city, they set fire to the powder ; the sick and dying were blown into the air, and we saw the ruins lying as they fell after the explosion. It was a melancholy spectacle, but it seemed to have a sort of moral fitness with the life and fortunes of the poet. It was as if the same wild destiny, the same wreck of hopes and fortunes, that attended him through life, were hovering over his grave. Living and dead, his actions and his character have been the subject of obloquy and reproach, perhaps justly ; but it would have softened the heart of his bitterest enemy to see the place in which he died.

It was in this house that, on his last birth-day, he came from his bed room and produced to his friends the last notes of his dying muse, breathing a spirit of sad foreboding and melancholy recollections, of devotion to the noble cause in which he had embarked, and prophetic consciousness of his approaching end.

“ My days are in the yellow leaf,

The flowers and fruits of love are gone :

The worm, the canker, and the grief,

Are mine alone,

If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live?

The leave of honourable death

Is here: up to the field, and give

Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found—

A soldier's grave to thee the best;

Then look around, and choose thy ground

And take thy rest.

Moving on beyond the range of ruined houses, though still within the line of crumbling walls, we came to a spot perhaps as interesting as any that Greece in her best days could show. It was the tomb of Marco Bozzaris! No monumental marble emblazoned his deeds and fame; a few round stones piled over his head, which, but for our guide, we should have passed without noticing, were all that marked his grave. I would not disturb a proper reverence for the past; time covers with its dim and twilight glories both distant scenes and men who acted in them; but, to my mind, Miltiades was not more of a hero than Marathon, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, than Marco Bozzaris at Missilonghi. When they went out against the hosts of Persia, Athens and Sparta were great and free, and they had the prospect of glory and the praise of men, to the Greeks always dearer than life. But when the Suliote drew his sword, his country lay bleeding at the foot of a giant, and all Europe condemned the Greek revolution as foolhardy and desperate. For two months, with a few hundred men, protected only by a ditch and a slight parapet of earth, he defended the town, where his body now rests, against the whole Egyptian army. In stormy weather, living upon bad and unwholesome bread, with no covering

but his cloak, he passed his days and nights in constant vigil ; in every assault his sword cut down the foremost assailant, and his voice, rising above the din of battle, struck terror into the hearts of his enemy. In the struggle which ended with his life, with 2000 men he proposed to attack the whole army of Mustapha Pacha, and called upon all who were willing to die for their country to stand forward. The whole band advanced to a man. Unwilling to sacrifice so many brave men in a death struggle, he chose 300, the sacred number of the Spartan band, his tried and trusty Suliotes. At midnight he placed himself at their head, directing that not a shot should be fired till he sounded his bugle ; and his last command was, "If you lose sight of me, seek me in the pacha's tent." In the moment of victory he ordered the pacha to be seized, and received a ball in his loins ; his voice still rose above the din of battle, cheering his men until he was struck by another ball in the head, and borne dead from the field of his glory!

Not far from the grave of Bozzaris was a pyramid of skulls, of men who had fallen in the last attack upon the city, piled up near the blackened and battered wall which they had died in defending. In my after wanderings I learned to look more carelessly upon these things ; and, perhaps, noticing everywhere the light estimation put upon human life in the East, learned to think more lightly of it myself ; but then it was melancholy to see bleaching in the sun, under the eyes of their countrymen, the unburied bones of men who, but a little while ago, stood with swords in their hands, and animated by the noble resolution to free their country or die



in the attempt. Our guide told us that they had all been collected in that place with a view to sepulture; and that King Otho, as soon as he became of age, and took the government in his own hands, intended to erect a monument over them. In the meantime, they are, at the mercy of every passing traveller; and the only remark that our guide made was a comment upon the force and unerring precision of the blow of the Turkish sabre, almost every skull being laid open on the side nearly down to the ear.

But the most interesting part of our day at Missolonghi was to come. Returning from a ramble round the walls, we noticed a square house, which our guide told us was the residence of Constantine, the brother of Marco Bozzaris. We were all interested in this intelligence, and our interest was in no small degree increased when he added, that the widow and two of the children of the Suliote chief were living with his brother. The house was surrounded by a high stone wall, a large gate stood invitingly open, and we turned towards it in the hope of catching a glimpse of the inhabitants; but before we reached the gate, our interest had increased to such a point, that after consulting with our guide, we requested him to say that, if it would not be considered an intrusion, three travellers, two of them Americans, would feel honoured in being permitted to pay their respects to the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris.

We were invited in, and shown into a large room on the right, where three Greeks were sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking their long Turkish chibouk. Soon after, the brother entered, a man about

fifty, of middle height, spare built, and wearing a Bavarian uniform, as holding a colonel's commission in the service of King Otho. In the dress of the dashing Suliote, he would have better looked the brother of Marco Bozzaris, and I might then more easily have recognised the daring warrior, who, on the field of battle, in a moment of extremity, was deemed, by universal acclamation, worthy of succeeding the fallen hero. Now the strait military frock-coat, buttoned tight across the breast, the stock, tight pantaloons, boots, and straps, seemed to repress the free energies of the mountain warrior; and I could not but think how awkward it must be for one who had spent all his life in a dress which hardly touched him, at fifty to put on a stock, and straps to his boots. Our guide introduced us, with all apology for our intrusion. The colonel received us with great kindness, thanked us for the honour done his brother's widow, and, requesting us to be seated, ordered coffee and pipes.

And here, on the very first day of our arrival in Greece, and from a source which made us proud, we had the first evidence of what afterwards met me at every step, the warm feelings existing in Greece towards America; for almost the first thing that the brother of Marco Bozzaris said was to express his gratitude as a Greek for the services rendered his country by our own; and after referring to the provisions sent out for his famished countrymen, his eyes sparkled, and his cheek flushed as he told us, that when the Greek revolutionary flag first sailed into the port of Napoli di Romania, among hundreds of vessels of all nations, an American captain was the first to recognise and salute it.

In a few moments the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my preconceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me; she looked the widow of an hero—as one worthy of her Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bowstrings, their girdle for a sword belt, and while their heart-strings were cracking, sent their arms to fight and perish for their country. Perhaps it was she that led Marco Bozzaris into the path of immortality; that roused him from the wild guerilla warfare, in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain: no man could look in her face without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without treading more firmly in the path of high and honourable enterprise. She was under forty, tall and stately in her person, and habited in deep black, fit emblem of her widowed condition, with a white handkerchief laid flat over her head, giving the Madonna cast to her dark eyes and marble complexion. We all rose as she entered the room; and though living secluded, and seldom seeing the face of a stranger, she received our compliments and returned them, with far less embarrassment than we both felt and exhibited.

But our embarrassment, at least I speak for myself, was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat bewildered me. While waiting for their appearance, and talking with Constantine Bozarris, I had in

some way conceived the idea that the daughters were mere children, and had fully made up my mind to take them on my knee and kiss them; but the appearance of the stately mother recalled me to the grave of Bozzarris; and the daughters would probably have thought I was taking liberties upon so short an acquaintance, if I had followed up my benevolent purpose in regard to them; so that, with the long pipe in my hand, which at that time I did not know how to manage well, I cannot flatter myself that I exhibited any of the benefit of continental travel.

The elder was about sixteen, and even in the opinion of my friend Doctor W., a cool judge in these matters a beautiful girl, possessing in its fullest extent all the elements of Grecian beauty—a dark clear complexion, dark hair, set off by a little red cap embroidered with gold thread, and a long blue tassel hanging down behind, and large black eyes, expressing a melancholy quiet, but which might be excited to shoot forth glances more terrible than her father's sword. Happily, too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from a French marquis who had been domesticated with them; but young and modest, and unused to the company of strangers, she felt the embarrassment common to young ladies when attempting to speak a foreign language, and we could not talk to her in common themes. Our lips were sealed of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her home. We could not sound for her the praises of her gallant father. At parting, however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was as familiar in America as that of a hero of our own revolution, and that it

had been hallowed by the inspiration of an American poet ; and I added that, if it would not be unacceptable, on my return to my native country I would send the tribute referred to, as the evidence of the feeling existing in America towards the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted ; and afterwards, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missilonghi, our guide, who had remained behind, came to me with a message from the widow and daughters reminding me of my promise.

I do not see that there is any objection in my mentioning that I wrote to a friend, requesting him to procure Halleck's " Marco Bozzaris," and send it to my banker at Paris. My friend thinking to enhance its value, applied to Mr. Halleck for a copy in his own hand writing. Mr. Halleck with his characteristic modesty, evaded the application ; and on my return home I told him the story of my visit, and reiterated the same request. He evaded me as he had done my friend, but promised a copy of the new edition of his poems, which he afterwards gave me, and which, I hope, is now in the hands of the widow and the daughters of the Grecian hero.

I make no apology for introducing in a book the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the interview would be noted, and laid before those who choose to read. I hope it will not be considered invading the sanctity of private life ; but, at all events, I make no apology—the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world.

## CHAPTER II.

Choice of a servant—A Turnout—An Evening Chat—  
Scenery of the Road—Lepanto—A projected Visit—  
Change of Purpose—Padras—Vostitza—Variety and  
Magnificence of Scenery.

BARREN as our prospect was on landing, our first day in Greece had been already full of interest. Supposing that we should not find any thing to engage us long, before setting out on our ramble we had directed our servants to procure horses; and when we returned, we found all ready for our departure.

One word with regard to this same servant. We had taken him at Corfu, much against my inclination. We had a choice between two, one a full blooded Greek in fustinellas, who in five minutes established himself in my good graces, so that nothing but the democratic principles of submitting to the will of the majority could make me give him up. He held at that time a very good office in the police at Corfu, but the eagerness which he showed to get out of the regular business and go roving, warmed me to him irresistibly. He seemed to be distracted between two opposing feelings; one the bent of his natural vagabond disposition to be rambling, and the other a sort of tugging at his heart-string, by wife and children, to keep in a place where he had a regular assured living, instead of trusting to the precarious business of guiding travellers. He had a boldness and confidence that

won me; and when he drew on the sand with his yataghan a map of Greece, and told us the route he would take us, zig zag, across the Gulf of Corinth to Delphi and the top of Parnassus, I wondered that my companions could resist him.

Our alternative was an Italian from somewhere on the coast of the Adriatic, whom I looked upon with an unfavourable eye, because he came between me and my Greek; and on the morning of our departure, I was earnestly hoping that he had overslept himself, or got into some scrape and been picked up by the guard; but, most provokingly, he came in time, and with more baggage than all of us had together. Indeed, he had so much of his own, that in obedience to nature's first law, he could not attend to ours, and in putting ashore some British soldiers at Cephalonia, he contrived to let my carpet bag go with their luggage. This did not increase my amiable feelings towards him, and, perhaps, assisted in making me look upon him throughout with a jaundiced eye, in fact, before we had him long, I regarded him as a slouch, a knave, and a fool, and had the questionable satisfaction of finding that my companions, though they sustained him as long as they could, had formed very much the same opinion.

It was to him, then, that on our return from our visit to the widow and daughters of Marco Bozaris we were indebted for a turnout that seemed to astonish even the people of Missilonghi. The horses were miserable little animals, hidden under enormous saddles made of great clumps of wood, over an old carpet of towcloth, and covering the whole from the shoulders to the tail; the luggage

was perched on the tops of the saddles, and with desperate exertions, and the help of the citizens of Missilonghi, we were perched on the top of the luggage. The little animals had a knowing look as they peered from under the superincumbent mass; and supported on either side by the by-standers till we got a little steady in our seats, we put forth from Missilonghi. The only gentleman of our party was our servant, who followed on a European saddle which he had brought for his own use, smoking his pipe with great complacency, perfectly satisfied with our appearance and with himself.

It was four o'clock when we passed the broken walls of Missilonghi. For three hours our road lay over a plain extending to the sea. I have no doubt, if my Greek had been there, he would have given an interest to the road by referring to scenes and incidents connected with the siege of Missilonghi; but Demetrius—as he now chose to call himself—knew nothing of Greece, ancient or modern; he had no sympathy of feeling with the Greeks, had never travelled on this side of the Gulf of Corinth; and so he lagged behind and smoked his pipe.

It was nearly dark when we reached the miserable little village of Bokhara. We had barely light enough to look around for the best khan in which to pass the night. Any of the wretched tenants would have been glad to receive us for the little remuneration we might leave with them in the morning. The khans were all alike, one room, mud floor and walls, and we selected one where the chickens had already gone to roost, and prepared to measure off the dirt floor according to our dimensions. Before we were arranged, a Greek of a bet-



ter class, followed by half a dozen villagers, came over, and with many regrets of the wretched state of the country, invited us to his house. Though dressed in the Greek costume, it was evident that he acquired his manners in a school beyond the bounds of his miserable little village, in which his house now rose like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, higher than every thing else, but rather rickety. In a few minutes we heard the death notes of some chickens, and at about nine o'clock sat down to a not unwelcome meal. Several Greeks dropt in during the evening, and one, a particular friend of our host's, supped with us. Both talked French, and had that perfect ease of manner and *savoir faire* which I always remarked with admiration in all Greeks who had travelled. They talked much of their travels; of time spent in Italy and Germany, and particularly of a long residence at Bucharost. They talked, too, of Greece—of her long and bitter servitude, her revolution, and her independence; and from their enthusiasm I could not but think that they had fought and bled in her cause. I certainly was not lying in wait to entrap them, but I afterwards gathered from their conversation that they had taken occasion to be on their travels at the time the bravest of their countrymen were pouring out their blood like water, to emancipate their native land. A few years before I might have felt indignation and contempt for men who had left their country in her hour of utmost need, and returned to enjoy the privileges purchased with other men's blood; but I had already learned to take the world as I found it, and listened quietly while our host told us, that confiding in the per-

manency of the government secured by the three great powers, England, France, and Russia, he had returned to Greece and taken a lease of a large tract of land for fifty years, paying a thousand drachms, a drachm being one sixth of a dollar, and one-tenth of the annual fruits, at the end of which time one-half of the land under cultivation was to belong to his heirs in fee.

As our host could not conveniently accommodate us all, M. and Demetrius returned to the khan at which we had first stopped, and were we to judge from the early hour at which they came over to us the next morning, they had not spent the night as well as we did. At day light we took our coffee, and again perched our luggage on the backs of the horses, and ourselves on the top of the luggage. Our host wished us to remain with him, and promised the next day to accompany us to Padras; but this was not a sufficient inducement, and taking leave of him, probably for ever, we started for Lepanto.

We rode about an hour on the plain; the mountain towered on our left, and the rich soil was broken into rough sandy gulleys running down to the sea. Our guides had some apprehensions that we should not be able to cross the torrents that were running down from the mountain; and when we came to the first and had to walk up along the bank, looking out for a place to ford, we fully participated in their apprehensions. Bridges were a species of architecture entirely unknown in that part of modern Greece; indeed, no bridges could have stood against the mountain torrents. There would have been some excitement in encountering these rapid streams if

we had been well mounted ; but from the manner in which we were hitched on our horses, we did not feel any great confidence in our seats. Still nothing could be wilder or more picturesque than our process in crossing them, except that it might have added somewhat to the effect to see one of us floating down the stream clinging to the tail of his horses. But we got over or through them all. A range of mountains then formed on our right, cutting us off from the sea, and we entered a valley lying between the two parallel ranges. At first the road, which was exceedingly difficult for a man or a surefooted horse, lay along a beautiful stream, and the whole of the valley extending to the Gulf of Lepanto is one of the loveliest regions of country I ever saw. The ground was rich and verdant, and, even at that early season of the year, blooming with wild flowers of every hue, but wholly uncultivated, the olive-trees having all been cut down by the Turks, and without a single habitation on the whole route. My Scotch companion, who had a good eye for the picturesque and beautiful in natural scenery, was in raptures with this valley. I have since travelled in Switzerland, not however, in all districts frequented by tourists ; but in what I saw, beautiful as it is, I do not know a place where the wilderness of mountain scenery is so delightfully contrasted with the softness of a rich valley.

At the end of the valley, directly opposite Padras, and on the borders of the gulf, is a wild road called Scala Cativa, running along the sides of a rocky mountainous precipice overlooking the sea. It is a wild and almost fearful road ; in some places I thought it like the perpendicular sides of the Pali-

sades ; and when the wind blows in a particular direction, it is impossible to make headway against it. Our host told us that we should find difficulty that day, and there was just rudeness enough to make us look well to our movements. Directly at our feet was the Gulf of Corinth ; opposite a range of mountains ; and in the distance the Island of Zante. On the other side of the valley is an extraordinary mountain, very high, and wanting a large piece in the middle, as if cut out with a chisel, leaving two straight parallel sides, and called by the unpoetical name of the Arm-Chair. In the wildest part of the Scala, where a very light struggle would have precipitated us several hundred feet into the sea, an enormous shepherd's dog came bounding and barking towards us ; and we were much relieved when his master, who was hanging with his flock of goats on an almost inaccessible height, called him away. At the foot of the mountain we entered a rich plain, where the shepherds were pasturing their flocks down to the shore of the sea, and in about two hours arrived at Lepanto.

After diligent search by Demetrius (the name by which we had taken him, whose true name, however, we found to be Jerolamon,) and by all the idlers whom the arrival of strangers attracted, we procured a room near the farthest wall ; it was reached by ascending a flight of steps outside, and boasted a floor, walls, and an apology for a roof. We piled up our baggage in one corner, or rather my companions did theirs, and went prowling about in search of something to eat. Our servant had not fully apprised us of the extreme poverty of the country, the entire absence of all accommodations

for travellers, and the absolute necessity of carrying with us every thing requisite for comfort. He was a man of few words and probably thought that, as between servant and master, example was better than precept, and that the abundant provisions he had made for himself might serve as a lesson for us; but, in our case, the objection to this mode of teaching was, that it came too late to be profitable. At the foot of the hill fronting the sea was an open place, in one side of which was a little cafteria, where all the good-for-nothing loungers of Lepanto were assembled. We bought a loaf of bread and some eggs, and, with a cup of Turkish coffee, made our evening meal.

We had an hour before dark, and strolled along the shore. Though in a ruinous condition, Lepanto is in itself interesting, as giving an exact idea of an ancient Greek city, being situated in a commanding position on the side of a mountain running down to the sea, with its citadel on the top, and enclosed by walls and turrets. The port is shut within the walls, which run into the sea, and are erected on the foundations of the ancient Naupactus. At a distance was the promontory of Aclium, where Cleopatra, with her fifty ships, abandoned Antony, and left to Augustus the empire of the world; and directly before us, its surface dotted with a few straggling Greek caiques, was the scene of a battle which has rung throughout the world, the great battle of the Cross against the Crescent, where the allied forces of Spain, Venice, and the Pope, amounting to nearly three hundred sail, under the command of Don John of Austria, humbled for ever the naval pride of the Turks. One hun-

dred and thirty Turkish galleys were taken, and fifty-five sunk; thirty thousand Turks were killed, ten thousand taken prisoners, fifteen thousand Christian slaves delivered; and Pope Pius VI., with holy fervour, exclaimed, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John." Cervantes lost his left hand in this battle; and it is to the wounds he received here that he makes a touching allusion when reproached by a rival. "What I cannot help feeling deeply is, that I am stigmatised with being old and maimed, as though it belonged to me to stay the course of time; or as though my wounds had been received in some tavern broil, instead of the most lofty occasion which past ages have yet seen, or which shall ever be seen by those to come. The scars which the soldier wears on his person, instead of badges of infamy, are stars to guide the daring in the path of glory. As for mine, though they may not shine in the eyes of the envious, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were received; and even were it not yet too late to choose, I would rather remain as I am, maimed and mutilated, than be now whole of my wounds, without having taken part in so glorious an achievement."

I shall, perhaps, be reproached for mingling with the immortal names of Don John of Austria and Cervantes, those of George Wilson, of Providence, Rhode Island, and James Williams, a black of Baltimore, cook on board Lord Cochrane's flag ship in the great battle between the Greek and Turkish fleets. George Wilson was a gunner on board one of the Greek ships, and conducted himself with so much gallantry, that Lord Cochrane, at a dinner in

commemoration of the event, publicly drank his health. In the same battle, James Williams, who had lost a finger in the United States' service under Decatur at Algiers, and had conducted himself with great coolness and intrepidity in several engagements, when no Greek could be found to take the helm, volunteered his services, and was struck down by a splinter, which broke his legs and arms. The historian will probably never mention these gallant fellows in his quarto volumes : but I hope the American traveller, as he stands at sunset by the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, and recalls to mind the great achievements of Don John and Cervantes, will not forget *George Wilson* and *James Williams*.

At evening we returned to our room, built a fire in the middle, and, with as much dignity as we could muster, sitting on the floor, received a number of Greek visitors. When they left us, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks and lay down to sleep. Sleep, however, is not always won when wooed. Sometimes it takes the perverse humour of the wild boy : "The more you call me, the more I won't come." Our room had no chimney ; and though, as I lay all night looking up at the roof, there appeared to be apertures enough to let out the smoke, it seemed to have a loving feeling towards us in our lowly position, and clung to us so closely that we were obliged to let the fire go out and lie shivering till morning.

Every schoolboy knows how hard it is to write poetry, but few know the physical difficulties of climbing the poetical mountain itself. We had made arrangements to sleep the next night at Cas-

tri, by the side of the sacred oracle of Delphi, a mile up Parnassus. Our servant wanted to cross over and go up on the other side of the gulf, and entertained us with several stories of robberies committed on this road, to which we paid no attention. The Greeks who visited us in the evening, related, with much detail, a story of a celebrated captain of brigands having lately returned to his haunt on Parnassus, and attacked nine Greek merchants, of whom he killed three; the recital of which interesting incident we ascribed to Demetrius, and disregarded.

Early in the morning we mounted our horses and started for Parnassus. At the gate of the town we were informed that it was necessary, before leaving, to have a passport from the eparchos, and I returned to procure it. The eparchos was a man about forty five, tall and stout, with a clear olive complexion, and a sharp black eye, dressed in a rich Greek costume, and, fortunately, able to speak French. He was sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking his pipe, and looking out upon the sea; and when I told him my business, he laid down his pipe, repeated the story of the robbery and murder that we had heard the night before, and added, that we must abandon the idea of travelling that road. He said, further, that the country was in a distracted state; that poverty was driving men to desperation; and that, though they had driven out the Turks, the Greeks were not masters of their own country. Hearing that I was an American, and as if in want of a bosom in which to unburden himself, and as one assured of sympathy, he told me the whole story of their long and bloody struggle for independence,



and the causes that now made the friends of Greece tremble for her future destiny. I knew that the seat of the muses bore a rather suspicious character, and, in fact, that the rocks and caves about Parnassus were celebrated as the abodes of robbers, but I was unwilling to be driven from our purpose of ascending. I went to the military commandant, a Bavarian officer, and told him what I had just heard from the eparchos. He said frankly that he did not know much of the state of the country, as he had but lately arrived in it; but with the true Bavarian spirit, advised me as a general rule, not to believe any thing a Greek should tell me. I returned to the gate, and made my double report to my companions. Dr. W. returned with me to the eparchos, where the latter repeated, with great earnestness, all he had told me; and when I persisted in combating his objections, shrugged his shoulders in a manner that seemed to say, "your blood be on your own heads;" that he had done his duty, and washed his hands of the consequences. As we were going out, he called me back, and, recurring to our previous conversation, said that he had spoken to me as an American more freely than he would have done to a stranger, and begged that, as I was going to Athens, I would not repeat his words where they would do him injury. I would not mention the circumstance now, but that the political clouds which then hung over the horizon of Greece have passed away; King Otho has taken his seat on the throne, and my friend has probably long since been driven or retired from public life. I was at that time a stranger to the internal politics of Greece, but I afterwards found that the eparchos was one of a then

powerful body of Greeks opposed to the Bavarian influence, and interested in representing the state of the country more unsettled than it really was. I took leave of him, however, as one who had intended me a kindness, and, returning to the gate, found our companion sitting on his horse, waiting for the result of our further inquiries. Both he and my fellow-envoy were comparatively indifferent upon the subject, while I was bent on drinking from the Castilian fount, and sleeping on the top of Parnassus. Besides, I was in a beautiful condition to be robbed. I had nothing but what was on my back, and I felt sure that a Greek mountain robber would scorn my stiff coat, pantaloons, and black hat. My companions, however, were not so well situated, particularly M., who had drawn money at Corfu, and had no idea of trusting it to the tender mercies of a Greek bandit. In the teeth of the advice we received, it would, perhaps, have been foolhardy to proceed; and, to my great subsequent regret, for the first and last time in my ramblings, I was turned aside from my path by fear of perils on the road. Perhaps, after all, I had a lucky escape; for, if the Greek tradition be true, whoever sleeps on the mountain becomes an inspired poet or a madman, either of which, for a professional man, is a catastrophe to be avoided.

Our change of plan suited Demetrius exactly; he had never travelled on this side of the Gulf of Corinth; and besides that he considered it a great triumph that his stories of robbers were confirmed by others, showing his superior knowledge of the state of the country, he was glad to get on a road which he had travelled before, and on which he had

a chance of meeting some of his old travelling acquaintance. In half an hour he had us on board a caique. We put out from the harbour of Lepanto with a strong and favourable wind; our little boat danced lightly over the waters of the Gulf of Corinth; and in three hours, passing between the frowning castles of Romelia and Morea, under the shadow of the walls of which were buried the bodies of the Christians who fell in the great naval battle, we arrived at Padras.

The first thing we recognized was the beautiful little cutter which we had left at Missilonghi, riding gracefully at anchor in the harbour, and the first man we spoke to on our landing was our old friend the captain. We exchanged a cordial greeting, and he conducted us to Mr. Robertson, the British vice-consul, who, at the moment of our entering, was in the act of directing a letter to me at Athens. The subject was my interesting carpet-bag. There being no American consul at Padras, I had taken the liberty of writing to Mr. Robertson, requesting him if my estate should find its way into his hands, to forward it to me at Athens, and the letter was to assure me of his attention to my wishes. It may be considered treason against classical taste, but it consoled me somewhat for the loss of Parnassus to find a stranger taking so warm an interest in my fugitive habiliment.

There was something, too, in the appearance of Padras, that addressed itself to other feelings than those connected with the indulgence of a classical humour. Our bones were still aching with the last night's rest, or rather the want of it, at Lepanto; and when we found ourselves in a neat little locanda,

and a complaisant Greek asked us what we would have to dinner, and showed us our beds for the night, we almost agreed that climbing Parnassus and such things were fit only for boys just out of college.

Padras is beautifully situated at the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth, and the windows of our locanda commanded a fine view of the bold mountains on the opposite side of the gulf, and the parallel range forming the valley which leads to Missilonghi. It stands on the site of the ancient Peira, enumerated by Herodotus among the twelve cities of Acbaia. During the intervals of peace in the Peloponnesian war, Alcibiades about four hundred and fifty years before Christ, persuaded its inhabitants to build long walls down to the sea. Philip of Macedon frequently landed there in his expedition to Peloponnesus. Augustus Cæsar after the battle of Actium, made it a Roman colony, and sent thither a large body of his veteran soldiers; and in the time of Cicero, Roman merchants were settled there, just as French and Italians are now. The modern town has grown up since the French revolution, or rather since the accession of Otho, and bears no mark of the desolation of Missilonghi and Lepanto. It contains a long street of shops well supplied with European goods; the English steamers from Corfu to Malta touch here; and besides the little Greek caiques trading in the Gulph of Corinth, vessels from all parts of the Adriatic are constantly in this harbour.

Among others there was an Austrian man-of-war from Trieste, on her way to Alexandria. By a singular fortune, the commandant had been in one of the Austrian vessels that carried to New York the

unfortunate Poles ; the only Austrian man-of-war which had ever been in the United States. A day or two after their arrival at New York, I had taken a boat at the battery, and gone on board this vessel, and had met the officers at some parties given to them at which he had been present ; and though we had no actual acquaintance with each other, these circumstances were enough to form an immediate link between us, particularly as he was enthusiastic in his praises of the hospitality of our citizens, and the beauty of our women. Lest, however, any of the latter should be vain-glorious at hearing that their praises were sounded so far from home, I consider it my duty to say that the commandant was almost blind, very slovenly, always smoking a pipe and generally a little tipsy.

Early in the morning we started for Athens. Our turn out was rather better than at Missilonghi, but not much. The day, however, was fine ; the cold wind, which for several days, had been blowing down the Gulf of Corinth, had ceased, and the air was warm, and balmy, and invigorating. We had already found that Greece had something to attract the stranger besides the recollections of her ancient glories, and often forgot that the ground we were travelling was consecrated by historians and poets, in admiration of its own wild and picturesque beauty. Our road for about three hours lay across a plain, and then close along the gulf, sometimes winding by the foot of a wild precipitous mountain, and then again over a plain, with mountains rising at some distance on our right. Sometimes we crossed their rugged summits, and descended to the sea-shore. On our left we had constantly the

gulf, bordered on the side by a range of mountains sometimes receding and then rising almost out of the water, while high above the rest rose the towering summits of Parnassus covered with snow.

It was after dark when we arrived at Vostitza, beautifully situated on the banks of the Gulf at Corinth. This is the representative of the ancient *Ægium*, one of the most celebrated cities in Greece, mentioned by Homer as having supplied vessels for the Trojan war, and in the second century containing sixteen sacred edifices, a theatre, a portico, and an agora. For many ages it was the seat of the Achaian Congress. Probably the worthy delegates who met here to deliberate upon the affairs of Greece, had better accommodations than we obtained, or they would be likely, I should imagine, to hold but short sessions.

We stopped at a vile locanda, the only one in the place, where we found a crowd of men in a small room, gathered around a dirty table, eating, one of whom sprang up and claimed me as an old acquaintance. He had on a Greek capote and a large foraging cap slouched over his eyes, so that I had some difficulty in recognising him as an Italian, who, at Padras, had tried to persuade me to go by water up to the head of the gulf. He had started that morning, about the same time we did, with a crowd of passengers, half of whom were already by the ears. Fortunately they were obliged to return to their boats, and left all the house to us; which, however, contained little besides a strapping Greek, who called himself its proprietor.

Before daylight we were again on the saddle. During the whole day's ride the scenery was mag-

nificent. Sometimes we were hemmed in, as if for ever enclosed, in an amphitheatre of wild and gigantic rocks: then from some lofty summit we looked out upon lesser mountains, broken and torn, and thrown into every wild and picturesque form, as if by an earthquake; and after riding among deep dells and craggy steeps, yawning ravines and cloud capped precipices, we descended into a quiet valley and the sea shore.

At about four o'clock we came down, for the last time, to the shore, and before us, at some distance, espied a single khan, standing almost on the edge of the water. It was a beautiful resting place for a traveller; the afternoon was mild, and we walked on the shore till the sun set. The khan was sixty or seventy feet long, and contained an upper room running the whole length of the building. This room was our bed-chamber. We built a fire at one end, made tea, and roasted some eggs, the smoke ascending and curling around the rafters, and finally passing out of the openings in the roof; we stretched in our cloaks, and, with the murmur of the waves in our ears, looked through the apertures in the roof upon the stars, and fell asleep.

About the middle of the night the door opened with a rude noise, and a tall Greek, almost filling the doorway, stood on the threshold. After pausing a moment he walked in, followed by half a dozen gigantic companions, their tall figures, full dresses, and the shining of their pistols and yataghans, wearing a very ugly look to a man just roused from slumber. But they were merely Greek pedlars, or travelling merchants, and, without any more noise,

kindled the fire anew, drew their capotes around them, stretched themselves upon the floor, and were soon asleep.

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### CHAPTER III.

Quarrel with the Landlord—Ægina—Sicyon—Corinth—A distinguished Reception—Desolation of Corinth—The Acropolis—View from the Acropolis—Lechæum and Cenchreæ—Kaka Scala—Arrival at Athens.

IN the morning Demetrius had a roaring quarrel with the keeper of the locanda, in which he tried to keep back part of the money we gave him to pay for us. He did this, however, on principle, for we had given twice as much as our lodging was worth, and no man ought to have more. His character was at stake in preventing any one from cheating us too much; and in order to do this, he stopped our fund *in transitu*.

We started early, and for some time our road lay on the shore. It was not necessary, surrounded by such magnificent scenery, to draw upon historical recollections for the sake of giving interest to the road; still it did not diminish that interest to know that, many centuries ago, great cities stood here, whose sites are now desolate, or occupied as the miserable gathering-places of a starving population. Directly opposite Parnassus, and at the foot of a hill crowned with the ruins of an acropolis, in perfect desolation now, stood the ancient Ægina: once numbering a population of ten thousand inhabitants, in the second century containing three hiera, and



a temple, and another sacred edifice. Farther on, and towards the head of the Gulf of Corinth, the miserable village of Basilico stands on the site of the ancient Sicyon, boasting as high an antiquity as any city in Greece, and long celebrated as the first of her schools in painting. In five hours we came in sight of the Acropolis of Corinth, and, shortly after, of Corinth itself.

The reader need not fear my plunging him deeply into antiquities. Greece has been explored, and examined, and written upon, till the subject is almost thread bare; and I do not flatter myself that I discovered in it any thing new. Still no man from such a distant country as mine can find himself crossing the plain of Corinth, and ascending to the ancient city, without a strange and indescribable feeling. We have no old monuments, no classical associations; and our history hardly goes beyond the memory of that venerable personage, "the oldest inhabitant." Corinth is so old that its early records are blended with the history of the heathen gods. The Corinthians say that it was called after the son of Jupiter, and its early sovereigns were heroes of the Grecian mythology. It was the friend of Sparta and the rival of Athens; the first city to build war galleys, and send forth colonies which became great empires. It was the assembling-place of their delegates, who elected Philip, and afterwards Alexander the Great, to conduct the war against the Persians;—in painting, sculpture, and architecture, surpassing all the achievements of Greece, or which the genius of man has ever since accomplished. Conquered by then barbarous Romans, her walls were razed to the ground, her men

put to the sword, her women and children sold into captivity, and the historian who records her fall writes that he saw the finest pictures thrown on the ground, and Roman soldiers playing on them at draughts and dice. For many years deserted, Corinth was again peopled; rose rapidly from its ruins; and when St. Paul abode there "a year and six months"—to the christian the most interesting period in her history—she was again a populous city, and the Corinthians a luxurious people.

Its situation in the early ages of the world could not fail to make it a great commercial emporium. In the unexperienced navigation of early times, it was considered difficult and dangerous to go round the point of Peloponnesus, and there was a proverb, "Before the mariner-doubles Cape Malea, he should forget all he holds dearest in the world." Standing on the isthmus commanding the Adriatic and Ægean Seas—receiving in one hand the riches of Asia, and in the other those of Europe—distributing them to every quarter of the then known world—wealth followed commerce, and then came luxury and extravagance, to such an extent that it became a proverb, "It is not for every man to go to Corinth."

As travellers having regard to supper and lodging, we should have been glad to see some vestige of its ancient luxury; but times are changed: the ruined city stands where stood Corinth of old, but it has fallen once more; the sailor no longer hugs the well-known coasts, but launches fearlessly into the trackless ocean, and Corinth can never again be what she has been.

Our servant had talked so much of the hotel at

Corinth, that perhaps the idea of bed and lodging was rather too prominent in our reveries as we approached the fallen city. He rode on before to announce our coming, and working our way up the hill through narrow streets, stared at by all the men, followed by a large representation from the juvenile portion of the modern Corinthians, and barked at by the dogs, we turned into a large enclosure, something like a barn-yard, on which opened a ruined balcony forming the entrance to the hotel. Demetrius was standing before it with our host, as unpromising a looking scoundrel as ever took a traveller in. He had been a notorious captain of brigands; and when his lawless band was broken up, and half of its number hanged, he could not overcome his disposition to prey upon travellers, but got a couple of mattresses and bedsteads, and set up an hotel at Corinth. Demetrius had made a bargain for us at a price that made him hang his head when he told it, and we were so indignant at the extortion that we at first refused to dismount. Our host stood aloof, being used to such scenes, and perfectly sure that, after storming a little, we should be glad to take the only beds between Padras and Athens. In the end, however, we got the better both of him and Demetrius; for as he had fixed separate prices for dinner, beds, and breakfast, we went to a little Greek coffee-house, and raised half Corinth to get us something to eat, and paid him only for our lodging.

We had a fine afternoon before us, and our first movement was to the ruins of a temple, the only monument of antiquity in Corinth. The city has been so often sacked and plundered, that not a co-

lumn of the Corinthian order exists in the place from which it derives its name. Seven columns of the old temple are still standing, fluted and of the Doric order, though wanting in height the usual proportion to the diameter; built, probably before that order had attained its perfection, and long before the Corinthian order was invented; though when it was built, by whom, or to what god it was consecrated, antiquaries cannot agree in deciding. Contrasted with these, solitary columns of an unknown antiquity are ruins of yesterday. Houses fallen, burned, and black with smoke, as if the wretched inmates had fled before the blaze of their dwellings; and high above the ruined city, now as in the days when the Persian and Roman invaded it, still towers the Acropolis, a sharp and naked rock, rising abruptly a thousand feet from the earth, inaccessible and impregnable under the science of ancient war; and in all times of invasion and public distress, from her earliest history down to the bloody days of the late revolution, the refuge of the inhabitants.

It was late in the afternoon when we set out for the Acropolis. About a mile from the city we came to the foot of the hill, and ascended by a steep and difficult path, with many turnings and windings, to the first gate. Having been in the saddle since early in the morning, we stopped several times to rest, and each time lingered and looked out with admiration upon the wild and beautiful scenery around us; and we thought of the frequently recurring times when hostile armies had drawn up before the city at our feet, and the inhabitants, in terror and confusion, had hurried up

this path, and taken refuge within the gates before us.

Inside the gates were the ruins of the city, and here, too, we saw the tokens of ruthless war—the firebrand was hardly extinguished, and the houses were in ruins. Within a few years it has been the stronghold and refuge of infidels and Christians, taken and retaken, destroyed, rebuilt, and destroyed again, and the ruins of Turkish mosques and Christian churches are mingled together in undistinguishable confusion. This enclosure is abundantly supplied with water, issuing from the rock, and is capable of containing several thousand people. The fountain of Pyrene, which supplies the Acropolis, called the most salubrious in Greece, is celebrated as that at which Pegasus was drinking when taken by Bellerophon. Ascending among ruined and deserted habitations, we come to a second gate flanked by towers. A wall about two miles in circumference encloses the whole summit of the rock, including two principal points which still rise above the rest. One is crowned with a tower, and the other with a mosque, now in ruins; probably erected where once stood a heathen temple. Some have mistaken it for a Christian church, but all agree that it is a place built and consecrated to divine use, and that, for unknown ages men have gone up to this cloud-capped point to worship their Creator. It was a sublime idea to erect on this lofty pinnacle an altar to the Almighty. Above us were only the unclouded heavens; the sun was setting with that brilliancy which attends his departing glory nowhere but in the East; and the sky was glowing with a lurid red, as of some great con-

flagration. The scene around and below was wondrously beautiful. Mountains and rivers, seas and islands, rocks, forests, and plains, thrown together in perfect wantonness, and yet in most perfect harmony, and every feature in the expanded landscape consecrated by the richest associations. On one side the sacred Saronic Gulf, with its little islands, and Ægina and Salamis, stretching off to "Sunium's marble height," with the ruins of its temple looking out mournfully upon the sea; on the other, the Gulf of Corinth or Lepanto, bounded by the dark and dreary mountains of Cytheron, where Acteon, gazing at the goddess, was changed into a stag, and hunted to death by his own bounds; and where Bacchus, with his train of satyrs and frantic bacchaantes, celebrated his orgies. Beyond were Helicon, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, and Parnassus, covered with snow.—Behind us was a range of mountains stretching away to Argos, and the ancient Sparta, and in front was the dim outline of the temple of the Acropolis at Athens. The shade of evening gathered thick around us while we remained on the top of the Acropolis, and it was dark long before we reached our locanda.

The next morning we breakfasted at the coffee-house, and left Corinth wonderfully pleased at having outwitted Demetrius and our brigand host, who gazed after us with a surly scowl as we rode away, and probably longed for the good old days, when, at the head of his hanged companions, he could have stopped us at the first mountain pass, and levied contributions at his own rate. I probably condemn myself when I say that we left this ancient city with such a trifle uppermost in our thoughts, but so

it was ; we bought a loaf of bread as we passed through the market-place, and descended to the plain of Corinth. We had still the same horses which we rode from Padras ; they were miserable animals, and I did not mount mine the whole day. Indeed this is the true way to travel in Greece ; the country is so mountainous, and the road or narrow horse-path so rough and precipitous, that the traveller is often obliged to dismount and walk. The exercise of clambering up the mountains, and the purity of the air, brace every nerve in the body, and not a single feature of the scenery escapes the eye.

But, as yet, there are other things besides scenery ; on each side of the road and within sight of each other, are the ruins of the ancient cities of Lechæum and Cenchreæ, the ports of Corinth on the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs ; the former once connected with it by two long walls, and the road to the latter once lined with temples and sepulchres, the ruins of which may still be seen. The isthmus connecting the Peloponnesus with the continent is about six miles wide, and Corinth owed her commercial greatness to the profits of her merchants in transporting merchandise across it. Entire vessels were sometimes carried from one sea and launched into the other. The project of a canal across it suggested itself both to the Greeks and Romans, and there yet exist traces of a ditch commenced for that purpose.

On the death of Leonidas, and in apprehension of a Persian invasion, the Peloponnesians built a wall across the isthmus from Lechæum to Cenchreæ. This wall was at one time fortified with

150 towers; it was often destroyed and as often rebuilt; and in one place, about three miles from Corinth, vestiges of it may still be seen. Here were celebrated those Isthmian games so familiar to every tyro in Grecian literature and history; towards Mount Oneus stands on an eminence an ancient mound, supposed to be the tomb of Melicertes, their founder, and near it to this day a grove of the sacred pine, with garlands of the leaves of which the victors were crowned.

In about three hours from Corinth we crossed the isthmus, and came to the village of Kalamaki on the shore of the Saronic Gulf, containing a few miserable buildings, fit only for the miserable people who occupied them. Directly on the shore was a large coffee-house, enclosed by mud walls, and having branches of trees for a roof; and in front was a little flotilla of Greek caiques.

Next to the Greek's love for his native mountains, is his passion for the waters that roll at his feet; and many of the proprietors of the rakish little boats in the harbour talked to us of the superior advantage of the sea over a mountainous road, and tried to make us abandon our horses and go by water to Athens; but we clung to the land, and we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon having done so, for our road was one of the most beautiful it was ever my fortune to travel over. For some distance I walked along the shore, on the edge of a plain running from the foot of Mount Geranion. The plain was intersected by mountain torrents, the channel-beds of which were at that time dry. We passed the little village of Caridi, supposed to be the Sidus of antiquity, while a ruined church and a



few old blocks of marble mark the site of ancient Crommyon, celebrated as the haunt of a wild boar destroyed by Theseus.

At the other end of the plain we came to the foot of Mount Geranion, stretching out boldly to the edge of the gulf, and followed the road along its southern side, close to, and sometimes overhanging the sea. From time immemorial this has been called the Kaka Scala, or bad way. It is narrow, steep, and rugged, and wild to sublimity. Sometimes we were completely hemmed in by impending mountains, and then rose upon a lofty eminence commanding an almost boundless view. On the summit of the range the road runs directly along the mountain's brink, overhanging the sea, and so narrow that two horsemen could scarcely pass abreast; where a stumble would plunge the traveller several hundred yards into the waters beneath. Indeed, the horse of one of my companions stumbled and fell, and put him in such peril that both dismounted and accompanied me on foot. In the olden time this wild and rugged road was famous for the haunt of the robber Sciron, who plundered the luckless travellers and then threw them from this precipice. The fabulous account is, that Theseus, three thousand years before, on his first visit to Athens, encountered the famous robber, and tossed him from the same precipice whence he had thrown so many better men. According to Ovid, the earth and the sea refused to receive the bones of Sciron, who continued for some time suspended in the open air, until they were changed into large rocks, whose points still appear at the foot of the precipice; and to this day, say the sailors, knock

the bottoms out of the Greek vessels. In later days this road was so infested by corsairs and pirates, that even the Turks feared to travel on it; at one place, that looks as though it might be intended as a jumping off point into another world, Ino, with her son Milcertes in her arms (so say the Greek poets,) threw herself into the sea to escape the fury of her husband; and we know that in later days St. Paul travelled on this road to preach the gospel to the Corinthians.

But independently of all associations, and in spite of its difficulties and dangers, if a man were by accident placed on the lofty height without knowing where he was, he would be struck with the view which it commands as one of the most beautiful that mortal eyes ever beheld. It was my fortune to pass over it a second time on foot, and I often seated myself on some wild point, and waited the coming up of my muleteers, looking out upon the sea, calm and glistening as if plated with silver, and studded with islands in continuous clusters, and stretching away into the *Ægean*.

During the greater part of the passage of the *Ka-ka Scala*, my companions walked with me; and as we always kept in advance, when we seated ourselves on some rude rock overhanging the sea, to wait for our beasts and attendants, few things could be more picturesque on their approach.

On the summit of the pass we fell into the ancient paved way that leads from Attica into the Peloponnesus, and walked over the same pavement which the Greeks travelled, perhaps, three thousand years ago. A ruined wall and gate mark the ancient boundary; and near this an early traveller

observed a large block of white marble projecting over the precipice, and almost ready to fall into the sea, which bore an inscription, now illegible. Here it is supposed stood the Stele erected by Theseus, bearing on one side the inscription, "Here is Peloponnesus, not Ionia;" and on the other the equally pithy notification, "Here is not Peloponnesus, but Ionia." It would be a pretty place of residence for a man in misfortune; for besides the extraordinary beauty of the scenery, by a single step he might avoid the service of civil process, and set the sheriff of Attica or Peloponnesus at defiance. Descending we saw before us a beautiful plain extending from the foot of the mountain to the sea, and afar off, on an eminence commanding the plain, was the little town of Megara.

It is unfortunate for the reader that every ruined village on the road stands on the site of an ancient city. The ruined town before us was the birthplace of Euclid; and the representative of that Megara which is distinguished in history more than two thousand years ago, which sent forth its armies in the Persian and Peloponnesian wars; alternately the ally and enemy of Athens; containing numerous temples, and the largest public houses in Greece; and though exposed, with her other cities, to the violence of a fierce democracy, as is recorded by the historians, "The Megareans maintained their independence and lived in peace." As a high compliment the people offered to Alexander the Great the freedom of their city. When we approached it, its appearance was a speaking comment upon human pride.

It had been demolished and burned by Greeks

and Turks, and now presented little more than a mass of blackened ruins. A few apartments had been cleared out and patched up, and occasionally I saw a solitary figure stalking amidst the desolation.

I had not mounted my horse all day; had picked out a pair of Greek shoes on my walk, and was almost barefoot when I entered the city. A little below the town was a large building enclosed by a high wall, with a Bavarian soldier lounging at the gate. We entered, and found a good coffee-room below and a comfortable bed-chamber above, where we found good quilts and mattresses, and slept like princes.

Early in the morning we set out for Athens, our road for some time lying along the sea. About half way to the Piræus, a ruined village, with a starving population, stands on the site of the ancient Elusis, famed throughout all Greece for the celebration of the mysterious rites of Ceres. The magnificent temple of the goddess has disappeared, and the colossal statue made by the immortal Phidias now adorns the vestibule of the University of Cambridge. We lingered a little while in the village, and soon after entered the Via Sacra, by which, centuries ago, the priests and people moved in solemn religious processions from Athens to the great temple of Ceres. At first we passed underneath the cliff along the shore, then rose by a steep ascent among the mountains, barren and stony, and wearing an aspect of desolation equal to that of the Roman Campagna; then we passed through a long defile, upon the side of which, deeply cut in the rock, are seen the marks of chariot-wheels;

perhaps of those used in the sacred processions. We passed the ruined monastery of Daphes, in a beautifully picturesque situation, and in a few minutes saw the rich plain of Attica; and our muleteers and Demetrius, with a burst of enthusiasm, perhaps because the journey was ended, clapped their hands and cried out, "Atinæ! Atinæ!"

The reader perhaps trembles at the name of Athens, but let him take courage. I promise to let him off easily. A single remark, however, before reaching it. The plain of Attica lies between two parallel ranges of mountains, and extends from the sea many miles back into the interior. On the border of the sea stands the Piræus, now, as in former times the harbour of the city; and towards the east, on a little eminence, Athens itself, like the other cities of Greece, presenting a miserable appearance, the effects of protracted and relentless wars. But high above the ruins of the modern city towers the Acropolis, holding up to the skies the ruined temples of other days, and proclaiming what Athens was. We wound around the temple of Theseus, the most beautiful and perfect a piece of architecture that time has spared; and in striking contrast with this monument of the magnificence of past days, here, in the entrance to the city, our horses were struggling and sinking up to the saddle girths in the mud.

We did in Athens what we should have done in Boston or Philadelphia, rode up to the best hotel, and not being able to obtain accommodations there, rode to another; where, being again refused admittance, we were obliged to distribute ourselves into three parcels. Dr. Willet went to Mr. Hill's (of

whom more anon). M. found entrance at a new hotel in the suburbs, and I betook myself to the Hotel de France. The garcon was rather bothered when I threw him a pair of old boots which I had hanging at my saddle-bow, and told him to take care of my baggage; he asked me when the other would come up, and hardly knew what to make of me when I told him that was all I travelled with.

I was still standing in the court of the hotel, almost barefoot, and thinking of the prosperous condition of the owner of a dozen shirts, and other things conforming, when Mr. Hill came over and introduced himself; and telling me that his house was the house of every American, asked me to waive ceremony and bring my luggage over at once. This was again hitting my sore point; every body seemed to take a special interest in my luggage, and I was obliged to tell my story more than once. I declined Mr. Hill's kind invitation, but called upon him early the next day, dined with him, and, during the whole of my stay in Athens, was in the habit, to a great extent, of making his house my home; and this, I believe, is the case with all the Americans who go there; besides which, some borrow his money, and others his clothes.

## CHAPTER IV.

American Missionary School—Visit to the School—Mr. Hill and his Male Department—Mrs. Hill and the Female Department—Maid of Athens—Letter from Mr. Hill—Revival of Athens—Citizens of the World.

THE first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizens of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of, its teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find any thing that would particularly touch my national feelings; but it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection, that in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle taught, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only schoolmaster; and I am inclined to say that he was not aware of the existence of such an institution until advised of it by my friend Dr. W.

In 1830, the Rev. Messrs Hill and Robinson, with their families, sailed from the city of New York, as the agents of the Episcopal Missionary Society, to found schools in Greece. They first established themselves in the Island of Tenos; but

finding that it was not the right field for their labours, employed themselves in acquiring a knowledge of the language, and of the character and habits of the modern Greeks. Their attention was directed to Athens, and in the spring of 1831 they made a visit to that city, and were so confirmed in their impressions, that they purchased a lot of ground on which to erect edifices for a permanent establishment, and in the meantime, rented a house for the immediate commencement of a school. They returned to Tenos for their families and effects, and again arrived at Athens about the end of June following. From the deep interest taken in their struggle for liberty, and the timely help furnished them in their hour of need, the Greeks were warmly prepossessed in favour of our countrymen; and the conduct of the missionaries themselves was so judicious, that they were received with the greatest respect and the warmest welcome by the public authorities and the whole population of Athens. The furniture, printing-presses, and other effects, were admitted free of duties; and it is but justice to them to say, that since that time they have removed with such discretion among an excitable and suspicious people that while they have grown in the esteem and good will of the best and most influential inhabitants of Greece; and so great was Mr. Hill's confidence in their affections, that though there was at that time great political agitation, and it was apprehended that Athens might again become the scene of violence and bloodshed, he told me he had no fears and felt perfectly sure that, in any out-breaking of popular fury, himself and family, and the property of the mission would be respected.



In the middle of the summer of their arrival at Athens, Mrs Hill opened a school for girls, in the magazine or cellar of the house in which they resided; the first day she had twenty pupils, and in two months 167. Of the first ninety-six, no more than ten or twelve knew a letter. At the time of our visit the school numbered nearly 500; and when we entered the large room, and the scholars all rose in a body to greet us as Americans, I felt a deep sense of regret that, personally, I had no hand in such a work, and almost envied the feelings of my companion, one of its patrons and founders. Besides teaching them gratitude to those from whose country they derived the privileges they enjoyed, Mr Hill had wisely endeavoured to impress upon their minds a respect for the constituted authorities, particularly important in that agitated and unsettled community; and on one end of the wall, directly fronting the seats of the scholars, was printed in large Greek characters the texts of Scripture, "Fear God, honour the King."

It was all important for the missionaries not to offend the strong prejudices of the Greeks by any attempt to withdraw the children from the religion of their fathers; and the school purports to be, and is intended for the diffusion of elementary education only; but is opened in the morning with prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayers, as read in our churches, which is repeated by the whole school aloud; and on Sunday, besides the prayers the creed, and sometimes the Ten Commandments are recited, and a chapter from the Gospels is read aloud by one of the scholars, the missionaries deeming this more expedient than to conduct the exercises them-

selves. The lesson for the day is always the portion appointed for the gospel of the day in their own church; and they close by singing a hymn. The room is thrown open to the public, and is frequently resorted to by the parents of the children and strangers: some coming, perhaps, says Mr Hill, to "hear what these babblers will say;" and "other some" from a suspicion that "we are setters forth of strange gods."

The boy's school is divided into three departments, the lowest under charge of a Greek qualified on the Lancasterian system. They were of all ages, from three to eighteen; and, as Mr. Hill told me, most of them had been half clad, dirty, ragged, little urchins, who, before they were put to their A, B, C, or, rather, their Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, had to be thoroughly washed, rubbed, scrubbed, doctored, and dressed, and, but for the school, would perhaps be prowling vagabonds in the streets of Athens, or training for robbery in the mountains. They were a body of fine looking boys, possessing, as Mr. Hill told me, in an extraordinary degree, all that liveliness of imagination, that curiosity and eagerness after knowledge, which distinguished the Greeks of old, retaining, under centuries of dreadful oppression, the recollection of the greatness of their fathers, and, what was particularly interesting, many of them bearing the great names so familiar in Grecian history: I shook hands with a little Miltiades, Leonidas, Aristiades, &c., in features and apparent intelligence worthy descendents of the immortal men whose names they bear. And there was one whose name startled me: he was the son of the Maid of Athens! To me the maid of Athens was

almost an imaginary being, something fanciful, a creation of the brain and not a corporeal substance, to have a little urchin of a boy. But so it was. The Maid of Athens is married. She had a right to marry, no doubt; and it is said that there is poetry in married life, and, doubtless, she is a much more interesting person now than the Maid of Athens at thirty-six could be; but the Maid of Athens is married to a Scotchman! the Maid of Athens is now Mrs. Black! wife of George Black! head of the police! and her son's name is \* \* \* \* \* Black! and she has other little Blacks! Comment is unnecessary.

But the principal and most interesting part of this missionary school was the female department, under the direction of Mrs. Hill, the first, and except at Syra, the only school for females in all Greece, and particularly interesting to me from the fact that it owed its existence to the active benevolence of my own countrywomen. At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling which ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, perhaps instigated somewhat by an inherent love of power and extended rule, and knowing the influence of their sex in a cultivated state of society, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females: and humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful in-

strument in the civilisation, and the moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all that European diplomacy has ever done for her. The girls were distributed in different classes, according to their age and advancement; they had clean faces and hands, a rare thing with Greek children, and were neatly dressed, many of them wearing frocks made by ladies at home (probably at some of our sewing societies): and some of them had attained such an age, and had such fine, dark, rolling eyes, as to make even a northern temperament feel the powerful influence they would soon exercise over the rising, excitable generation of Greeks, and almost make him bless the hands that were directing that influence aright.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and being Americans, we were every where looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which I waived in favour of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The *didaskalissrs*, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English. Occasionally Mr. Hill called a girl up to us, and told us her history, generally a melancholy one, as, being reduced to the extremity of want by the revolution; or an orphan, whose parents had been murdered by the Turks; and I had a conversation with a little Penelope, who, however, did not look as if she would play the faithful wife of Ulysses, and, if I am a judge of physiognomy, would never endure widowhood twenty years for any man.

Before we went away, the whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women, and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves into the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers, and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of women in civil domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities and abominations of the Greek faith. I have seen much of the missionary labours in the East, but I do not know an institution which promises so surely the happiest results. If the women are educated, the men cannot remain ignorant; if the women are enlightened in religion, the men cannot remain debased and degraded Christians.

The ex-secretary Rigos was greatly affected at the appearance of this female school; and after surveying it attentively for some moments, pointed to the Parthenon on the summit of the Acropolis, and said to Mrs. Hill, with deep emotion, "Lady, you are erecting in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temple;" and the king was so deeply impressed with its value, that a short time before my arrival, he proposed to Mr. Hill to take into his house girls from different districts, and educate them as teachers, with the view of sending them back to their districts, there to organise new schools, and carry out the great work of female education. Mr. Hill acceded to the proposal, and the American missionary school now

stands as the nucleus of a large and growing system of education in Greece; and very opportunely for my purpose, within a few days I have received a letter from Mr. Hill, in which, in relation to the school, he says, "Our missionary establishment is much increased since you saw it; our labours are greatly increased, and I think I may say we have now reached the summit of what we had proposed to ourselves. We do not think it is possible that it can be extended further, without much larger means and more personal aid. We do not wish or intend to ask for either. We have now nearly forty persons residing with us, of whom thirty-five are Greeks, all of whom are brought within the influence of the gospel; the greater part of them are young girls from different parts of Greece, and even from Egypt and Turkey (Greeks, however), whom we are preparing to become instructresses of youth hereafter in their various districts. We have five hundred, besides, under daily instruction in the different schools under our care, and we employ under us in the schools twelve native teachers who have themselves been instructed by us. We have provided for three of our dear pupils (all of whom were living with us when you were here), who are honourably and usefully settled in life. One is married to a person in every way suited to her, and both husband and wife are in our missionary service. One has charge of the government female school at the Piræus, and supports her father and mother and a large family by her salary; and the third has gone with our missionaries to Crete, to take charge of the female schools there. We have removed into our new house" (of which the foun-

dation was just laid at the time of my visit,) "and large as it is, it is not half large enough. We are trying to raise ways and means to enlarge it considerably, that we may take more boarders under our own roof, which we look up to as the most important means of making sure of our labour; for every one who comes to reside with us is taken away from the corrupt example exhibited at home, and brought within a wholesome influence. Lady Byron has just sent us £100 towards enlarging our house with this view, and we have commenced the erection of three additional dormitories with the money.

Athens is again the capital of a kingdom. Enthusiasts see her in present condition the promise of a restoration to her ancient greatness; but reason and observation assure us that the world is too much changed for her ever to be what she has been. In one respect, her condition resembles that of her best day; for as her fame then attracted strangers from every quarter of the world to study in her schools, so now the capital of King Otho has become a great gathering place of wandering spirits from many near and distant regions. For ages difficult and dangerous of access, the ancient capital of the arts lay shrouded in darkness, and almost cut off from the civilised world. At long intervals, a few solitary travellers found their way to it; but since the revolution, it has again become a place of frequent resort and intercourse. It is true that the ancient halls of learning are still solitary and deserted, but strangers from every nation now turn hither; the scholar to roam over her classic soil, the artist to study her ancient monu-

ments, and the adventurer to carve his way to fortune.

The first day I dined at the hotel, I had an opportunity of seeing the variety of matter congregated in the reviving city. We had a long table, capable of accommodating about twenty persons. The manner of living was a la carte, each guest dining when he pleased; but, by tacit consent, at about six o'clock all assembled at the table. We presented a curious medley. No two were from the same country. Our discourse was in English, French, Italian, German, Greek, Russian, Polish, and I know not what else, as if we were the very people stricken with confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Dinner over, all fell into French, and the conversation became general. Every man present was, in the fullest sense of the term, a citizen of the world. It had been the fortune of each, whether good or bad, to break the little circle in which so many are born, revolve, and die; and the habitual mingling with people of various nations had broken down all narrow prejudices, and given to every one freedom of mind and force of character. All had seen much, had much to communicate, and felt that they had much yet to learn. By some accident, moreover, all seemed to have become particularly interested in the East. They travelled over the whole range of eastern politics, and, to a certain extent, considered themselves identified with eastern interests. Most of the company were or had been soldiers, and several wore uniforms and stars, or decorations of some description. They spoke of the different campaigns in Greece, in which some of them had served; of the science of



war; of Marlborough, Eugene, and more modern captains; and I remembered that they startled my feeling of classical reverence by talking of Leonidas at Thermopylæ and Miltiades at Marathon, in the same tone as of Napoleon at Leipsic and Wellington at Waterloo. One of them constructed on the table, with the knives, forks, and spoons, a map of Marathon, and with a sheathed yataghan pointed out the position of the Greeks and Persians, and showed where Miltiades, as a general, was wrong. They were not blinded by the dust of antiquity. They had been knocked about till all enthusiasm and all reverence for the past were shaken out of them, and they had learned to give things their right names.

A French engineer showed us the skeleton of a map of Greece, which was then preparing under the direction of the French Geographical Society, exhibiting an excess of mountains and deficiency of plain which surprised even those who had travelled over every part of the kingdom. One had just come from Constantinople, where he had seen the sultan going to mosque; another had escaped from an attack of the plague in Egypt; a third gave the dimensions of the Temple of the sun at Baalbeck; and a fourth had been at Babylon, and seen the ruins of the Tower of Babel. In short, every man had seen something which the others had not seen, and all their knowledge was thrown into a common stock. I found myself at once among a new class of men; and I turned from him who sneered at Miltiades to him who had seen the sultan, or to him who had been at Bagdad, and listened with interest, somewhat qualified by the consciousness of my

own inferiority. I was lying in wait, however, and took advantage of an opportunity to throw in something about America; and at the sound, all turned to me with an eagerness of curiosity that I had not anticipated. t

In Europe, and even in England, I had often found extreme ignorance of my own country; but here I was astonished to find, among men so familiar with all parts of the Old World, such total lack of information about the new. A gentleman opposite me, wearing the uniform of the King of Bavaria, asked me if I had ever been in America. I told him that I was born, and, as they say in Kentucky, *raise'd* there. He begged my pardon, but doubtfully suggested, "You are not black?" and I was obliged to explain to him that in our section of America the Indian had almost entirely disappeared, and that his place was occupied by the descendants of the Gaul and the Briton. I was forthwith received into the fraternity, for my home was farther away than any of them had ever been; my friend opposite considered me a *bijou*, asked me innumerable questions, and seemed to be constantly watching for the breaking out of the cannibal spirit, as if expecting to see me bite my neighbour. At first I had felt myself rather a small affair; but, before separating, *l'American*, or *le sauvage*, or, finally *le cannibal*, found himself something of a *lion*.

## CHAPTER V.

Ruins of Athens—Hill of Mars—Temple of the winds—Lantern of Demosthenes—Arch of Adrian—Temple of Jupiter Olympus—Temple of Theseus—The Acropolis—The Parthenon—Pentelica Mountain—Mount Hy-metius—The Piræus—Greek Fleas—Napoli.

THE next morning I began my survey of the ruins of Athens. It was my intention to avoid any description of these localities and monuments, because so many have preceded me, stored with all necessary knowledge, ripe in taste and sound in judgment, who have devoted to them all the time and research they so richly merit; but as in our community, through the hurry and multiplicity of business occupations, few are able to bestow upon these things much time or attention, and, furthermore, as the books which treat of them are not accessible to all, I should be doing injustice to my readers if I were to omit them altogether. Besides, I should be doing violence to my own feelings, and cannot get fairly started in Athens, without recurring to scenes which I regarded at the time with extraordinary interest. I have since visited most of the principal cities in Europe, existing as well as ruined, and I hardly know any to which I recur with more satisfaction than Athens. If the reader tire in the brief reference I shall make, he must not impute it to any want of interest in the subject, and as I am not in the habit of going into heroics, he will believe me when I say that if he have any re-

verence for the men or things consecrated by the respect and admiration of ages, he will find it called out at Athens. In the hope that I may be the means of inducing some of my countrymen to visit that famous city, I will add another inducement by saying that he may have, as I had, Mr. Hill for a cicerone. This gentleman is familiar with every locality and monument around or in the city, and, which I afterwards found to be an unusual thing with those living in places consecrated in the minds of strangers, he retains for them all that freshness of feeling which we possess who only know them from books and pictures.

By an arrangement made the evening before, early in the morning of my second day in Athens, Mr. Hill was at the door of my hotel to attend us. As we descended the steps, a Greek stopped him, and bowing, with his hand on his heart, addressed him in a tone of earnestness which we could not understand; but we were struck with the sonorous tones of his voice and the musical cadence of his sentences; and when he had finished, Mr. Hill told us that he had spoken in a strain which, in the original, was poetry itself; beginning, "Americans, I am a Stagyrte. I come from the land of Aristotle, the disciple of Plato," &c. &c.; telling him the whole story of his journey from the ancient Stagyra and his arrival at Athens; and that, having understood that Mr. Hill was distributing books among his countrymen, he begged for one to take home with him. Mr. Hill said that this was an instance of every day occurrence, showing the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among the modern Greeks. This little scene with a countryman

of Aristotle was a fit prelude to our morning ramble.

The house occupied by the American missionary as a school, stands on the site of the ancient Agora or market-place, where St. Paul "disputed daily with the Athenians." A few columns still remain, and near them is an inscription mentioning the price of oil. The schoolhouse is built partly from the ruins of the Agora; and to us it was an interesting circumstance, that a missionary from a newly discovered world was teaching to the modern Greeks the same saving religion which, 1800 years ago, St. Paul, on the same spot, preached to their ancestors.

Winding around the foot of the Acropolis, within the ancient and outside the modern wall, we came to the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, where in the early days of Athens her judges sat in the open air; and for many ages, decided with such wisdom and impartiality, that to this day the decision of the court of Areopagites are regarded as models of judicial purity. We ascended this celebrated hill, and stood on the precise spot where St. Paul, pointing to the temples which rose from every section of the city, and towered proudly on the Acropolis, made his celebrated address: "Ye men of Athens, I see that in all things ye are too superstitious." The ruins of the temples to which he pointed were before our eyes.

Descending, and rising towards the summit of another hill, we came to the Pnyx, where Demosthenes, in the most stirring words that ever fell from human lips, roused his countrymen from the Macedonian invader. Above, on the very summit

of the hill, is the old Pynx, commanding a view of the sea of Salamis, and of the hill where Xerxes sat to behold the great naval battle. During the reign of the thirty tyrants, the Pynx was removed beneath the brow of the hill, excluding the view of the sea, that the orator might not inflame the passions of the people by directing their eyes to Salamis, the scene of their naval glory. But without this, the orator had material enough; for when he stood on the platform facing the audience, he had before him the city which the Athenians loved, and the temples in which they worshipped, and I could well imagine the irresistible force of an appeal to these objects of their enthusiastic devotion, their firesides and altars. The place is admirably adapted for public speaking. The side of the hill has been worked into a gently inclined plane, semicircular in form, and supported in some places by a wall of immense stones. This plain is bounded above by the brow of the hill cut down perpendicularly. In the centre the rock projects into a platform about eight or ten feet square, which form the Pynx or pulpit for the orator. The ascent is by three steps cut out of the rock, and in front is a place for the scribe or clerk. We stood on this Pynx, beyond doubt on the spot where Demosthenes thundered his philippics in the ears of the Athenians. On the road leading to the Museum-hill we entered a chamber excavated in the rock, which tradition hallows as the prison of Socrates; and though the tradition for this is doubtful, it is not uninteresting to enter the damp and gloomy cavern, wherein, according to the belief of the modern Athenians, the wisest of the Greeks

drew his last breath. Farther to the south is the hill of Philopappus, so called after a Roman governor of that name. On the very summit, near the extreme angle of the old wall, and one of the most conspicuous objects round Athens, is a monument erected by the Roman governor in honour of the Emperor Trojan. The marble is covered with the names of travellers, most of whom, like Philopappus himself, would never have been heard of but for that monument.

Descending towards the Acropolis, and entering the city among streets encumbered with ruined houses, we came to the Temple of the Winds, a marble octagonal tower, built by Andronicus. On each side is a sculptured figure, marking the wind. The Triton is gone, and great part of the temple buried under ruins. Part of the interior, however, has been excavated, and probably, before long, the whole will be restored.

East of the foot of Acropolis, and on the way to Adrian's Gate, we came to the Lantern of Demosthenes (I eschew its new name of the Choric monument of Lysichus), where, according to absurd tradition, the orator shut himself up to study the rhetorical art. It is considered one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity, and the capitals are most elegant specimens of the Corinthian order refined by Attic taste. It is now in a mutilated condition, and its many repairs make its dilapidation more perceptible. Whether Demosthenes ever lived here or not, it derives an interest that Lord Byron made it his residence during his visit to Athens. Farther on, and forming part of the modern wall, is the Arch of Adrian, bearing on one

side an inscription in Greek, "This is the city of Theseus;" and on the other, "But this is the city of Adrian." On the arrival of Otho a placard was erected, "These were the cities of Theseus and Adrian, but now of Otho." Many of the most ancient buildings in Athens have totally disappeared. The Turks destroyed many of them to construct the wall around the city, and even the modern Greeks have not scrupled to build their miserable houses with the plunder of temples in which their ancestors worshipped.

Passing under the arch of Adrian, outside the gate, on the plain towards the Illissus, we came to the ruined Temple of Jupiter Olympus, perhaps once the most magnificent in the world. It was built of the purest white marble, having a front of nearly 200 feet, and more than 350 in length, and contained 120 columns, sixteen of which are all that now remain; and these, fluted and having rich Corinthian capitals, tower more than sixty feet above the plain, perfect as when they were reared. I visited these ruins often, particularly in the afternoon; they were at all times mournfully beautiful, but I have seldom known any thing more touching than when the sun was setting, to walk over the marble floor, and look up at the lonely columns of this ruined temple. I cannot imagine any thing more imposing than it must have been when, with its lofty roof supported by all its columns, it stood at the gate of the city, its doors wide open, inviting the Greeks to worship. That such an edifice should be erected for the worship of a heathen god! On the architrave connecting three of the columns, a hermit built his lonely cell, and passed his life in that



elevated solitude, accessible only to the crane and the eagle. The hermit is long since dead, but his little habitation still resists the whistling of the wind, and awakens the curiosity of the wondering traveller.

The temple of Theseus is the last of the principal monuments, but the first which the traveller sees on entering Athens. It was built after the battle of Marathon, and in commemoration of the victory which drove the Persians from the shores of Greece. It is a small but beautiful specimen of the pure Doric, built of Pentelican marble, centuries of exposure to the open air giving it a yellowish tint, which softens the brilliancy of the white. Three Englishmen have been buried within this temple. The first time I visited it, a company of Greek recruits, with some negroes among them, was drawn up in front, going through the manual under the direction of a German corporal; and at the same time workmen were engaged in fitting it up for the coronation of king Otho.

These are the principal monuments around the city, and, except the temples of Pæstum, they are more worthy of admiration than all the ruins in Italy; but towering above them in position, and far exceeding them in interest, are the ruins of the Acropolis. I have since wandered among the ruined monuments of Egypt, and the desolate city of Petra, but I look back with unabated reverence to the Athenian Acropolis. Every day I had gazed at it from the balcony of my hotel, and from every part of the city and suburbs. Early on my arrival I had obtained the necessary permit, paid a hurried visit, and resolved not to go again until I had exa-

mined all the other interesting objects. On the fourth day, with my friend M., I went again. We ascended by a broad road, paved with stone. The summit is enclosed by a wall, of which some of the foundation stones, very large, and bearing an appearance of great antiquity, are pointed out as part of the wall built by Themistocles after the battle of Salamis, 480 years before Christ. The rest is Venetian and Turkish, falling to decay, and marring the picturesque effect of the ruins from below. The guard examined our permit, and we passed under the gate. A magnificent propylon of the finest white marble, and blocks of the largest size ever laid by human hands, and having a wing of the same material on each side, stands at the entrance. Though broken and ruined, the world contains nothing like them even now. If my first impressions do not deceive me, the proudest portals of Egyptian temples suffer in comparison. Passing this magnificent propylon, and ascending several steps, we reached the Parthenon, or ruined temple of Minerva; an immense white marble skeleton, the noblest monument of architectural genius which the world ever saw. Standing on the steps of this temple, we had around us all that is interesting in association, and all that is beautiful in art. We might well forget the capital of King Otho, and go back in imagination to the golden age of Athens. Pericles, with the illustrious throng of Grecian heroes, orators and sages, had ascended there to worship, and Cicero and the noblest of Romans had gone there to admire; and probably, if the fashion of modern tourists had existed in their days, we should see their names inscribed with their own hands on its

walls. The great temple stands on the very summit of the Acropolis, elevated far above the Propylæa and the surrounding edifices. Its length is 208 feet, and breadth 102. At each end there were two rows of eight Doric columns, thirty-four feet high and six feet in diameter, and on each side were thirteen more. The whole temple within and without was adorned with the most splendid works of art, by the first sculptors in Greece, and Phidias himself wrought the statue of the goddess, of ivory and gold, twenty-six cubits high, having on the top of her helmet a sphinx, with griffins on each of the sides; on the breast a head of Medusa wrought in ivory, and a figure of Victory about four cubits high, holding a spear in her hand, and a shield lying at her feet. Until the latter part of the seventeenth century, this magnificent temple, with all its ornaments, existed entire. During the siege of Athens by the Venetians, the central part was used by the Turks as a magazine; and a bomb, aimed with fatal precision, or by a less fatal chance, reached the magazine, and, with a tremendous explosion, destroyed a great part of the buildings. Subsequently, the Turks used it as a quarry, and antiquaries and travellers, foremost among whom is Lord Elgin, have contributed to destroy "what Goth, and Turk, and Time, had spared."

Around the Parthenon, and covering the whole summit of the Acropolis, are strewed columns and blocks of polished white marble, the ruins of ancient temples. The remains of the temples of Erechtheus and Minerva Polias are pre-eminent in beauty; the pillars of the latter are the most perfect specimens of the Ionic in existence, and its light

and graceful proportions are in elegant contrast with the severe and simple majesty of the Parthenon. The capitals of the columns are wrought and ornamented with a delicacy surpassing any thing of which I could have believed marble susceptible. Once I was tempted to knock off a corner and bring it home, as a specimen of the exquisite skill of the Grecian artist, which it would have illustrated better than a volume of description; but I could not do it—it seemed nothing less than sacrilege.

Afar off, and almost lost in the distance, rises the Pentelican mountains, from the body of which were hewed the rough hewn blocks, which, wrought and perfected by the sculptor's art, now stand the lofty and stately columns of the ruined temple. What labour was expended upon each large column! how many were employed in hewing it from its rocky bed, in bearing it to the foot of the mountain, transporting it across the plain of Attica, and raising it to the summit of the Acropolis! and then what time, and skill, and labour, in reducing it from a rough block to a polished shaft, in adjusting its proportion, in carving its rich capitals, and rearing it where it now stands, a model of majestic grace and beauty! Once under the directions of Mr. Hill, I clambered up to the very apex of the pediment, and, lying down at full length, leaned over and saw under the frieze the acanthus leaf delicately and beautifully painted on the marble, and, being protected from exposure, still retaining its freshness and colouring. It was entirely out of sight from below, and had been discovered, almost at the peril of his life, by the enthusiasm of an English artist. the wind was whistling around me as I leaned over.

to examine it, and, until that moment I never appreciated fully the immense labour employed and the exquisite finish displayed in every portion of the temple.

The sentimental traveller must already mourn that Athens has been selected as the capital of Greece. Already have speculators and the whole tribe of "improvers" invaded the glorious city; and while I was lingering on the steps of the Parthenon, a German, who was quietly smoking among the ruins, a sort of superintendant, whom I had met before, came up, and offering me a cigar, and leaning against the lofty columns of the temple, opened upon me with "his plans of city improvements;" and new streets, and projected railroads, and the rise of lots. At first I almost thought it personal, and that he was making a fling at me, in allusion to one of the greatest hobbies of my native city; but I soon found that he was as deeply bitten as if he had been in Chicago or Dunkirk; and the way in which he talked of monied facilities, the wants of the community, and a great French bank then contemplated at the Piræus, would have been no discredit to some of my friends at home. The removal of the court has created a new era in Athens; but, in my mind, it is deeply to be regretted that it has been snatched from the ruin to which it was tending. Even I, deeply imbued with the utilitarian spirit of my country, and myself a quondam speculator in "up town lots," would fain save Athens from the ruthless hand of renovation; from the building mania of modern speculators. I would have her go on till there was not a habitation among her ruins; till she stood, like Pompeii, alone in the

wilderness, a sacred desert, where the traveller might sit down and meditate alone and undisturbed among the relics of the past. But really Athens has become an heterogeneous anomaly; the Greeks in their wild costumes are jostled in the streets by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, and Bavarians, Russians, Danes, and sometimes Americans. European shops invite purchasers, by the side of eastern bazaars, or coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms; the French and German restaurants are opened all over the city. Sir Pulteney Malcolm has also erected a residence near the site of Plato's Academy. Lady Franklin has bought land near the foot of Mount Hymettus for a country-seat. Several English gentlemen have done the same. Mr. Richmond, an American clergyman, has purchased a farm in the neighbourhood; and in a few years, if the "march of improvement" continues, the Temple of Theseus will be enclosed in the garden of the palace of King Otho; the Temple of the Winds will be concealed by a German opera-house, and the Lantern of Demosthenes by a row of "three-story houses."

I was not a sentimental traveller, but I visited all the localities around Athens, and therefore briefly mention, that several times I jumped over the poetic and perennial Illusus, trotted my horse over the ground where Aristotle walked with his peripatetics, and got muddled up to my knees in the garden of Plato.

One morning my Scotch friend and I set out early to ascend Mount Hymettus. The mountain was neither high nor picturesque, but a long flat ridge of bare rocks, the sides cut up into ravines, fis-

tures, and gulleys. There is an easy path to the summit, but we had no guide, and about mid-day, after a wild scramble, were worn out, and descended without reaching the top, which is exceedingly fortunate for the reader as otherwise he would be obliged to go through a description of the view therefrom.

Returning, we met the king taking his daily walk, attended by two aides, one of whom was young Marco Bozzaris. Otho is tall and thin, and, when I saw him, was dressed in a German military frock-coat and cap, and altogether, for a king, seemed to be an amiable young man enough. All the world speaks well of him, and so do I. We touched our hats at him, and he returned the civility; and what could he do more without inviting us to dinner? In old times there was a divinity about a king; but now, if a king is a gentleman, it is as much as we can expect. He has spent his money like a gentleman, that is, he cannot tell what has become of it. Two of the three millions loan are gone, and there is no colonisation, no agricultural prosperity, no opening of roads, no security in the mountains; not a town in Greece but is in ruins, and no money to improve them. Athens, however, is to be embellished. With £10,000 in the treasury, he is building a palace of white Pentelican marble, to cost £300,000.

Otho was very popular, because, not being of age, all the errors of his administration were visited upon Count Armanbergh and the regency, who, from all accounts, richly deserved it; and it was hoped that, on receiving the crown, he would shake off the Bavarians who were preying upon the vitals of

Greece, and gather around him his native born subjects. In private life he bore a most exemplary character. He had no circle of young companions, and passed much of his time in study, being engaged, among other things, in acquiring the Greek and English languages. His position is interesting, though not enviable; and if as first king of emancipated Greece, he entertains recollections of her ancient greatness, and the ambition of restoring her to her position among the nations of the earth, he is doomed to disappointment. Otho is since crowned and married. The Greeks were considerably humbled by a report that their proposals to several daughters of German princes had been rejected; but the king had great reason to congratulate himself upon the spirit which induced the daughter of the Duke of Oldenburgh to accept his hand. From her childhood she had taken an enthusiastic interest in Greek history, and it had been her constant wish to visit Greece; and when she had heard that Otho had been called to the throne, she naively expressed an ardent wish to share it with him. Several years afterwards, by the merest accident, she met Otho at a German watering-place, travelling with his mother, the Queen of Bavaria, and the Count de Mislloghi; and in February last she accompanied him to Athens, to share the throne which had been the object of her youthful wish.

M. dined at my hotel, and returning to his own, he was picked up and carried to the guard-house. He started for his hotel without a lantern, the requisition to carry one being imperative in all the Greek and Turkish cities; the guard could not understand a word he said until he showed them some



money, which made his English perfectly intelligible: and they carried him to a Bavarian corporal, who, after two hours' detention, escorted him to his hotel. After that we were rather careful about staying out late at night.

"Thursday.—I don't know the day of the month." I find this in my notes, the caption of a day of business, and at this distance of time will not undertake to correct the entry. Indeed, I am inclined to think that my notes in those days are rather uncertain and imperfect; certainly not taken with the precision of one who expected to publish them. Nevertheless, the residence of the court, the diplomatic corps, and strangers, form an agreeable society at Athens. I had letters to some of the foreign ministers, but did not present them, as I was hardly presentable myself without my carpet-bag. On "Thursday," however, in company with Dr. W., I called upon Mr. Dawkins, the British minister. Mr. Dawkins went to Greece on a special mission, which he supposed would detain him six months from home, and had remained there ten years. He is a high tory, but retained under a whig administration, because his services could not be well dispensed with. He gave us much interesting information in regard to the present condition and future prospects of Greece; and, in answer to my suggestion that the United States were not represented at all in Greece, not even by a consul, he said, with emphasis, "You are better represented than any power in Europe. Mr. Hill has more influence here than any minister plenipotentiary among us." A few days after, when confined to my room by indisposition, Mr. Dawkins returned my visit, and

again spoke in the same terms of high commendation of Mr. Hill. It was pleasing to me, and I have no doubt it will be so to Mr. Hill's numerous friends in this country, to know that a private American citizen, in a position that keeps him aloof from politics, was spoken of in such terms by the representative of one of the great powers of Europe. I had heard it intimated that there was a prospect of Mr. Dawkins being transferred to this country, and I parted with him in the hope some future day of seeing him the representative of his government here.

I might have been presented to the king, but my carpet-bag——Dr. W. borrowed a hat, and was presented, the doctor had an old white hat, which he had worn all the way from New York. The tide is rolling backwards; Athens is borrowing her customs from the barbarous nations of the north; and it is part of the etiquette to enter a drawing room with a hat (a black one) under the arm. The doctor, in his republican simplicity, thought that a hat, good enough to put on his own his own head, was good enough to go into the king's presence; but he was advised to the contrary, and took one of Mr. Hill's not very much too large for him. He was presented by Dr. W——, a German, the king's physician, with whom he had discoursed much of the different medical systems in Germany and America. Dr. W. was much pleased with the king. Did ever a man talk with a king who was not pleased with him? But the doctor was particularly pleased with king Otho, as the latter entered largely into discourse on the doctor's favourite theme, Mr. Hill's school, and the cause of education in Greece.

Indeed, it speaks volumes in favour of the young king, that education is one of the things in which he takes the deepest interest. The day the doctor was to be presented, we dined at Mr. Hill's, having made arrangements for leaving Athens that night; the doctor and M. to return to Europe. In the afternoon, while the doctor remained to be presented, M. and I walked down to the Piræus, now, as in the days of her glory, the harbour of Athens. The ancient harbour is about five miles from Athens, and was formerly joined to it by long walls built of stone of enormous size, sixty feet high, and broad enough on the top for two waggons to pass abreast. These have long since disappeared, and the road is now over a plain shaded a great part of the way by groves of olives. As usual at this time of day, we met many parties on horseback, sometimes with ladies; and I remember particularly the beautiful and accomplished daughters of Count Armandsbergh, both of whom are since married and dead. It is a beautiful ride, in the afternoon particularly, as then the dark outline of the mountains beyond, and the reflections of light and shade, give a peculiarly interesting effect to the ruins of the Acropolis. Towards the other we paced between the ruins of the old walls, and entered upon a scene which reminded me of home. Eight months before there was only one house at the Piræus; but as soon as the court removed to Athens, the old harbour revived; and already we saw long ranges of stores and warehouses, and all the hurry and bustle of one of our rising western towns. A railroad was in contemplation, and many other improvements, which have since failed; but an *omnibus*!—that most modern

and common place of inventions—is now running regularly between the Piræus and Athens. A friend who visited Greece six months after me, brought home with him an advertisement printed in Greek, English, French, and German, the English being in the words and figures following, to wit:—

### “ADVERTISEMENT.

The public are hereby informed, that on the 19th instant an omnibus will commence running between Athens and the Piræus, and will continue to do so every day at the undermentioned hours until further notice.

#### *Hours of Departure.*

##### FROM ATHENS.

Half past seven, A. M.  
Ten o'clock, A. M.  
Two o'clock, P. M.  
Half-past four, P. M.

##### FROM PIRÆUS.

Half past eight, A. M.  
Eleven o'clock, A. M.  
Three o'clock, P. M.  
Half past five, P. M.

The price of a seat in the omnibus is one drachme.

Baggage, if not too bulky and heavy, can be taken on the roof.

Smoking cannot be allowed in the omnibus, nor can dogs be admitted.

Small parcels and packages may be sent by this conveyance at a moderate charge, and given to the care of the conducteur.

The omnibus starts from the corner of Hermos and Æolus Streets, at Athens, and from the Bazaar at the Piræus, and will wait five minutes at each place, during which period the conducteur will sound his horn.

*Athens, September 29th, 1836.*

Old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. For a little while yet we may cling to the illusions with the past, but the mystery is fast dissolving, the darkness is breaking away, and Greece and Rome, and even Egypt herself, henceforward claim our attention with objects and events of the present hour. Already they have lost much of the deep and absorbing interest with which men turned to them a generation ago. All the hallowed associations of these regions are fading away. We may regret it, we may mourn over it, but we cannot help it. The world is marching onward! I have seen Americans drinking champagne in an excavated dwelling of the ancient Pompeii; and I have dined with Englishmen among the ruins of Thebes, but, blessed be my fortune, I never rode in an omnibus from the Piræus to Athens.

We put our baggage aboard the caique, and lounged among the little shops till dark, when we betook ourselves to a dirty little coffee-house filled with Greeks, dozing and smoking pipes. We met there a boat's crew of a French man-of-war, waiting for some officers, who were then dining with the French ambassador at Athens. One of them had been born to a better condition than that of a common sailor. One juvenile indiscretion after another brought him down, and, without a single vice, he was fairly on the road to ruin. Once he brushed a tear from his eyes as he told us of prospects blighted by his own follies; but rousing himself, hurried away, and his reckless laugh soon rose above the clamour of his wild companions.

About ten o'clock the doctor came in, drenched with rain, and up to his knees in mud. We want-

ed to embark immediately, but the appearance of the weather was so unfavourable, that the captain preferred waiting till after midnight. The Greeks went away from the coffee house, the proprietor fell asleep in his seat, and we extended ourselves on the tables and chairs; and now the fleas, which had been distributed about among the loungers, made a combined attack upon us. Life has its cares and troubles, but few know that of being given up to the tender mercies of Greek fleas. We bore the infliction till human nature could endure no longer; and at about three o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a violent wind and rain, broke out of the coffee-house, and went in search of our boat. It was very dark, but we found her and got on board. She was a caique, having an open deck with a small covering over the stern. Under this we crept, and with our cloaks and a sail cloth spread over us, our heated blood cooled, and we fell asleep. When we woke, we were on the way to Epidaurus. The weather was raw and cold. We passed within a stone's throw of Salamis and Ægina, and at about three o'clock, turning a point which completely hid it from view, entered a beautiful little bay, on which stands the town of Epidaurus. The old city, the birth-place of Esculapius, stands on a hill projecting into the bay, and almost forming an island. In the middle of the village is a wooden building, containing a large chamber, where the Greek delegates, a band of mountain warriors, with arms in their hands, "in the name of the Greek nation, proclaimed before gods and men its independence."

At the locanda there was by chance one bed, which not being large enough for three, I slept on

the floor. At seven o'clock, after a quarrel with our host, and paying him about half his demand, we set out for Napoli di Romania. For about an hour we moved in the valley running off from the beautiful shore of Epidaurus; soon the valley deepened into glen, and in an hour we turned off on a path that led into the mountains, and, riding through wild and rugged ravines, fell into the dry bed of a torrent; following which we came to the Hieron Elios, or sacred Grove of Esculapius. This was the great watering-place for the invalids of ancient Greece, the prototype of the Cheltenham and Saratoga of modern days. It is situated in a valley surrounded by high mountains, and was formerly enclosed by walls, within which, that the credit of God might not be impeached, *no man was allowed to die, and no woman to be delivered*. Within this enclosure were temples, porticoes, and fountains, now lying in ruins scarcely distinguishable. The theatre is the most beautiful and best preserved. It is scooped out of the side of the mountain, rather more than semicircular in form, and containing fifty-four seats. These seats are of pink marble, about fifteen inches high and nearly three feet wide. In the middle of each seat is a groove in which, probably, wood-work was constructed, to prevent the feet of those above from incommoding those who sat below, and also to support the backs of an invalid audience. The theatre faces the north, and is so arranged that, with the mountain towering behind it, the audience were shaded nearly all the day. It speaks volumes in favour of the intellectual character of the Greeks, that it was their favourite recreation to listen to the recitation of their poets and

players. And their superiority in refinement over the Romans is in no way manifested more clearly than by the fact, that in the ruined cities of the former are found the remains of the theatres, and in the latter of amphitheatres, showing the barbarous taste of the Romans for combats of gladiators and wild beasts. It was in beautiful keeping with this intellectual taste of the Greeks, that their places of assembling were in the open air, amid scenery calculated to elevate the mind; and as I sat on the marble steps of the theatre, I could well imagine the high satisfaction with which the Greek, under the shade of the impending mountain, himself all enthusiasm and passion, rapt in the interest of some deep tragedy, would hang upon the strains of Euripides or Sophocles. What deep-drawn exclamations, what shouts of applause had rung through the solitude; what bursts of joy and grief had echoed from those silent benches! And then, too, what flirting and coquetting; the state of society at the springs in the grove of Esculapius being probably much the same as at Saratoga in our own days. The whole grove is now a scene of desolation. The lentisculus is growing between the crevices of the broken marble; birds sing undisturbed among the bushes; the timid hare steals among the ruined fragments; and sometimes the snake is seen gliding over the marble steps.

We had expected to increase the interest of our visit by taking our noonday refection on the steps of the theatre, but it was too cold for a picnic *al fresco*; and, mounting our horses, about two o'clock we came in sight of Argos, on the opposite side of the great plain; and in half an hour more,



turning the mountain, saw Napoli di Romania, beautifully situated on a gentle elevation on the shore of the gulf. The scenery in every direction around Napoli is exceedingly beautiful; and when we approached it, it bore no marks of the sanguinary scenes of the late revolution. The plain was better cultivated than any part of the adjacent country; and the city contained long ranges of houses and streets, with German names, such as Heidecker, Maurer Street, &c., and was seemingly better regulated than any other city in Greece. We drove up to the Hotel des Quatre Nations, the best we had found in Greece; dined at a restaurant with a crowd of Bavarian officers and adventures, and passed the evening in the streets and coffee-houses.

The appearance of Otho Street, which is the principal, is very respectable; it runs from what was the palace to the grand square or esplanade, on one side of which are the barracks of the Bavarian soldiers, with a park of artillery, posted so as to sweep the square and principal streets; a speaking comment on the liberty of the Greeks, and the confidence reposed in them by the government.

Every thing in Napoli recalls the memory of the brief and unfortunate career of Capo d'Istria. Its recovery from the horrors of the country around, are ascribed to the impulse given by his administration. A Greek by birth, while his country lay groaning under the Ottoman yoke, he entered the Russian service, distinguished himself in all the diplomatic correspondence during the French invasion, was invested with various high offices and honours, and subscribed the treaty of Paris in 1815

as imperial Russian plenipotentiary. He withdrew from her service because Russia disapproved the efforts of his countrymen to free themselves from the Turkish yoke: and after passing five years in Germany and Switzerland, chiefly at Geneva, in 1827 he was called to the presidency of Greece. On his arrival at Napoli, amid the miseries of war and anarchy, he was received by the whole people as the only man capable of saving their country. Civil war ceased on the very day of his arrival, and the traitor Grievass placed in his hands the key of the Palamitene. I shall not enter into any speculations upon the character of his administration. The rank he had attained in a foreign service is conclusive evidence of his talents, and his withdrawal from that service for the reason stated is as conclusive of his patriotism; but from the moment he took into his hands the reins of government, he was assailed by every so called liberal press in Europe with the party cry of Russian influence. The Greeks were induced to believe that he intended to sell them to a stranger; and Capo d'Istria, strong in his own integrity, and confidently relying on the fidelity and gratitude of his countrymen, was assassinated in the streets on his way to mass. Young Mauromicchalis, the son of the old Bey of Maina, struck the fatal blow, and fled for refuge to the houses of the French ambassador. A gentleman attached to the French legation told me that he himself opened the door when the murderer rushed in with the bloody dagger in his hand, exclaiming, "I have killed the tyrant." He was not more than twenty-one, tall and noble in his appearance, and animated by the enthusiastic belief that

he had delivered his country. My informant told me that he had barred all the doors and windows, and went up stairs to inform the minister, who had not yet risen. The latter was embarrassed, and in doubt what he should do. A large crowd gathered round the house : but, as yet, they were all Mauro-michalis's friends. The young enthusiast spoke of what he had done with a high feeling of patriotism and pride ; and while the clamour out of doors was becoming outrageous, he ate his breakfast and smoked his pipe with the utmost composure. He remained at the embassy more than two hours, and until the regular troops drew up before the house. The French ambassador, though he at first refused, was obliged to deliver him up ; and my informant saw him shot under a tree outside the gate of Napoli, dying gallantly in the firm conviction that he had played the Brutus, and freed his country from a Cæsar.

The fate of Capo d'Istria again darkened the prospects of Greece, and the throne went begging for an occupant, until it was accepted by the King of Bavaria, for his second son Otho. The young monarch arrived at Napoli in February 1833. The whole population came out to meet him and the Grecian youths ran breast deep in the water to touch his barge as it approached the shore. In February 1834, it was decided to establish Athens as the capital. The propriety of this removal has been seriously questioned, for Napoli possessed advantages in her location, harbour, fortress, and a town already built ; but the King of Bavaria, a scholar and an antiquary, was influenced more, perhaps, by classical feeling, than by regard for the

best interests of Greece. Napoli has received a severe blow from the removal of the seat of government and the consequent withdrawal of the court, and the manufacturers and mechanics attendant upon it. Still it was by far the most European in its appearance of any city I had seen in Greece. - It had several restaurants and coffee-houses, which were thronged all the evening with Bavarian officers and broken down European adventurers, discussing on the internal affairs of that unfortunate country, which men of every nation seemed to think they had a right to assist in governing. Napoli had always been the great gathering place of the phil Hellenists, and many appropriating to themselves that sacred name were hanging round it still. All over Europe thousands of men are trained up to be shot at for so much per day; the soldier's is as regular a business as that of a lawyer or merchant, and there is always a larger class of turbulent spirits constantly on the look out for opportunities, and ever ready with their swords to carve their way to fortune. To them the uproar of a rebellion is music, for they know that, in the general turning up of the elements, something may be gained by him who has nothing to lose; and when the Greek revolution broke upon the astonished people of Europe, these soldiers of fortune hastened to take part in the struggle, and win the profits of success. I believe that there were men who embarked in the cause with as high and noble purposes as ever animated the warrior; but of many of these chivalric patriots there is no lack of charity in saying that, however good they might be as fighters, they were not

much as men; and I am sorry to add that, from the accounts I heard in Greece, the American phil-Hellenists were a rather shabby set. Jarvis was about the most active and distinguished, and I never heard in Greece any imputations on his character. M. M., then resident in Napoli, was accosted one day in the streets by a young man, who asked him where he could find General Jarvis. "What do you want with him?" said Mr. M. "I hope to obtain a commission in his army." "Do you see that dirty fellow yonder," said Mr. M., pointing to a ragged patriot passing at the moment; "well, twenty such fellows compose Jarvis's army, and Jarvis himself is no better off." "Well, then," said the young *American*, "I believe I'll join the Turks!" Allen, another American patriot, was hanged at Constantinople. Another behaved gallantly as a soldier, but sullied his laurels by appropriating the money intrusted to him by the Greek committee. One bore the sacred name of Washington a brave but unprincipled man. Mr. M. had heard him say, that if the devil himself should raise a regiment and would give him a good commission, he would willingly march under him. He was struck by a shot from the fortress in the harbour of Napoli while directing a battery against it, was taken on board his Britannic Majesty's ship *Asia*, and breathed his last, uttering curses on his country.

I could have passed a week with great satisfaction in Napoli, if it were only for the luxury of its hotel; but time would not permit, and I went to bed resolving to make up for the last night, and sleep a little in advance for the next.

## CHAPTER VI.

Argos—Parting and Farewell—Tomb of Agamemnon—Mycenæ—Gate of the Lions—A Misfortune—Meeting in the Mountains—A Landlord's Troubles—A Midnight Quarrel—One good Turn deserves another—Gratitude of a Greek Family—Megara—The Soldier's Revel.

IN the morning, finding a difficulty in procuring horses, some of the loungers about the hotel told us there was a carriage in Napoli, and we ordered it to be brought out, and soon after saw moving majestically down the principal street a *belle carrozza*, imported by its enterprising proprietor from the Strada Toledo at Naples. It was painted a bright flaring yellow, and had a big-breached Albanian for a coachman. While preparing to embark, a Greek came up with two horses, and we discharged the *belle carrozza*. My companion hired the horses for Padras, and I threw my cloak on one of them and followed on foot.

The plain of Argos is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. On every side, except towards the sea, it is bounded by mountains, and the contrast between these mountains, the plain and the sea, is strikingly beautiful. The sun was beating upon it with immense heat; the labourers were almost naked, or in several places laying asleep on the ground, while the tops of the mountains were covered with snow. I walked across the whole plain, being only six miles, to Argos. This ancient city is long since in ruins; her thirty temples, her cost-

ly sepulchres, her gymnasium, and her numerous and magnificent monuments and statues, have disappeared, and the only traces of her former greatness are some remains of her Cyclopean walls, and a ruined theatre cut in the rock, and of magnificent proportions. Modern Argos is nothing more than a straggling village.

Mr. Riggs, an American missionary, was stationed there, but was at that time at Athens with an invalid wife. I was still on foot, and wandered up and down the principal street looking for a horse. Every Greek in Argos soon knew my business, and all kinds of four legged animals were brought to me at exorbitant prices. When I was poring over the Iliad, I little thought I should ever visit Argos; still less that I should create a sensation in the ancient city of Danai; but man little knows for what he is reserved.

Argos has been so often visited that Homer is out of date. Every middy from a Mediterranean cruiser has danced on the steps of her desolate theatre, and instead of busying myself with her ancient glories, I roused half the population in hiring a horse. In fact, in this ancient city I soon became the centre of a regular horsemarket. Every rascally jockey swore that his horse was the best, and according to the descendants of the respectable sons of Atreus, blindness, lameness, spavin, and staggers, were a recommendation. A Bavarian officer, whom I had met in the Bazaars, came to my assistance, and stood by me while I made a bargain. I had more regard to the guide than the horse; and picking out one who had been remarkably noisy, hired him to conduct me to Corinth and

Athens. He was a lad of about twenty with a bright sparkling eye, who, laughing roguishly at his unsuccessful competitors, wanted to pitch me at once on the horse and be off. I joined my companions, and in a few minutes we left Argos.

The plains of Argos have been immortalised by poetic genius, as the great gathering-place of the kings and armies that assembled for the siege of Troy. To the scholar and poet, few plains in the world are more interesting. It carries him back to the heroic ages—to the history of times bordering on the fabulous, when fact and fiction are so beautifully blended, that we would not separate them if we could. I had but a little while longer to remain with my friends, for we were approaching the points where our roads separated, and about eleven o'clock we halted, and exchanged our farewell greetings. We parted in the middle of the plain, they to return to Padras and Europe, and I for the tomb of Agamemnon, and back to Athens, and hardly knew where besides. Dr. W. I did not meet again until my return home. About a year afterwards I arrived in Antwerp in the evening from Rotterdam. The city was filled with strangers, and I was denied admission at a third hotel, when a young man brushed by me in the doorway, and I recognised Maxwell. I hailed him; but in cap and cloak, and with a large red shawl around my neck, he did not know me. I unrolled and discovered myself, and it is needless to say that I did not leave the hotel that night. It was his very last day of two years' travel on the Continent; he had taken his passage in the steamer for London, and one day later I should have missed him altogether. I can give



but a faint idea of the pleasure of this meeting. He gave the first information of the whereabouts of Dr. W.; we talked nearly all night, and about noon the next day I again bade him farewell on board the steamer.

I have for some time neglected our servant. When we separated, the question was who should *not* keep him. We were all heartily tired of him, and I would not have had him with me on any account. Still, at the moment of parting in that wild and distant region, never expecting to see him again, I felt some slight leaning towards him. Touching the matter of shirts, it will not be surprising to a man of the world, that, at the moment of parting, I had one of M's on my back: and in justice to him, I must say it was a very good one, and lasted a long time. A friend once wrote to me on a like occasion not to wear his out of turn, but M. laid no such restriction upon me. But this trifling gain did not indemnify me for the loss of my friends. I had broken the only link that connected me with home, and was setting out alone for I knew not where. I felt at once the great loss I had sustained, for my young muletteer could speak only his own language, and, as Queen Elizabeth said to Sir Walter Raleigh of her Hebrew, we had "forgotten our" Greek.

But on that classical soil I ought not to have been lonely. I should have conjured up the ghosts of the departed Atridæ, and held converse on their own ground with Homer's heroes. Nevertheless I was not in the mood, and, entirely forgetting the glories of the past, I started my horse into a gallop. My companion followed on a full run, close at my

heels, belabouring my horse with a stick, which, when he broke, he pelted him with stones; indeed, this mode of scampering over the ground seemed to hit his humour, for he shouted, hurraed, and whipped, and sometimes, laying hold of the tail of the beast, was dragged along several paces with little effort of his own. I soon tired of this, and made signs to him to stop: but it was his turn now, and I was obliged to lean back till I reached him with my cane before I could make him let go his hold, and then he commenced shouting and pelting again with stones.

In this way we approached the village of Krabata, about a mile below the ruins of Mycenæ, and the most miserable place I had seen in Greece. With the fertile plain of Argos uncultivated before them, the inhabitants exhibited a melancholy picture of the most abject poverty. As I rode through, crowds beset me with outstretched arms imploring charity, and a miserable old woman, darting out of a wretched hovel, laid her gaunt and bony hand upon my leg, and attempted to stop me. I shrank from her grasp, and, under the effect of a sudden impulse, threw myself off on the other side, and left my horse in her hands.

Hurrying through the village, a group of boys ran before me, crying out "Agamemnon, Agamemnon." I followed, and they conducted me to the tomb of "the king of kings," a gigantic structure, still in good preservation, of the conical form, covered with turf; the stone over the door is twenty-seven feet long and seventeen wide, larger than any hewn stone in the world except Pompey's Pillar. I entered, my young guides going before with torch-

es, and walked within and around this ancient sepulchre. A worthy Dutchman, Herman Van Creutzer, has broached a theory that the Trajan war is a mere allegory, and that no such person as Agamemnon ever existed. Shame on the cold-blooded heretic! I have my own sins to answer for in that way, for I have laid my destroying hand upon many cherished allusions; but I would not, if I could, destroy the mystery that overhangs the heroic ages. The royal sepulchre was forsaken and empty; the shepherd drives within it his flock for shelter; the traveller sits under its shade to his noonday meal; and at the moment, a goat was dosing quietly in one corner. He started as I entered, and seemed to regard me as an intruder; and when I flared before him the light of my torch, he rose up to butt me. I turned away and left him in quiet possession. The boys were waiting outside, and crying "Mycenæ, Mycenæ," led me away. All was solitude, and I saw no marks of a city until I reached the relics of her cyclopean walls. I never felt a greater degree of reverence than when I approached the lonely ruins of Mycenæ. At Argos I spent most of my time in the horse-market and I galloped over the great plain as carelessly as if it had been the road to Haarlem; but all the associations connected with this most interesting ground here pressed upon me at once. Its extraordinary antiquity, its gigantic remains, and its utter and long-continued desolation, came home to my heart. I moved on to the Gate of the Lions, and stood before it a long time without entering. A broad street led to it between two immense parallel walls; and this street may perhaps have been a market-place. Over the gate

are two lions rampant, like the supporters of a modern coat-of-arms, rudely carved, and supposed to be the oldest sculptured stone in Greece. Under this very gate Agamemnon led out his forces for the siege of Troy; three thousand years ago he saw them filing before him, glittering in brass, in all the pomp and panoply of war; and I held in my hand a book which told me that this city was so old, that more than seventeen hundred years ago travellers came as I did to visit its ruins; and that Pausanias had found the gate of the Lions in the same state in which I beheld it now. A great part is buried by the rubbish of the fallen city. I crawled under, and found myself under the walls, and then mounted to the height on which the city stood. It was covered with a thick soil and a rich carpet of grass. My boys left me, and I was alone. I walked all over it, following the line of the walls. I paused at the great blocks of stone, the remnants of Cyclopic masonry, the work of wandering giants. The heavens were unclouded, and the sun was beaming upon it with genial warmth. I became entangled in the long grass, and picked wild flowers growing over long-buried dwellings. Under it are immense caverns, their uses are unknown: and the earth sounded hollow under my feet, as if I was treading on the sepulchre of a buried city. I looked across the plain to Argos; all was as beautiful as when Homer sang its praises; the plain and the mountains, and the sea, were the same, but the once magnificent city, her numerous statues and gigantic temples, were gone for ever; and but a few remains were left to tell the passing traveller the story of her fallen greatness. I could

have remained there for hours; I could have gone again and again, for I had not found a more interesting spot in Greece; but my reveries were disturbed by the appearance of my muletteer and my juvenile escort. They pointed to the sun as an intimation that the day was passing; and crying "Cavallo, Cavallo," hurried me away. To them the ruined city was a playground; they followed capering behind; and in descending three or four of them rolled down upon me; they hurried me through the gate of the Lions, and I came out with my pantaloons, my only pantaloons, rent across the knee almost irreparably. In an instant I was another man; I railed at the ruins for their strain upon wearing apparel, and bemoaned my unhappy lot in not having with me a needle and thread. I looked up to the old gate with a sneer. This was the city that Homer had made such a noise about; a man could stand on the citadel, and almost throw a stone beyond the boundary-line of Agamemnon's kingdom. In full sight, and just at the other side of the plain, was the kingdom of Argos. The little state of Rhode Island would make a larger kingdom than both of them together.

But I had no time for deep meditations, having a long journey to Corinth before me. Fortunately, my young Greek had no tire in him; he started me off on a gallop, whipping and pelting my horse with stone, and would have hurried me on, over rough and smooth, till either he, or I, or the horse, broke down, if I had not jumped off and walked. As soon as I dismounted, he mounted, and he moved so leisurely that I had to hurry him on in turn. In this way we approached the range of mountains se-

parating the plain of Argos from the Isthmus of Corinth. Entering the pass, we rode along a mountain torrent, of which the channel-bed was then dry, and ascended to the summit of the first range. Looking back, the scene was magnificent. On my right and left were the ruined heights of Argos and Mycenæ; before me, the towering Acropolis of Napoli di Romania; at my feet, the rich plain of Argos, extending to the shore of the sea; and beyond, the island-studded Ægean. I turned away with a feeling of regret that in all probability, I should never see it more.

I moved on, and in a narrow pass, not wide enough to turn my horse if I had been disposed to take to my heels, three men rose up from behind a rock, armed to the teeth with long guns, pistols, yataghans, and sheep skin cloaks—the dress of the klept, or mountain robber—and altogether presenting a most diabolically cut-throat appearance. If they had asked me for my purse, I should have considered it all regular, and given up the remnant of my stock of borrowed money without a murmur; but I was relieved from immediate apprehension by the cry of *passe porta*. King Otho has begun the benefits of civilizing the government in Greece by introducing passports, and mountain warriors were stationed in the different passes to examine strangers. They acted, however, as if they were more used to demanding purses than passports, for they sprang into the road, and rattled the butts of their guns on the rock with a violence that was somewhat startling. Unluckily, my passport had been made out with those of my companions, and was in their possession, and when we part-

ed neither thought of it; and this demand of me, who had nothing to lose, was worse than that of my purse. A few words of explanation might have relieved me from all difficulty, but my friends could not understand a word I said. I was vexed at the idea of being sent back, and thought I would try the effect of a little impudence; so, crying out "Americanos," I attempted to pass on; but they answered me "Nix," and turned my horse's head towards Argos. The scene, which a few moments before had seemed so beautiful, was now perfectly detestable. Finding that bravado had not the desired effect, I lowered my tone and tried a bribe: this was touching the right chord: half a dollar removed all suspicions from the minds of these trusty guardians of the pass; and, released from their attentions, I hurried on.

The whole road across this mountain is one of the wildest in Greece. It is cut up by numerous ravines, sufficiently deep and dangerous, which at every step threaten destruction to the incautious traveller. During the late revolution the soil of Greece has been drenched with blood; and my whole journey had been through cities and over battle-fields, memorable for scenes of slaughter unparalleled in the annals of modern war. In the narrowest pass of the mountains, my guide made gestures indicating that it had been the scene of a desperate battle. When the Turks having penetrated to the plain of Argos, were compelled to fall back again upon Corinth, a small band of Greeks, under Niketas and Demetrius Ypsilanti, waylaid them in this pass. Concealing themselves behind the rocks and waiting till the pass was filled, all at once they

opened a tremendous fire upon the solid column below, and the pass was instantly filled with slain. Six thousand were cut down in a few hours. The terrified survivors recoiled for a moment; but as if impelled by an invisible power, rushed on to meet their fate. "The Mussulman rode into the passes with his sword in his sheath, and his hands before his eyes, the victim of destiny." The Greeks again poured upon them a shower of lead, and several thousands more were cut down before the Moslem army accomplished the passage of this terrible defile.

It was nearly dark when we reached the summit of the last range of mountains, and saw, under the rich lustre of the setting sun, the Acropolis of Corinth, with its walls and turrets towering to the sky, the plain forming the Isthmus of Corinth; the dark quiet waters of the Gulf of Lepanto; and the gloomy mountains of Cithæron and Helicon, and Parnassus, covered with snow. It was after dark when we passed the region of the Nemean Grove, celebrated as the haunt of the lion and the twelve labours of Hercules. We were yet three hours from Corinth; and if the old lion had still been prowling in the grove, we could not have made more haste to escape its gloomy solitude. Reaching the plain, we heard behind us the clattering of horses' hoofs, at first sounding in the stillness of the evening as if a regiment of cavalry or a troop of banditti was at our heels, but it proved to be only a single traveller, belated like ourselves, and hurrying on to Corinth. I could see through the darkness the shining butts of his pistols and hilt of his yataghan, and took his dimensions with more anxiety, perhaps, than exacti-



tude. He recognised my Frank dress, and accosted me in bad Italian, which he had picked up at Padras, (being just the Italian in which I could meet him on equal ground), and told me that he had met a party of Franks on the road to Padras, whom, from the description he gave, I recognised as my friends.

It was nearly midnight when we rattled up to the gate of the old locanda. The yard was thronged with horses and baggage, and Greek and Bavarian soldiers. On the balcony stood my old brigand host, completely crestfallen, and literally turned out of doors in his own house; a detachment of Bavarian soldiers had arrived that afternoon at Padras, and taken entire possession, giving him and his wife the freedom of the outside. He did not recognise me, and taking me for an Englishman, began, "Sono Inglesi Signor" (he had lived at Corfu under the British dominion); and telling me the whole particulars of his unceremonious ouster, claimed, through me, the arm of the British government to resent the injury of a British subject; his wife was walking about in no very gentle mood, but, in truth, very contrary. I did not speak to her, and she did not trust herself to speak to me; but, addressing myself to the husband, introduced the subject of my own immediate wants, a supper, and night's lodging. The landlord told me, however, that the Bavarians had eaten every thing in the house, and he had not a room, bed, blanket, or coverlet, to give me; that I might lie down in the hall or the piazza, but there was no other place.

I was outrageous at the hard treatment he had received from the Bavarians. It was too bad to

turn an honest innkeeper out of his house, and deny him the pleasure of accommodating a traveller who had toiled hard all day, with the perfect assurance of finding a bed at night. I saw, however, that there was no help for it; and noticing an opening at one end of the hall, went into a store room filled with all kinds of rubbish, particularly old barrels. An unhinged door was leaning against the wall, and this I laid across two of the barrels, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and on this extemporaneous couch went to sleep.

I was roused from my first nap by a terrible fall against the door. I sprang up; the moon was shining through the broken casement, and, seizing a billet of wood, I waited another attack. In the meantime, I heard the noise of a violent scuffling on the floor of the hall, and, high above all, the voices of husband and wife, his evidently coming from the floor in a deprecating tone, and hers in a high towering passion, and enforced with severe blows of a stick. As soon as I was fairly awake, I saw through the thing at once. It was only a little matrimonial *tete a tete*. The unamiable humour in which I had left them against the Bavarians, had ripened into a private quarrel between themselves, and she had got him down, and was pummelling him with a broomstick, or something of that kind. It seemed natural and right enough, and was, moreover, no business of mine; and remembering that whoever interferes between man and wife is sure to have both against him, I slept quiet. Others, however, were not so considerate, and the occupants of the different rooms tumbled into the hall in every variety of fancy night gear, among whom was one

whose only clothing was a military coat and cap, with a sword in his hand. When the hubbub was at its highest, I looked out, and found, as I expected, the husband and wife standing side by side, she still brandishing the stick, and both apparently outrageous at every thing and every body around them. I congratulated myself on my superior knowledge of human nature, and went back to my bed on the door.

In the morning I was greatly surprised to find, that instead of whipping her husband, she had been taking his part. Two German soldiers, already half intoxicated, had come into the hall, and insisted upon having wine; the host refused, and when they moved towards my sleeping place, where the wine was kept, he interposed, and all came down with the noise which had woke me. His wife came to his aid, and the blows, which, in my simplicity, I had supposed to be falling upon him, were bestowed on the two Bavarians. She told me the story herself; and when she complained to the officers, they had capped the climax of her passion by telling her that her husband deserved more than he got. She was still in a perfect fury; and as she looked at them in the yard arranging for their departure, she added in broken English, with deep, and, as I thought, ominous passion, "Twas better to be under the Turks."

I learned all this while I was making my toilet on the piazza, that is, while she was pouring water on my hands for me to wash; and just as I had finished, my eye fell upon my mulettee assisting the soldiers in loading their horses. At first I did not notice the subdued expression of his usually

bright face, nor that he was loading my horse with some of their camp equipage; but all at once it struck me that they were pressing him into their service. I was already roused by what the woman had told me, and, resolving that they should not serve me as they did the Greeks, I sprang off the piazza, cleared my way through the crowd, and going up to my horse, already staggering under a burden poised on his back, but not yet fastened, put my hand under one side, and tumbled it over with a crash on the other. The soldiers cried out furiously; and while they were sputtering German at me, I sprang into the saddle. I was in admirable pugilistic condition, with nothing on but pantaloons, boots, and shirt, and just in a humour to get a whipping, if nothing worse; but I detested the manner in which the Bavarians lorded it in Greece; and riding up to the group of officers who were staring at me, told them that I had just tumbled their luggage off my horse, and they must bear in mind that they could not deal with strangers quite so arbitrarily as they did with the Greeks. The commandant was disposed to be indignant and very magnificent; but some of others making the suggestions to him, he said he understood I had only hired my horse as far as Corinth, but if I had taken him for Athens, he would not interfere: and, apologizing on the ground of the necessities of government, ordered him to be released. I apologizing back again, returned the horse to my guide, whose eyes sparkled with pleasure, and went in for my hat and coat.

I dressed myself, and, telling him to be ready when I had finished my breakfast, went out expect-

ing to start forthwith ; but, to my surprise, my host told me that the lad refused to go any further without an increase of pay ; and, sure enough, there he stood, making no preparation for moving. The cavalcade of soldiers had gone, and taken with them every horse in Corinth, and the young rascal intended to take advantage of my necessity. I told him that I had hired him to Athens for such a price, and that I had saved him from impressment, and consequent loss of wages, by the soldiers, which he admitted. I added, that he was a young rascal, which he neither admitted nor denied, but answered with a roguish laugh. The extra price was no object, compared with the vexation of a day's detention ; but a traveller is apt to think that all the world is conspiring to impose upon him, and, at times, to be very resolute in resisting. I was peculiarly so then, and, after a few words, set off to complain to the head of the police. Without any ado, he trotted along with me, and we proceeded together followed by a troop of idlers, I in something of a passion, he perfectly cool, good-natured, and considerate, merely keeping out of the way of my stick. Hurrying along near the columns of the old temple, I stumbled, and he sprang forward to assist me, his face expressing great interest, and a fear that I had hurt myself : and when I had walked towards a house which I had mistaken for the bureau of the police department, he ran after me to direct me right. All this mollified me considerably : and before we reached the door, the affair began to strike me as rather ludicrous.

I stated my case, however, to the eparchos, a Greek in Frank dress, who spoke French with great

facility, treated me with the greatest consideration. He was so full of professions that he felt quite sure of decision in my favour; but, assuming my story to be true, and without asking the lad for his excuse, he shrugged his shoulders, and said he would take time to examine the matter, and, if I was in a hurry, I had better submit. To be sure, he said, the fellow was a great rogue, and he gave his countrymen in general a character that would not tell well in print; but added, in their justification, that they were imposed upon and oppressed by every body, and therefore considered that they had right to take their advantage whenever an opportunity offered. The young man sat down on the floor, and looked at me with the most frank, honest, and open expression, as if perfectly unconscious that he was doing anything wrong. I could not but acknowledge that some excuse for him was to be drawn from the nature of the school in which he had been brought up: and, after a little parley, agreed to pay him the additional price, if at the end of the journey, I was satisfied with his conduct. This was enough; his face brightened, he sprang up and took my hand, and we left the house the best friends in the world. He seemed to be hurt as well as surprised at my finding fault with him, for to him all seemed perfectly natural; and to seal the reconciliation, he hurried on ahead, and had the horse ready when I reached the locanda. I took leave of my host with a better feeling than before, and set out a second time on the road to Athens.

At Kalamki, while walking along the shore, a Greek who spoke the the lingua Franca came from on board one of the little caiques, and, when he

learned that I was an American, described to me the scene that had taken place on the beach upon the arrival of provisions from America; when thousands of miserable beings who had fled from their dwellings, and lived for months upon plants and roots—grey-headed men, mothers with their infants at their breasts, emaciated with hunger, frantic with despair—came down from their mountain retreats to receive the welcome relief. He might well remember the scene, for he had been one of that starving people; and he took me to his house, and shewed me his wife and four children, now nearly all full grown, telling me that they had all been rescued by the generosity of my countrymen. I do not know why, but in those countries it did not seem unmanly for a whiskered and bearded man to weep; I felt anything but contempt for him when, with his heart overflowing and his eyes filled with tears, he told me, when I returned home, to say to my countrymen that I had seen and talked with a recipient of their bounty: and though the Greeks might never repay us, they could never forget what we had done for them. I remember the excitement in our country in their behalf, in colleges and schools, from the grey-bearded senator to the prattling-schoolboy, and reflected, that, perhaps, my mite, cast carelessly upon the waters, had saved from the extremity of misery this grateful family.

I wish that cold blooded prudence which would have checked our honest enthusiasm in favour of a people, under calamities and horrors worse than ever fell to the lot of man struggling to be free, could have listened to this Greek family. With deep interest I bade them farewell, and telling my

guide to follow with my horse, walked over to the foot of the mountain.

Ascending, I saw in one of the openings of the road a packhorse, and a soldier in the Bavarian uniform, and, hoping to find some one to talk with, I hailed him. He was on the top of the mountain, so far off that he could not hear me; and when, with the help of my Greek, I had succeeded in gaining his attention, he looked for some time without being able to see me. When he did, however, he waited; but, to my no small disappointment he answered my first question with the odious "Nix." We tried each other in two or three dialects; but finding it of no use, I sat down to rest, and he, for courtesy, joined me; my young Greek, in the spirit of good-fellowship, doing the same. He was a tall, noble-looking fellow, and, like myself, a stranger in Greece; and though we could not say so, it was understood we were glad to meet and travel together as comrades. The tongue causes more evils than the sword; and as we were debarred the use of this mischievous member, and walked all day side by side, seldom three paces apart: before night we were sworn friends.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Megara. A group of Bavarian soldiers were lounging round the doors of the khan, who welcomed their expected comrade, and me as his companion. My friend left me, and soon returned with the compliment of the commandant, and an invitation to visit him in the evening. I had, however, accepted a prior invitation from the soldiers for a rendezvous in the locanda. I wandered till dark among the ruined houses of the town, thought of Euclid and Alex-



under the Great, and returning, went up to the same room in which I had slept with my friends, pored over an old map of Greece hanging on the wall, made a few notes, and throwing myself back on a sort of divan, while thinking what I should do, fell asleep.

About ten o'clock I was roused by the loud roar of a chorus, not like a sudden burst, but a thing that seemed swelled up to that point by degrees; and rubbing my eyes, and stumbling down stairs, I entered the banquetting hall. A long, rough wooden table, extended about the whole length of the room, supplied only with wine-flagons and tobacco pouches; forty or fifty soldiers were sitting round it, smoking pipes and singing with all their souls, and, at the moment I entered, waving their pipes to the dying cadence of a hunting chorus. Then followed a long thump on the table, and they all rose; my travelling friend, with a young soldier who spoke a little French, came up, and escorting me to the head of the table, gave me a seat by the chairman. One of them attempted to administer a cup of wine, and the other thrust at me the end of a pipe, and I should have been obliged to kick and abscond but for the relief afforded me by another new-comer. This was no other than the corporal's wife; and if I had been received warmly, she was greeted with enthusiasm. Half the table sprang forward to escort her, two of them collared the president and hauled him off his seat, and the whole company, by acclamation, installed her in his place.

She accepted it without any hesitation, while two of them, with clumsy courtesy took off her bonnet, which I, sitting at her right hand, took charge of.

All then resumed their places, and the revel went on more gaily than ever. The lady president was about thirty, plainly but neatly dressed, and, though not handsome, had a frank, amiable, and good tempered expression, indicating that greatest of woman's attributes, a good heart. In fact, she looked like what the young man at my side told me she was, the peacemaker of the regiment; and he added that they always tried to have her at their convivial meetings, for when she was among them, the brawling spirits were kept down, and every man would be ashamed to quarrel in her presence. There was no chivalry, no heroic devotion about them, but their manner towards her was as speaking a tribute as was ever paid to the influence of woman; and I question whether beauty in her bower, surrounded by belted knights and barons bold, ever exercised in her more exalted sphere a more happy influence. I talked with her, and with the utmost simplicity she told me that the soldiers all loved her; that they were all kind to her; and she looked upon them all as brothers. We broke up at twelve o'clock with a song, requiring each person to take the hand of his neighbour; one of her hands fell to me, and I took it with a respect seldom surpassed in touching the hand of woman; for I felt that she was cheering the rough path of a soldier's life, and, among scenes calculated to harden the heart, reminding them of mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts at home.

## CHAPTER VII.

A dreary Funeral. Marathon. Mount Pentelicus. A Mystery. Woes of a Lover. Reveries of Glory. Scio's Rocky Isle. A blood stained page of History. A Greek Prelate. Desolation. The Exile's return.

EARLY in the morning I again started. In a little khan at Eleusis I saw three or four Bavarian soldiers drinking, and ridiculing the Greek proprietor, calling him *patrioli* and *capitani*. The Greek bore their gibes and sneers without a word; but there was a deadly expression in his look, which seemed to say, "I bide my time;" were running up an account that would one day be settled in blood. In fact, the soldiers went too far; and, as I thought to show off before me, one of them slapped the Greek on the back, and made him spill a measure of wine which he was carrying to a customer, when the latter turned upon him like lightning, threw him down, and would have strangled him if he had not been pulled off by the bystanders. Indeed the Greeks had already learned both their intellectual and physical superiority over the Bavarians; and, a short time before, a party of soldiers sent to subdue a band of Maniote insurgents had been captured, and after a farce of selling them at auction at a dollar a head, were kicked, and whipped, and sent away.

About four o'clock I arrived once more at Athens, dined at my old hotel, and passed the evening at Mr. Hill's.

The next day I lounged about the city. I had been more than a month without my carpet bag, and the way in which I managed during that time is a thing between my travelling companions and myself. A prudent Scotchman used to boast of a careful nephew, who, in travelling, instead of leaving some of his clothes at every hotel on the road, always brought home *more* than he took away him. I was a model of this kind of carefulness while my opportunities lasted; but my companions had left me, and this morning I went to the bazaars, and bought a couple of shirts. Dressed up in one of them, I strolled outside the walls; and, while sitting in the shadow of a column of the Temple of Jupiter, I saw coming from the city, through Adrian's Gate, four men, carrying a burden by the corners of a coverlet, followed by another having in his hands a bottle and a spade. As they approached, I saw they were bearing the dead body of a woman, whom, on joining them, I found to be the wife of the man who followed. He was an Englishman or an American (for he called himself either as occasion required), whom I had seen at my hotel and at Mr. Hill's; had been a sailor, and probably deserted from his ship, and many years a resident at Athens, where he married a Greek woman. He was a thriftless fellow, and, as he told me, had lived principally by the labour of his wife; who washed for European travellers. He had been so long in Greece, and his connexions and associations were so thoroughly Greek, that he had lost that sacredness of feeling so powerful both in Englishmen and Americans of every class, in regard to the decent burial of the dead, though he did say that

he expected to procure a coffin, but the police of the city had sent officers to take her away and bury her. There was something so forlorn in the appearance of this rude funeral, that my first impulse was to turn away: but I checked myself and followed. Several times the Greeks laid the corpse on the ground, and stopped to rest, chattering indifferently on various subjects. We crossed the Ilissus, and at some distance came to a little Greek chapel excavated in the rock. The door was so low that we were obliged to stoop on entering, and when within we could hardly stand upright. The Greeks laid down the body in front of the altar; the husband went for the priest, the Greeks to select a place for the grave, and I remained alone with the dead. I sat in the doorway, looking inside upon the corpse, and out upon the Greeks digging the grave. In a short time the husband returned with a priest, one of the most miserable of that class of "blind teachers" who swarm in Greece. He immediately commenced the funeral service, which continued nearly an hour, by which time the Greeks returned, and, taking up the body, carried it to the graveside, and laid it within. I knew the hollow sound of the first clod of earth which falls upon the lid of a coffin, and shrank from its leaden fall upon the uncovered body. I turned away, and, when at some distance, looked back and saw them packing the earth over the grave. I never saw so dreary a burial-scene.

Returning, I passed by the ancient stadium of Herodes Atticus, once capable of containing twenty five thousand spectators; the whole structure was covered with the purest white marble. All remains

of its magnificence are now gone; but I could still trace, on the excavated side of the hill, its ancient form of a horse-shoe, and walked through the subterraneous passage by which the vanquished in the games retreated from the presence of the spectators.

Returning to the city, I learned that an affray had just taken place between some Greeks and Bavarians, and hurrying to the place near the bazaars, found a crowd gathered together round a soldier who had been stabbed by a Greek. According to the Greeks, the affair had been caused by the habitual insults and provocation given by the Bavarians, the soldier having wantonly knocked a drinking-cup out of a Greek's hand while he was drinking. In the crowd I met a lounging Italian (the same who wanted me to come up from Padras by water), a good-natured and good-for-nothing fellow, and skilled in tongues; and going with him to a coffee-house thronged with Bavarians and Europeans of various nations in the service of government, heard another story, by which it appeared that the Greeks, as usual, were in the wrong, and that the poor Bavarian had been stabbed without the slightest provocation, purely from the Greek's love of stabbing. Tired of this, I left the scene of contention, and a few streets off met an Athenian, a friend of two or three days' standing; and, stopping under a window illuminated by a pair of bright eyes from above, happened to express my admiration of the lady who owned them, when he tested the strength of my feelings on the subject, by asking me if I would like to marry her. I was not prepared at the moment to give precisely that proof, and he followed up his

blow by telling me that, if I wished it, he would engage to secure her for me before the morning. The Greeks are almost universally poor. With them every traveller is rich, and they are so thoroughly civilised as to think that a rich man is, of course, a good match.

Towards evening I paid my last visit to the Acropolis. Solitude, silence, and sunset, are the nursery of sentiment. I sat down on a broken capital of the Parthenon: the owl was already flitting among the ruins. I looked up at the majestic temple, and sat down at the ruined and newly regenerated city, and said to myself, "Lots must rise in Athens!" I traced the line of the ancient walls, ran a railroad to the Piræus, and calculated the increase on "up-town lots" from building the king's palace near the Garden of Plato. Shall I or shall I not "make an operation" in Athens? The court has removed here, the country is beautiful, climate fine, government fixed, steam boats are running, all the world is coming, and lots must rise. I bought (in imagination) a tract of good tillable land, laid it out in streets, had my Plato, and Homer, and Washington Places, and Jackson Avenue, built a row of houses to improve the neighbourhood where nobody lived, got maps lithographed, and sold off at auctions. I was in the right condition to "go in," for I had nothing to lose; but, unfortunately, the Greeks were very far behind the spirit of the age, knew nothing of the beauties of the credit system; and could not be brought to dispose of their consecrated soil, "on the usual terms," *ten per cent. down, balance on bond and mortgage*; so, giving up the idea, at dark I bade farewell to the

ruins of the Acropolis, and went to my hotel to dinner.

Early the next morning I started for the field of Marathon. I engaged a servant at the hotel to accompany me, but he disappointed me, and I set out alone with my muleteer. Our road lay along the base of Mount Hymettus, on the borders of the plain of Attica, shaded by the thick groves of olives. At noon I was on the summit of a lofty mountain, at the base of which, still and quiet as if it had never resounded with the shock of war, the great battle-ground of the Greeks and Persians extended to the sea. The descent was one of the finest things I met with in Greece—wild, rugged, and, in fact, the most magnificent kind of mountain scenery. At the foot of the mountain we came to a ruined convent, occupied by an old white bearded monk. I stepped there and lunched, the old man laying before me his simple store of bread and olives, and looking on with pleasure at my voracious appetite.

This over, I hurried to the battle-field. Towards the centre is a large mound of earth, erected over the Athenians who fell in the battle. I made directly for this mound, ascended it, and threw the reins loose over my horses' neck; and sitting on the top, read the account of the battle in Herodotus.

After all, is not our reverence misplaced, or rather, does not our respect for deeds hallowed by time render us comparatively unjust! The Greek revolution teems with instances of as desperate courage, as great love of country, as patriotic devotion, as animated the men of Marathon, and yet the actors in these scenes are not known beyond the boundaries of their native land. Thousands whose



names were never heard of, and whose bones, perhaps, never received burial, were as worthy of an eternal monument as they upon whose grave I sat. Still that mound is a hallowed sepulchre; and the shepherd who looks at it from his mountain house, the husbandman who drives his plough to its base, and the sailor who hails it as a landmark from the deck of his caique, are all reminded of the glory of their ancestors. But away with the mouldering relics of the past—give me the green grave of Marco Bozzaris! I put Herodotus in my pocket, gathered a few blades of grass as a memorial, descended the mound, betook myself to my saddle, and swept the plain in a gallop, from the mountain to the sea.

It is about two miles in width, and bounded by rocks heights enclosing it at either extremity. Towards the shore the ground is marshy, and at the place where the Persians escaped to their ships are some unknown ruins; in several places the field is cultivated, and towards evening, on my way to the village of Marathon, I saw a Greek ploughing; and when I told him that I was an American, he greeted me as the friend of Greece. It is the last time I shall recur to this feeling; but it was music to my heart to hear a ploughman on immortal Marathon sound in my ears the praise of my country.

I intended to pass the night at the village of Marathon; but every khan was so cluttered up with goats, chickens, and children, that I rode back to the monastery at the foot of the mountain. It was nearly dark when I reached it. The old monk was on a little eminence at the door of his chapel, clapping two boards together to call his flock to vespers. With his long white beard, black cap and long

black gown, his picturesque position and primitive occupation, he seemed a guardian spirit hovering on the borders of the Marathon in memory of its ancient glory. He came down to the monastery to receive me, and giving me a paternal welcome, and spreading a mat on the floor, returned to his chapel. I followed, and saw his little flock assemble. The ploughman came up from the plain, and the shepherd came down from the mountain; the old monk led the way to the altar, and all kneeled down prostrating themselves on the rocky floor. I looked at them with deep interest. I had seen much of Greek devotion in cities and villages, but it was a spectacle of extraordinary interest to see these wild and lawless men assembled on the lonely mountain to worship in all sincerity, according to the best light they had, the God of their fathers. I could not follow them in their long and repeated kneelings and prostrations; but my young Greek, as if to make amends for me, and at the same time to show how they did things in Athens, led the van. The service over, several of them descended with me to the monastery; the old monk spread his mat, and again brought out his frugal store of bread and olives. I contributed what I had brought from Athens, and we made our evening meal. If I had judged from appearances, I should have felt rather uneasy at having slept among such companions; but the simple fact of having seen them at their devotions gave me confidence. Though I had read and heard that the Italian bandit went to the altar to pray forgiveness for the crimes he intended to commit, and before washing the stains from his hands, hung up the bloody poignard upon the pillar of the church, and

asked pardon for murder, I always felt a certain degree of confidence in him who practised the duties of his religion, whatever that religion might be. I leaned on my elbow, and by the blaze of the fire read Herodotus, while my muleteer, as I judged, entertained them with long stories about me. By degrees the blaze of the fire died away, the Greeks stretched themselves out for sleep, the old monk handed me a bench about four inches high for a pillow; and wrapping myself in my cloak, in a few moments I was wandering in the land of dreams.

Before daylight my companions were in motion. I intended to return by the marble quarries on the Pentelican mountain; and crying "Cavallo" in the ear of my still sleeping muleteer, in a few minutes I bade farewell for ever to the good old monk of Marathon. Almost from the door of the monastery we commenced ascending the mountain. It was just peep of day, the weather raw and cold, the top of the mountain covered with clouds, and in an hour I found myself in the midst of them. The road was so steep and dangerous that I could not ride, a false step of my horse might have thrown me over a precipice several hundred feet deep; and the air was so keen and penetrating, that, notwithstanding the violent exercise of walking, I was perfectly chilled. The mist was so dense, too, that when my guide was a few paces in advance I could not see him, and I was literally groping my way through the clouds. I had no idea where I was, nor of the scene around me, but I felt that I was in a measure lifted above the earth. The cold blasts drove furiously along the sides of the mountain, whistled against the precipices, and bellowed in the hollows

of the rocks, sometimes driving so furiously that my horse staggered and fell back. I was almost bewildered in struggling blindly against them; but just before reaching the top of the mountain, the thick clouds were lifted as if by an invisible hand, and I saw once more the glorious sun pouring his morning beams upon a rich valley extending a great distance to the foot of the Pentelican mountain. About half way down we came to a beautiful stream, on the banks of which we took out our bread and olives. Our appetites were stimulated by the mountain air, and we divided till our last morsel was gone.

At the foot of the mountain, lying between it and Mount Pentelicus, was a large monastery, occupied by a fraternity of monks. We entered, and walked through it, but found no one to receive us. In a field near by we saw one of the monks, from whom we obtained a direction to the quarries. Moving on to the foot of the mountain, which rises with a peaked summit into the clouds, we commenced ascending, and soon came upon the strata of the beautiful white marble for which Mount Pentelicus has been celebrated thousands of years. Excavations appeared to have been made along the whole route, and on the road-side were blocks, and marks caused by friction of the heavy mosses transported to Athens. The great quarries are towards the summit. The surface has been cut perpendicularly smooth, perhaps 80 or 100 feet high, and 150 or 200 feet in width, and excavations have been made within to an unknown extent. Whole cities might have been built of the materials taken away, and yet, by comparison of what is left, there is nothing

gone. In front are entrances to a large chamber, in one corner of which, on the right, is a chapel with the painted figure of the Virgin to receive the Greek's prayers. Within are vast humid caverns, over which the wide roof awfully extends, adorned with hollow tubes like icicles, while a small transparent petrifying stream trickles down the rock. On one side are small chambers communicating with subterraneous avenues, used no doubt, as places of refuge during the revolutions, or as the haunts of robbers. Bones of animals, and stones blackened with smoke, showed that but lately some part had been occupied as a habitation. The great excavations around, blocks of marble lying as they fell, perhaps two thousand years ago, and the appearances of having been once a scene of immense industry and labour, stand in striking contrast with the desolation and solitude now existing. Probably the hammer and chisel will never be heard there more, great temples will no more be raised, and modern genius will never, like Greeks of old, make the rude blocks of marble speak.

At dark I was dining at the Hotel de France, when Mr. Hill came over with the welcome intelligence that my carpet-bag had arrived. On it was pinned a large paper, with the words "Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!" by my friend Maxwell, who had met it on horseback on the shores of the Gulf of Lepanto, travelling under the charge of a Greek in search of me. I opened it with apprehension, and to my great satisfaction, found undisturbed the object of my greatest anxiety, the precious note-book from which I now write, saved from the peril of

anonymous publication; or of being used up for gun-waddings.

The next morning, before I was up, I heard a gentle rap at my door, which was followed by the entrance of a German, a missionary whom I had met several times at Mr. Hill's, and who had dined with me once at my hotel. I apologised for being in bed, and told him that he must possess a troubled spirit, to send him so early from his pillow. He answered that I was right; he did possess a troubled spirit; and closing the door carefully, came to my bedside, and said he had conceived a great regard for me, and intended confiding in me an important trust. I had several times held long conversations with him at Mr. Hill's, and very little to my edification, as his English was hardly intelligible; but I felt pleased at having, without particularly striving for, gained the favourable opinion of one who bore the character of a very learned and a very good man. I requested him to step into the dining room while I rose and dressed myself; but he put his hand upon my breast to keep me down, and drawing a chair, began, "You are going to Smyrna?" He then paused, but, after some hesitation, proceeded to say that the first name I would hear on my arrival there would be his own; that, unfortunately it was in every body's mouth. My friend was a short and very ugly middle-aged man, with a very large mouth, speaking English with a most disagreeable German sputter, lame from a fall, and, altogether, of a most uninteresting and unsentimental aspect; and he surprised me much by laying before me a verible *affaire du cœur*. It was so foreign to my expectations, that I should as soon

have expected to be made a confidant in a love affair by the Archbishop of York. After a few preliminaries, he went into particulars; lavished upon the lady the usual quota of charms, "in such a case made and provided;" but was uncertain, rambling, and discursive, with respect to the position he held in her regard. At first I understood that it was merely the old story, a flirtation and a victim; then that they were very near being married, which I afterwards understood to be only so near as this, that he was willing and she not; and finally, it settled down into the every day occurrence, the lady smiled, whilst the parents and a stout two-fisted brother frowned. I could not but think, if such a homely expression may be introduced in describing these tender passages, that he had the boot on the wrong leg, and that the parents were much more likely than the daughter to favour such a suitor. However, on this point I held my peace. The precise business he wished to impose on me was, immediately on my arrival in Smyrna, to form the acquaintance of the lady and her family, and use all my exertions in his favour. I told him I was an entire stranger in Smyrna, and could not possibly have any influence with the parties; but being urged, promised him that, if I could interfere without intruding myself improperly, he should have the benefit of my mediation. At first he intended giving me a letter to the lady, but afterwards determined to give me one to the Rev. Mr. Brewer, an American missionary, who, he said, was a particular friend of his, and intimate with the beloved and her family, and acquainted with the whole affair. Placing himself at my table, on which were pens, ink, and

paper, he proceeded to write his letter, while I lay quietly till he turned over the first side, when, tired of waiting, I rose, dressed myself, packed up, and, before he had finished, stood by the table with my carpet-bag, waiting until he should have thrown in my materials. He bade me good-bye after I had mounted my horse to leave, and, as I turned back to look at him, I could not but feel for the crippled, limping victim of the tender passion, though, in honesty, and with the best wishes for his success, I did not think it would help his suit for the lady to see him.

An account of my journey from Athens to Smyrna, given in a letter to friends at home, was published during my absence, and without my knowledge, in successive numbers of the American Monthly Magazine, and perhaps the favourable notice taken of it had some influence in inducing me to write a book. I give the papers as they were then published.

*Smyrna, April, 1835.*

MY DEAR\*\*\*\*—I have just arrived at this place, and live to tell it. I have been three weeks performing a voyage usually made in three days. It has been tedious beyond all things; but, as honest Dogberry would say, if it had been ten times as tedious, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all upon you. To commence at the beginning:—On the morning of the 2nd instant, I and my long-lost carpet-bag left the eternal city of Athens, without knowing exactly whither we were going, and sincerely regretted by Miltiades Panajotti, the garcon of the hotel. We went round the foot of the Acro-



polis, and, giving a last look to its ruined temples, fell into the road to Piræus, and in an hour found ourselves at that ancient harbour, almost as celebrated in the history of Greece as Athens itself. Here we took counsel as to our further movements, and concluded to take passage in a caique to sail that evening for Syra, being advised that that island was a great place of rendezvous for vessels, and that from it we could procure a passage to any place we chose. Having disposed of my better half (I may truly call it so, for what is a man without pantaloons, vests, and shirts?) I took a little sail-boat to float around the ancient harbour, and muse upon its departed glories.

The day that I lingered there before bidding farewell, perhaps for ever, to the shores of Greece, is deeply impressed upon my mind. I had hardly begun to feel the magic influence of the land, poets, patriots, and heroes, until the very moment of my departure. I had travelled in the most interesting sections of the country, and found all enthusiasm dead within me when I expected to be carried away by the remembrance of the past; but here, I know not how it was, without any effort, and in the mere act of whiling away my time, all that was great, and noble, and beautiful, in her history, rushed upon me at once; the sun and the breeze, the land, and the sea, contributed to throw a witchery around me; and in a rich and delightful frame of mind, I found myself among the monuments of her better days, gliding by the remains of the immense wall erected to enclose the harbour during the Peloponnesian war, and was soon floating upon the classic waters of Salamis.

If I had got there by accident, it would not have occurred to me to dream of battles and all the fierce panoply of war upon that calm and silvery surface. But I knew where I was, and my blood was up. I was among the enduring witnesses of Athenian glory. Behind me was the ancient city, the Acropolis, with its ruined temples, the tell-tale monuments of bygone days, towering above the plain; here was the harbour from which the galleys carried to the extreme parts of the then known world the glories of the Athenian name; before me was unconquered Salamis; here the invading fleet of Xerxes; there the little navy, the last hope of the Athenians; here the island of Ægina, from which Aristides, forgetting his quarrel with Themistocles, embarked in a rude boat, during the hottest of the battle, for the ship of the latter; and there the throne of Xerxes, where the proud invader stationed himself as a spectator of the battle that was to lay the rich plain of Attica at his feet. There could be no mistake about the localities; the details have been handed down from generation to generation, and are as well known to the Greeks of the present day as they were to their fathers. So I went to work systematically, and fought the whole battle through. I gave the Persians ten to one, but I made the Greeks fight like tigers; I pointed them to their city, to their wives and children; I brought on long strings of little innocents, urging them as in the farce, "sing out, young uns;" I carried old Themistocles among the Persians, like a modern Greek fireship among the Turks; I sank ship after ship, and went on demolishing them at a most furious rate, until I saw old Xerxes scudding from

his throne, and the remnant of the Persian fleet scampering quickly away to the tune of "the devil take the hindmost." By this time I had got into the spirit of the thing; and moving rapidly over the water, once red with the blood of thousands from the fields of Asia, I steered for the shore, and mounted the vacant throne of Xerxes. This throne is on a hill near the shore, not very high, and as pretty a place as a man could have selected to see his friends whipped and keep out of harm's way himself; for you will recollect that in those days there was no gunpowder or cannon balls, and, consequently, no danger from long chance shots. I selected a particular stone, which I thought it probable Xerxes, as a reasonable man, with an eye to the perspective, might have chosen as his seat on the eventful day of the battle; and on that same stone sat down to meditate upon the vanity of all earthly greatness. But most provokingly, whenever I think of Xerxes, the first thing that presents itself to my mind is the couplet in the primer,

" Xerxes the Great did die,  
And so must you and I."

This is a very sensible stanza, no doubt, and worthy of always being borne in mind; but it was not exactly what I wanted. I tried to drive it away; but the more I tried, the more it stuck to me. It was all in vain. I railed at early education, and resolved that acquired knowledge hurts a man's natural faculties; for if I had not received the first rudiments of education, I should not have been bothered with the vile couplet, and should have been able to do something on my own account. As it

was, I lost one of the best opportunities ever a man had for moralising; and you, my dear —, have lost at least three pages. I give you, however, all the materials; put yourself on the throne of Xerxes, and do what you can, and may your early studies be no stumbling block in your way. As for me, vexed and disgusted with myself, I descended the hill as fast as the great king did of yore, and, jumping into my boat, steered for the farthest point of the Piræus; from the throne of *Xerxes* to the tomb of Themistocles.

I was prepared to do something here. This was not merely a place where he had been; I was to tread upon the earth that covered his bones; here were his ashes; here was all that remained of the best and bravest of the Greeks, save his immortal name. As I approached, I saw the large square stones that enclosed his grave, and mused upon his history; the deliverer of his country, banished, dying an exile, his bones begged by his repenting countrymen, and buried with peculiar propriety near the shore of the sea, commanding a full view of the scene of his naval glory. For more than 2000 years the waves have almost washed over his grave—the sun has shone and the winds have howled over him; while, perhaps, his spirit has mingled with the sighing of the winds and murmur of the waters, in moaning over the long captivity of his countrymen; perhaps, too, his spirit has been with them in their late struggle for liberty—has hovered over them in the battle and the breeze, and is now standing sentinel over his beloved and liberated country. I approached as to the grave of one who will never die. His great name, his great deeds,

hallowed by the lapse of so many ages; the scene—I looked over the wall with a feeling amounting to reverence, when, directly before me, the first thing I saw, the only thing I could see—so glaring and so conspicuous, that nothing else could fix my eye—was a tall, stiff, wooden headboard, painted white, with black letters, to the memory of an Englishman with as unclassical a name as that of *John Johnson*. My eyes were blasted with the sight—I was ferocious—I railed at him as if he had buried himself there with his own hands. What had he to do there? I railed at his friends. Did they expect to give him a name, by mingling him with the ashes of the immortal dead? Did they expect to steal immortality, like fire from the flint? I dashed back to my boat, steered directly for the harbour, gave sentiment to the dogs, and in half an hour was eating a most voracious and spiteful dinner.

In the evening I embarked on board my little caique. She was one of the most rakish of that rakish description of vessels. I drew my cloak around me and stretched myself on the deck, as we glided quietly out of the harbour; saw the throne of Xerxes, the island of Salamis, and the shores of Greece, gradually fade from view; looked at the dusky forms of the Greeks in their capotes lying asleep around me; at the helmsman sitting cross-legged at his post, apparently without life or motion, gave one thought to home, and fell asleep.

In the morning I began to examine my companions. They were, in all, a captain and six sailors, probably all part owners, and two passengers from one of the islands, not one of whom could speak

any other language than Greek. My knowledge of that language was confined to a few rolling hexameters, which had stuck by me in some unaccountable way, as a sort of memento of college days. These, however, were of no particular use, and, consequently, I was pretty much tongue-tied during the whole voyage. I amused myself by making my observations quietly upon my companions, as they did more openly upon me, for I frequently heard the word "Americanoo" pass among them. I had before had occasion to see something of Greek sailors, and to admire their skill and general good conduct, and I was fortified in my previous opinion by what I saw of my present companions. Their temperance in eating and drinking is very remarkable, and all my comparisons between them and European sailors were very much in their favour. Indeed, I could not help thinking, as they sat collectively, Turkish fashion, around their frugal meal of bread, caviari, and black olives, that I had never seen finer men. Their features were regular, in that style which we to this day recognise as Grecian; their figures good, and their faces wore an air of marked character and intelligence; and these advantages of person were set off by the island costume, the fez, or red cloth cap, with a long black tassel at the top, a tight vest and jacket, embroidered and without collars, large Turkish trousers coming down a little below the knee, legs bare, sharp-pointed slippers, and a sash around the waist, tied under the left side, with long ends hanging down, and a knife sticking out about six inches. There was something bold and daring in their appearance, indeed, I may say, rakish and piratical; and I could

easily imagine that, if the Mediterranean should again become infested with pirates, my friends would cut no contemptible figure among them. But I must not detain you as long on the voyage as I was myself. The sea was calm; we had hardly any wind; our men were at the oars nearly all the time, and, passing slowly by Ægina, Cape Sunium, with its magnificent ruins mournfully overlooking the sea, better known in modern times as Colonna's Height and the scene of Falconer's shipwreck, passing also the island of Zea, the ancient Chios, Thermia, and other islands of lesser note, in the afternoon of the third day we arrived at Syra.

With regard to Syra, I shall say but little; I am as loth to linger about it now as I was to stay there then. The fact is, I cannot think of the place with any degree of satisfaction. The evening of my arrival I heard, through a Greek merchant to whom I had a letter from a friend in Athens, of a brig to sail the next day for Smyrna; and I lay down on a miserable bed in a miserable locanda, in the confident expectation of resuming my journey in the morning. Before morning, however, I was roused by "blustering Boreas" rushing through the broken casement of my window; and for more than a week all the winds ever celebrated in the poetical history of Greece were let loose upon the island. We were completely cut off from all communication with the rest of the world. Not a vessel could leave the port, while vessel after vessel put in there for shelter. I do not mean to go into any details—indeed, for my own credit's sake I dare not; for if I were to draw a picture of things as I found them, if I were to write home the truth,

I should be considered as utterly destitute of taste and sentiment; I should be looked upon as a most unpoetical dog, who ought to have been at home poring over the revised statutes, instead of breathing the pure air of poetry and song. And now, if I were writing what might by chance come under the eyes of a sentimental young lady, or a young gentleman in his teens, the truth would be the last thing I would think of telling. No, though my teeth chatter—though a cold sweat comes over me when I think of it, I would go through the usual rhapsody, and huzza for “the land of the east, and the clime of the sun.” Indeed, I have a scrap in my portfolio, written with my cloak and great coat on, and my feet over a brazier, beginning in that way. But to you, my dear ———, who know my touching sensibilities, and who, moreover, have a tender regard for my character and will not punish me, I would as soon tell the truth as not. And therefore I do not hesitate to say, but do not whisper it elsewhere, that in one of the beautiful islands of the Ægean, in the heart of the Cyclades, in the sight of Delos, and Paros, and Antiparos, any one of which is enough to throw one who has never seen them into raptures with their fancied beauties, here, in this paradise of a young man’s dreams, in the middle of April, I would have hailed “chill November’s surly blast” as a zephyr; I would have exchanged all the beauties of this balmy clime for the sunny side of Kamschatka; I would have given my room and the whole island of Syra, for a third-rate lodging in Communipaw. It was utterly impossible to walk out, and equally impossible to stay in the room; the house, to suit that delightful



climate, being built without windows or window-shutters. If I could forget the island, I could remember with pleasure the society I met there. I passed my mornings in the library of Mr. R., one of our worthy American missionaries; and my evenings at the house of Mr. W., the British consul. This gentleman married a Greek lady of Smyrna, and had three beautiful daughters, more than half Greeks in their habits and feelings; one of them is married to an English baronet, another to a Greek merchant of Syra, and the third——

On the ninth day the wind fell, the sun once more shone brightly, and in the evening I embarked on board a ricketty brig for Smyrna. At about six o'clock P. M., thirty or forty vessels were quietly crawling out of the harbour, like rats after a storm. It was almost a calm when we started; in about two hours we had a favourable breeze; we turned in, going at the rate of eight miles an hour, and rose with a strong wind dead ahead. We beat about all that day; the wind increased to a gale, and towards evening we took shelter in the harbour of Scio.

The history of this beautiful little island forms one of the bloodiest pages in the history of the world, and one glance told that dreadful history. Once the most beautiful island of the Archipelago, it is now a mass of ruins. Its fields, which once "budded and blossomed as the rose," have become waste places; its villages are deserted, its towns are in ruins, its inhabitants murdered, in captivity, and in exile. Before the Greek revolution, the Greeks of Scio were engaged in extensive commerce, and ranked among the largest merchants in

the Levant. Though living under hard task-masters, subject to the exactions of a rapacious pacha, their industry and enterprise, and the extraordinary fertility of their island, enabled them to pay a heavy tribute to the Turks, and to become rich themselves. For many ages they had enjoyed the advantages of a college, with professors of high literary and scientific attainments, and their library was celebrated throughout all that country; it was, perhaps, the only spot in Greece where taste and learning still held a seat. But the island was far more famed for its extraordinary natural beauty and fertility. Its bold mountains and its soft valleys, the mildness of its climate, and the richness of its productions bound the Greeks to its soil by a tie even stronger than the chain of their Turkish masters. In the early part of the revolution the Sciotes took no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty. Forty of their principal citizens were given up as hostages, and they were suffered to remain in peace. Wrapped in the rich beauties of their island, they forgot the freedom of their fathers and their own chains; and under the precarious tenure of a tyrant's will, gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of all that wealth and taste could purchase. We must not be too hard upon human nature; the case seemed desperate; they had a little paradise at stake; and if there is a spot on earth, the risk of losing which could excuse men in forgetting that they were slaves in a land where their fathers were free, it is the island of Scio. But the sword hung suspended over them by a single hair. In an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, they were startled by

the thunder of the Turkish cannon ; 50,000 Turks were let loose like bloodhounds upon the devoted island. The affrighted Greeks lay unarmed and helpless at their feet, but they lay at the feet of men who did not know mercy even by name—at the feet of men who hungered and thirsted after blood—of men, in comparison with whom wild beasts are as lambs. The wildest beast of the forest may become gorged with blood ; not so with the Turks at Scio. Their appetite “grew with what it fed on,” and still longed for blood when there was not a victim left to bleed. Women were ripped open, children dashed against the walls, the heads of whole families stuck on pikes out of the windows of their houses, while their murderers gave themselves up to riot and plunder within. The forty hostages were hung in a row from the walls of the castle ; an indiscriminate and universal burning took place ; in a few days the ground became cumbered with the dead, and one of the loveliest spots on earth was a pile of smoking ruins. Out of a population of 110,000, 60,000 are supposed to have been murdered, 20,000 to have escaped, and 30,000 to have been sold into slavery. Boys and young girls were sold publicly in the streets of Smyrna and Constantinople at a dollar a-head. And all this did not arise from any irritated state of feeling towards them. It originated in the cold blooded, calculating policy of the sultan, conceived in the same spirit which drenched the streets of Constantinople with the blood of the Janizaries ! it was intended to strike terror into the hearts of the Greeks, but the murderer failed in his aim. The groans of the hapless Sciotes reached the ears of their coun-

trymen, and gave a headlong and an irresistible impulse to the spirit then struggling to be free. And this bloody tragedy was performed in our own days, and in the face of the civilised world. Surely if Heaven visits in judgment a nation for a nation's crimes, the burning and massacre at Scio will be deeply visited upon the accursed Turks.

It was late in the the afternoon when I landed, and my landing was under peculiarly interesting circumstances. One of my fellow passengers was a native of the island, who had escaped during the massacre, and now revisited it for the first time. He asked me to accompany him ashore, promising to find some friends at whose house we might sleep; where he had once known every body, he now knew nobody. The town was a complete mass of ruins; the walls of many fine buildings were still standing, crumbling to pieces, and still black with the fire of the incendiary Turks. The town that had grown up upon the ruins consisted of a row of miserable shantees, occupied as shops for the sale of the mere necessities of life, where the shopman slept on his window-shutter in front. All my companion's efforts to find an acquaintance who would give us a night's lodging were fruitless. We were determined not to go on board the vessel, if possible to avoid it; her last cargo had been oil, the odour of which still remained about her. The weather would not permit us to sleep on deck, and the cabin was intolerably disagreeable. To add to our unpleasant situation, and, at the same time, to heighten the cheerlessness of the scene around us, the rain began to fall violently. Under the guidance of a Greek, we searched among the ruins of

an apartment where we might build a fire and shelter ourselves for the night, but we searched in vain; the work of destruction was too complete.

Cold, and thoroughly drenched with rain, we were retracing our way to the boat, when our guide told my companion that a Greek archbishop had lately taken up his abode among the ruins. We immediately went there, and found him occupying apartments, partially repaired, in what had once been one of the finest houses in Scio. The entrance through a large stone gateway was imposing; the house was cracked from top to bottom by the fire, nearly one half had fallen down, and the stones lay scattered as they fell; but enough remained to show that in its better days it had almost been a palace. We ascended a flight of stone steps to a terrace, from which we entered into a large hall, perhaps thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. On one side of this hall the wall had fallen down the whole length, and we looked out upon the mass of ruins beneath. On the other side, in a small room in one corner, we found the archbishop. He was sick, and in bed with all his clothes on, according to the custom here, but received us kindly. The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead with a mattress, on which he lay with a quilt spread over him, a wooden sofa, three wooden chairs, about twenty books, and two large leather cases containing clothes, napkins, and, probably, all his worldly goods. The rain came through the ceiling in several places; the bed of the poor archbishop had evidently been moved from time to time to avoid it, and I was obliged to change my position twice. An air of cheerless poverty reigned through the apartment. I could not help

comparing his lot with that of more favoured, and, perhaps, not more worthy, servants of the church. It was a style so different from that of the priests of Rome, the Pope and his cardinals, with their gaudy equipages and multitudes of footmen rattling to the Vatican; or from the pomp and state of the haughty English prelates, or even from the comforts of our own missionaries, in different parts of this country, that I could not help feeling deeply for the poor priest before me. But he seemed contented and cheerful, and even thankful that, for the moment, there were others worse off than himself, and that he had it in his power to befriend them.

Sweatmeats, coffee, and pipes, were served; and in about an hour we were conducted to supper in a large room, also opening from the hall. Our supper would not have tempted an epicure, but suited very well an appetite whetted by exercise and travel. It consisted of a large lump of bread and a large glass of water for each of us, caviari, black olives, and two kinds of sweatmeats. We were waited upon by two priests; one of them, a handsome young man, not more than twenty, with long black hair hanging over his shoulders, like a girl's, stood by with a napkin on his arm, and a pewter vessel, with which he poured water on our hands, receiving it again in a basin. This was done before and after eating; then came coffee and pipes. During the evening the young priest brought out an edition of Homer, and I surprised *him*, and astounded *myself*, by being able to translate a passage in the Iliad. I translated it in French, and my companion explained it in modern Greek to the young priest. Our beds were cushions laid on a raised platform or di-

van extending around the walls, with a quilt for each of us. In the morning, after sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes, we paid our respects to the good old archbishop, and took our leave. When we got out of doors, finding that the wind was the same, and that there was no possibility of sailing, my friend proposed a ride into the country. We procured a couple of mules, took a small basket of provisions for a collation, and started.

Our road lay directly along the shore; on one side the sea, and on the other ruins of houses and gardens, almost washed by the waves. At about three miles' distance we crossed a little stream, by the side of which we saw a sarcophagus, lately disinterred, containing the usual vases of a Grecian tomb, including the piece of money to pay Charon his ferriage over the river Styx, and six pounds of dust; being all that remained of a *man*—perhaps one who had filled a large space in the world; perhaps a hero—buried probably more than 2,000 years ago. After a ride of about five miles we came to the ruins of a large village, the style of which would any where have fixed the attention, as having been once the favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant, with gardens of three or four acres, enclosed by high walls of the same stone, and altogether in a style far superior to any thing I had seen in Greece. These were the country houses and gardens of the rich merchants of Scio. The manner of living amongst the proprietors here was somewhat peculiar, and the ties that

bound them to this little village were peculiar. This was the family home; the community was essentially mercantile, and most of their business transactions were carried on elsewhere. When there were three or four brothers in a family, one would be in Constantinople a couple of years, another at Trieste, and so on, while another remained at home; so that those who were away, while toiling amid the perplexities of business, were always looking to the occasional family re-union; and all trusted to spend the evening of their days among the beautiful gardens of Scio. What a scene for the heart to turn to now! The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, others black with smoke and crumbling into ruins. But where were they who occupied them? Where were they who should now be coming out to rejoice in the return of a friend and to welcome a stranger.

An awful solitude, a stillness that struck a cold upon the heart, reigned around us. We saw nobody; and our own voices, and the trampling of our horses upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. It was like walking among the ruins of Pompeii; it was another city of the dead; but there was a freshness about the desolation that seemed of to day; it seemed as if the inhabitants should be sleeping, and not dead. Indeed, the high walls of the gardens, and the outside of the houses too, were generally so fresh and in so perfect a state, that it seemed like riding through a handsome village at an early hour before the inhabitants had risen; and I sometimes could not help thinking that in an hour or two the streets would be thronged by a busy popu-



lation. My friend continued to conduct me through the solitary streets; telling me, as we went along that this was the house of such a family, this of such a family, with some of whose members I had become acquainted in Greece, until, stopping before a large stone gateway, he dismounted at the gate of his father's house. In that house he was born; there he had spent his youth; he had escaped from it during the dreadful massacre, and this was the first time of his revisiting it. What a tide of recollections must have rushed upon him!

We entered through the large stone gateway into a courtyard beautifully paved in mosaic in the form of a star, with small black and white round stones. On our left was a large stone reservoir, perhaps twenty-five feet square, still so perfect as to hold water, with an arbour over it supported with marble columns; a venerable grape vine completely covered the arbour. The garden covered an extent of about four acres, filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees; overrun with weeds, roses, and flowers, growing together in wild confusion. On the right was the house, and a melancholy spectacle it was: the wall had fallen down on one side, and the whole was black with smoke. We ascended a flight of stone steps, with balustrades, to the terrace, a platform about twenty feet square, overlooking the garden. From the terrace we entered the saloon, a large room with high ceilings and fresco paintings on the wall; the marks of the fire kindled on the stone floor still visible, all the woodwork burned to a cinder, and the whole black with smoke. It was a perfect picture of wanton destruction. The day, too, was in conformity with the scene; the sun was

obsured, the wind blew through the ruined building, it rained, and was cold and cheerless. What were the feelings of my friend I cannot imagine; three of the houses of his uncles were immediately adjoining; one of these uncles was one of the forty hostages, and was hanged; the other two were murdered; his father, a venerable looking old man, who came down to the vessel when he started to see him off, had escaped to the mountains, from thence to Ipsara, and from thence into Italy. I repeat it, I cannot imagine what were his feelings; he spoke but little; they must have been too deep for utterance. I looked at everything with intense interest; I wanted to ask question after question, but could not, in mercy, probe his bleeding wounds. We left the house, and walked out into the garden. It showed that there was no master's eye to watch over it; I plucked an orange which had lost its flavour; the tree was withering for want of care; our feet became entangled among weeds, and roses, and rare hot-house plants growing wildly together. I said that he did not talk much; but the little he did say amounted to volumes. Passing a large vase in which a beautiful plant was running wildly over the sides, he murmured indistinctly "the same vase" (*le meme vase*); and once he stopped opposite a tree, and, turning to me, said, "This is the only tree I do not remember." These and other little incidental remarks showed how deeply all the particulars were engraved upon his mind, and told me, plainer than words, that the wreck and ruin he saw around him harrowed his very soul. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? This was his father's house, the home of his youth, the scene of his earliest,

dearest, and fondest recollections. Busy memory, that source of all our greatest pains as well as pleasures, must have pressed sorely upon him, must have painted the ruined and desolate scene around him in colours even brighter, far brighter, than they ever were; it must have called up the faces of well known and well loved friends, indeed, he must have asked himself, in bitterness and in anguish of spirit, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" while the fatal answer fell upon his heart, "Gone, murdered, in captivity, and in exile."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

A Noble Grecian Lady—Beauty of Scio—An Original—Foggi—A Turkish Coffee house—Mussulman at Prayers—Easter Sunday—A Greek Priest—A Tartar Guide—Turkish Ladies—Camel Scenes—Sight of a Harem—Disappointed Hopes—A rare Concert—Arrival at Smyrna.

*(Continuation of the letter.)*

WE returned to the house, and seeking out a room less ruined than the rest, partook of a slight collation and set out on a visit to a relation of my Sciote friends.

On our way my companion pointed out a convent on the side of a hill, where 6000 Greeks, who had been prevailed upon to come down from the mountains to ransom themselves, were treacherously murdered to a man; their unburied bones still whiten the ground within the walls of the convent.

Arriving at the house of his relative, we entered through a large gateway into a handsome courtyard, with reservoir, garden, &c, &c., ruinous; though in a better condition than those we had seen before. This relative was a widow, of the noble house of Mavrocordato, one of the first families in Greece, and perhaps one of the most distinguished names in the Greek revolution. She had availed herself of the sultan's amnesty to return; had repaired two or three rooms, and sat down to end her days among the scenes of her childhood, among the ruins of her father's house. She was now not more than thirty; her countenance was remarkably pensive, and she had seen enough to drive the smiles for ever from her face. The meeting between her and my friend was extremely affecting, particularly on her part. She wept bitterly, though, with the elasticity peculiar to the Greek character, the smile soon chased away the tear. She invited us to spend the night there, pointing to the divan, and promising us cushions and coverlets. We accepted her invitation, and again set forth to ramble among the ruins.

I heard that an American missionary had lately come to the island, and was living somewhere in the neighbourhood. I found out his abode, and went to see him. He was a young man from Virginia, by the name of \* \* \* \*; had married a young woman from Connecticut, who was unfortunately sick in bed. He was living in one room, in the corner of a ruined building, but was then engaged in repairing a house into which he expected to remove soon. As an American, the first whom they had seen in that distant island, they invited me into the sick-room. In a strange land, and among a people

whose language they did not understand, they seemed to be all in all to each other; and I left them, probably for ever, in the earnest hope that the wife might soon be restored to health, that hand in hand they might sustain each other in the rough path before them.

Towards evening, we returned to the house of my friend's relative. We found there a nephew, a man about twenty-two, and a cousin, about thirty-five, both accidentally on a visit to the island. As I looked at the little party before me, sitting round a brazier of charcoal, and talking earnestly in Greek, I could hardly persuade myself that what I had seen and heard that day was real. All that I had ever read in history of the ferocity of the Turkish character; all the wild stories of corsairs, of murdering, capturing, and carrying into captivity, that I had ever read in romances, crowded upon me, and I saw living witnesses that the bloodiest records of history, and the wildest creations of romances, were not overcharged. They could all testify in their own persons that these things were true. They had all been stripped of their property, and had their houses burned over their heads; had all narrowly escaped being murdered; and had all suffered in their nearest and dearest connexions. The nephew, then a boy nine years old, had been saved by a maid servant; his father had been murdered; a brother, a sister, and many of his cousins, were at that moment, and had been for several years, in slavery among the Turks; my friend, with his sister, had found refuge in the house of the Austrian consul, and from thence had escaped into Italy; the cousin was the son of one of the forty hostages who

were hanged, and was the only member of his father's family that escaped death ; while our pensive and amiable hostess, a bride of seventeen, had seen her young husband murdered before her eyes : had herself been sold into slavery, and, after two years' servitude, redeemed by her friends.

In the morning I rose early, and walked out upon the terrace. Nature had put on a different garb. The wind had fallen, and the sun was shining warmly upon a scene of softness and luxuriance surpassing all that I had ever heard or dreamed of the beauty of the islands of Greece. Away with all that I said about Smyrna ; skip the page ! The terrace overlooked the garden filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees ; with plants, roses, and flowers of every description, growing in luxuriant wildness. But the view was not confined to the garden. Looking back on the harbour of Scio, was a bold range of rugged mountains bounding the view on that side ; on the right was the sea, then calm as a lake ; on both the other sides were ranges of mountains, irregular and picturesque in their appearance, verdant and blooming to their very summits ; and within these limits for an extent perhaps of five miles, were continued gardens like that at my feet, filled with the choicest fruit trees, with roses, and the greatest variety of rare plants and flowers that ever unfolded their beauties before the eyes of man ; above all, the orange trees, the peculiar favourite of the islands, then almost in full bloom, covered with blossoms, from my elevated position on the terrace, made the whole valley appear an immense bed of flowers. All, too, felt the freshening influence of the rain ; and a gentle

breeze brought to me, from this wilderness of sweets, the most delicious perfume that ever greeted the senses. Do not think me extravagant when I say, that in your wildest dreams you could never fancy so rich and beautiful a scene. Even among ruins, that almost made the heart break, I could hardly tear my eyes from it. It is emphatically a Paradise lost, for the hand of the Turk is upon it—a hand that withers all it touches.

In vain does the sultan invite the survivors, and their children, made orphans by his bloody massacres, to return; in vain do the fruits and the flowers, the sun and the soil, invite them to return; their wounds are still bleeding; they cannot forget that the wild beast's paw might again be upon them, and that their own blood might moisten the flowers which grow over the grave of their fathers. But I must leave this place. I could hardly tear myself away then, and I love to linger about it now. While I was enjoying the luxury of the terrace, a messenger came from the captain to tell us to go on board. With a feeling of the deepest interest, I bade farewell, probably for ever, to my sorrowing hostess, and to the beautiful garden of Scio.

We mounted our mules, and in an hour were at the port. My feelings were so wrought upon, that I felt my blood boil at the first Turk I met in the streets. I felt that I should like to sacrifice him to the shades of the murdered Greeks. I wondered that the Greeks did not kill every one on the island. I wondered that they could endure the sight of the turban. We found that the captain had hurried us away unnecessarily. We could not get out of the

harbour, and were obliged to lounge about the town all day. We made a circuit among the ruins ; examined particularly those of the library, where we found an old woman who had once been an attendant there, living in a little room in the cellar, completely buried under the stones of the fallen building, and returning, sat down with a chibouk before the door of an old Turkish coffee-house fronting the harbour.

Here I met an original in the person of the old Dutch consul. He was an old Italian, and had been in America during the revolutionary war as dragoman, as he called it, to the Count de Grasse, though, from his afterwards accidentally speaking of the count as " my master," I am inclined to think that the word dragoman which here means a person of great character and trust, may be interpreted as " valet de chambre." The old consul was in Scio during the whole of the massacre, and gave me many interesting particulars respecting it. He hates the Greeks, and spoke with indignation about the manner in which their dead bodies lay strewed in the streets for months after the massacre. " D—n them," he said, " I could not go any where without stumbling over them." As I began to have some apprehensions about being obliged to stay here another night, I thought I could not employ my time better than in trying to work out of the consul an invitation to spend it with him. But the old fellow was too much for me. When I began to talk about the unpleasantness of being obliged to spend the night on board, and the impossibility of spending it on shore, having no acquaintance there, he began to talk of poverty in the most up-



and down terms. I was a little discouraged, but I looked at his military cloak, his cocked hat and cane, and considering his talk merely a sort of apology for the inferior style of housekeeping I would find, was ingeniously working things to a point, when he set me to the right about, by enumerating the little instances of kindness he had received from strangers who happened to visit the island; among others, from one—he had his name in his pocket-book—he should never forget him—perhaps I had heard of him—who, at parting shook him affectionately by the hand, and gave him a doubloon and a Spanish dollar. I hauled off from the representative of the majesty of Holland, and perhaps, before this, have been served up to some new visitor as the “mean, stingy American.”

In the evening we again got under weigh; before morning the wind was blowing dead ahead: and about mid-day we put into the harbour of Foggi, a port in Asia Minor, and came to anchor under the walls of the castle, under the blood red Mussulman flag. We immediately got into the boat to go ashore. This was my first port in Turkey. A huge ugly African, marked with the small pox, with two pistols and a yataghan in his belt, stood on a little dock, waiting till we were in the act of landing, and then rushed forward, ferocious as a tiger from his native sands, throwing up both his hands, and roaring out “Quarantino.” This was a new thing in Turkey. Heretofore the Turks, with their fatalist notions, had never taken any precautions against the plague; but they had become frightened by the terrible ravages the disease was then making in Egypt, and imposed a quarantine upon ves-

sels coming from thence. We were, however, suffered to land, and our first movement was to the coffee-house directly in front of the dock. The coffee-house was a low wooden building, covering considerable ground, with a large piazza, or rather projecting roof, all around it. Inside and out there was a raised platform against the wall. This platform was one step from the floor, and on this step every one left his shoes before taking his seat on the matting.—There were, perhaps, fifty Turks inside and out, sitting cross-legged, smoking the chibouk, and drinking coffee out of cups, not larger than the shell of a Madeira nut.

We kicked our shoes off on the steps, seated ourselves on a mat outside, and took our chibouk and coffee, with an air of *savoir faire* that would not have disgraced the worthiest Moslem of them all. Verily said I, as I looked at the dozing, smoking, coffee-sipping congregation around me, there are some good points about the Turks, after all. They never think—that hurts the digestion; they love chibouks and coffee—that shows taste and feeling. I fell into their humour, and for a while exchanged nods with my neighbours all round. Suddenly the bitterness of thought came upon me; I found that my pipe was exhausted. I replenished it, and took a sip of coffee. Verily, said I, there are few better things in this world than chibouks and coffee—they even made men forget there is blood upon their hands. The thought startled me—I shrank from contact with my neighbours, cut my way through the volumes of smoke, and got out into the open air.

My companion joined me. We entered the

walls, and made a circuit of the town. It was a dirty little place, having one principal street lined with shops or bazaars, every third shop, almost, being a cafteria; where a parcel of huge turbaned fellows were at their daily labours of smoking pipes and drinking coffee. The first thing I remarked as being strictly different from a European city, was the total absence of women. The streets were thronged with men, and not a woman was to be seen, except occasionally I caught a glimpse of a white veil or a pair of black eyes sparkling through the latticed bar of a window. Afterwards, however, in walking outside the walls into the country, we met a large party of women. When we first saw them, they had their faces uncovered; but as soon as they saw us coming towards them, they stopped and arranged their long white shawls, winding them around their faces so as to leave barely space enough uncovered to allow them to see and breathe, but so that it was utterly impossible for us to distinguish a single one of their features.

Going on in the direction from which they came, and attracted by the mourning cypress, we came to a large burying-ground. It is situated on the side of a hill almost washed by the waves, and shaded by a thick grove of the funereal tree. There is, indeed, something peculiarly touching in the appearance of this tree; it seems to be endowed with feelings, and to mourn over the dead it shades. The monuments were generally a single upright slab of marble, with a turban on the top. There were many, too, in form like one of our oblong tombstones, and, instead of a slab of marble over the top, the interior was filled with earth, and the sur-

face overrun with roses, evergreens, and flowers. The burying-grounds in the East are always favourite places for walking in; and it is a favourite occupation of the Turkish women to watch and water the flowers growing over the graves of their friends.

Towards evening we returned to the harbour. I withdrew from my companion and, leaning against one of the gates of the city, fixed my eyes upon the door of a minaret, watching till the muezzin should appear, and for the last time before the setting of the sun, call all good Mussulmans to prayer. The door opened towards Mecca, and a little before dark the muezzin came out, and leaning over the railing with his face towards the tomb of the prophet in a voice, every tone of which fell distinctly upon my ear, made that solemn call which, from the time of Mahommed, has been addressed five times a day from the tops of the minarets to the sons of the faithful. "Allah! Allah! God is God, and Mahommed is his prophet. To prayer! to prayer!" Immediately an old Turk by my side fell upon his knees, with his face to the tomb of the prophet; ten times, in quick succession, he bowed his forehead till he touched the earth; then clasped his hands, and prayed. I never saw more rapt devotion than in this pious old Mussulman. I have often marked in Italy the severe observance of religious ceremonies, I have seen, for instance, at Rome, fifty penitents at a time mounting on their knees, and kissing, as they mounted, the steps of the Scala Santa, or holy staircase, by which as the priests tell them, our Saviour ascended into the presence of Pontius Pilate. I have seen the Greek prostrate himself

before a picture until he was physically exhausted ; and I have seen the humble and pious Christian at his prayers, beneath the simple fanes and before the peaceful altars of my own land ; but I never saw that perfect abandonment with which a Turk gives himself up to his God in prayer. He is perfectly abstracted from the things of this world ; he does not regard time or place ; in his closet or in the street, alone or in the crowd, he sees nothing, he hears nothing ; the world is a blank ; his God is every thing. He is lost in the intensity of his devotion. It is a spectacle almost sublime, and for the moment you forget the polluted fountain of his religion, and the thousand crimes it sanctions, in your admiration of his sincerity and faith.

Not being able to find any place where we could sleep ashore, except on one of the mats of the coffee-house, head and heels with a dozen Turks, we went on board, and towards morning again got under weigh. We beat up to the mouth of the gulf of Smyrna, but, with the sirocco blowing directly in our teeth, it was impossible to go farther. We made two or three attempts to enter ; but in tacking the last time, our old brig, which had hardly ballast enough to keep her keel under water, received such a rough shaking that we got her away before the wind, and at three o'clock P. M., were anchored in the harbour of Foggi. I now began to think that there was a spell upon my movements, and that Smyrna, which was becoming to me a sort of land of promise, would never greet my longing eyes.

I was somewhat comforted, however, by remembering that I had never yet reached any port in the

Mediterranean for which I had sailed, without touching at one or two intermediate ports ; and that, so far, I had always worked right. I was still further comforted by our having the good fortune to be able to procure lodging ashore, at the house of a Greek, the son of a priest. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday, and the resurrection of our Saviour was to be celebrated at midnight, or, rather, the beginning of the next day, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Greek Church. It was also the last of the forty days' fasting, and the next day commenced feasting. Supper was prepared for us, at which meat was put on the table for me only : my Greek friend being supposed not to eat meat during the days of fasting. He had been, however, two years out of Greece ; and though he did not like to offend the prejudices of his countrymen, he did not like fasting. I felt for my fellow-traveller ; and, cutting up some meat in small parcels, kept my eye upon the door while he whipped them into his mouth. After supper we lay down upon the divan with large quilts over us, having promised to rise at twelve o'clock and accompany me to the Greek Church.

At midnight we were roused by the chant of the Greeks in the streets, on their way to the church. We turned out, and fell into the procession of five hundred people, making the streets as light as day with their torches. At the door of the church we found our host, sitting at a table with a parcel of wax tapers on one side, and a box to receive money on the other. We each bought a taper, and went in. After remaining there at least two hours, listening to a monotonous and unintelligible routine

of prayers and chants, the priests came out of the holy doors, bearing aloft an image of our saviour on the cross, ornamented with gold leaf, tassels, and festoons of artificial flowers; passed through the church, and out of the opposite door. The Greeks lighted their tapers, and formed into a procession behind them, and we did the same. Immediately outside the door, up the staircase, and on each side of the corridor, allowing merely room enough for the procession to pass, were arranged the women, dressed in white, with long white veils, thrown back from their faces however, laid smooth over the tops of their heads, and hanging down to their feet. Nearly every woman, old or young, had a child in her arms. In fact, there seemed to be as great a mustering of children as of men and women, and for aught that I could see, as much to the edification of the former as the latter. A continued chant was kept up during the movements of the procession, and perhaps for half an hour after the arrival of the priests at the courtyard, when it rose to a tremendous burst. The torches were waved in the air; a wild, unmeaning, and discordant scream or yell rang through the hollow cloisters, and half a dozen pistols, two or three muskets, and twenty or thirty crackers, were fired. This was intended as a *feu de joie*, and was supposed to mark the precise moment of our Saviour's resurrection. In a few moments the phrensy seemed to pass away; the noise fell from a wild clamour to a slow chant, and the procession returned to the church. The scene was striking, particularly the part outside the church; the dead of night; the waving of torches; the women with their long white dresses,

and the children in their arms, &c.; but from beginning to end, there was nothing solemn in it.

Returned to the Church, a priest came round with a picture of the Saviour risen; and, as far as I could make it out, holding in his hand the Greek flag, followed by another priest in hand to receive contributions. He held out the picture to be kissed, then turned his hand to receive the same act of devotion, keeping his eye all the time upon the plate, which followed to receive the offerings of the pious, as a sort of payment for the privilege of the kiss. His manner reminded me of the Dutch parson, who, immediately after pronouncing a couple man and wife, touching the bridegroom with his elbow, said, "And now, where ish mine dollar?" I kissed the picture, dodged his knuckles, paid my money, and left the church.

I had been there four hours, during which time perhaps more than a thousand persons had been completely absorbed in their religious ceremonies; and though beginning in the middle of the night, I have seen more yawning at the theatre or at an Italian opera than I saw there. They now began to disperse, though I remember I left a crowd of regular amateurs, at the head of whom were our sailors, still hanging round the desk of an exhorting priest, with an earnestness that showed a still craving appetite.

I do not wonder that the Turks look with contempt upon Christians, for they have constantly under their eyes the distinguishing mummeries of the Greek Church, and see nothing of the pure and sublime principles our religion inculcates. Still, however, there is something striking and interest-



ing in the manner in which the Greeks in this Turkish town had kept themselves, as it were, a peculiar people, and, in spite of the brands of "dog" and "infidel," held fast to the religion they received from their fathers. There was nothing interesting about them as Greeks; they had taken no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty; they were engaged in petty business, and bartered the precious chance of freedom once before them for base profits and ignoble ease; and even now were content to live in chains, and kiss the rod that smote them.

We returned to the house where we had slept; and, after coffee, in company with our host and his father, the priest sat down to a meal, in which, for the first time in forty days they eat meat. I had often remarked the religious observance of the fast days among the common people in Greece. In travelling there, I had more than once offered an egg to my guide on a fast day, but never could get one to accept anything that came so near to animal food, though, by a strange confusion of the principles of religious obligation, perhaps the same man would not have hesitated to commit murder if he had any inducement to do so. Mrs. Hill, at Athens, told me that, upon one occasion, a little girl at her school refused to eat a piece of cake because it was made with eggs.

At daylight I was lying on the floor looking through a crevice of a window shutter at the door of the minaret, waiting for the muezzin's morning cry to prayer. At six o'clock I went out, and finding the wind still in the same quarter, without any apparent prospect of change, determined, at all haz-

ards, to leave the vessel and go on by land. My friend and fellow-passenger was also very anxious to get to Smyrna, but would not accompany me, from an indefinite apprehension of plague, robbers, &c. I had heard so many of these rumours, all of which had proved to be unfounded, that I put no faith in any of them. I found a Turk, who engaged to take me through in fourteen hours; and at seven o'clock I was in my saddle, charged with a dozen letters from captains, supercargoes, and passengers, whom I left behind waiting for a change of wind.

My Tartar was a big swarthy fellow, with an extent of beard and mustachios unusual even among his bearded countrymen. He was armed with a pair of enormous pistols and a yataghan, and was, altogether, a formidable fellow to look upon. But there was something about him that I liked. There was a doggedness, a downright stubbornness, that seemed honest. I knew nothing about him. I picked him up in the street, and took him in preference to others who offered because he would not be beaten down in his price. When he saw me seated on my horse, he stood by my side a little distance off, and looking at me without opening his lips, drew his belt tight around him, and adjusted his pistols and yataghan. His manner seemed to say that he took charge of me as a bale of goods, to be paid for on safe delivery, and that he would carry me through with fire and sword, if necessary. And now, said I, "let fate do her worst;" I have a good horse under me, and in fourteen hours I shall be in Smyrna. "Blow winds and crack your cheeks," I defy you.

My Tartar led off at a brisk trot, never opening his lips nor turning his head, except occasionally to see how I followed him across a stream. At about ten o'clock he turned off from the horse path into a piece of fine pasture, and, slipping the bridle off his horse, turned him loose to feed. He then did the same with mine, and spreading my cloak upon the ground for me to sit upon, sat down by my side and opened his wallet. His manner seemed to imitate a disposition to throw provisions into a common stock, no doubt expecting the gain to be on his side; but as I could only contribute a couple of rolls of bread, which I bought as we rode through the town, I am inclined to think that he considered me rather a sponge.

While we were sitting there, a travelling party came up, consisting of five Turks and three women. The women were on horseback, riding crosswise, though there were so many quilts, cushions, &c., piled on the backs of their horses that they sat rather on seats than saddles. After a few words of parley with my Tartar, the men lifted the women from the horses, taking them in their arms, and as it were, hauling them off, not very gracefully, but very kindly; and spreading their quilts on the ground a short distance from us, turned their horses loose to feed, and sat down to make their morning meal. An unusual and happy thing for me, the women had their faces uncovered, nearly all the time, though they could not well have carried on the process of eating with them muffled up in the usual style. One of the women was old, the other two were exceeding young--neither of them more than sixteen; each had a child in her arms,

and, without any allowance for time and place, both were exceedingly beautiful. I do not say so under the influence of the particular circumstances of our meeting, nor with the view of making an incident of it, but I would have singled them out as such if I had met them in a ball room at home. I was particularly struck with their delicacy of figure and complexion. Notwithstanding their laughing faces, their mirth, and the kind treatment of the men, I could not believe that a woman belonging to a Turk could be otherwise than unhappy. Unfortunately I could not understand a word of their language, and as they looked from their turbaned lords to my stiff hat and frock coat, they seemed to regard me as something the Tartar had just caught, and was taking up to Constantinople as a present to the sultan. I endeavoured to show, however, that I was not the wild thing they took me to be; and that I had an eye to admire their beauty, and a heart to feel for their servitude. I tried to procure from them some signal of distress; I did all that I could to get some signal to come to their rescue, and to make myself generally agreeable, I looked sentimental—this they did not seem to understand. I smiled—this seemed to please them better; and there is no knowing to what a point I might have arrived, but my Tartar hurried me away; and I parted on the wild plains of Turkey with two young and beautiful women, leading almost a savage life, whose personal graces would have made them ornaments in polished and refined society. Verily, said I, the Turks are not so bad, after all; they have handsome wives, and a handsome wife comes next after chibouks and coffee.

I was now reminded at every step of my being in an oriental country by the caravans I was constantly meeting. Caravans and camels are more or less associated with all the fairy scenes and glowing pictures of the East. They have always presented themselves to my mind with a sort of poetical imagery, and they certainly have a fine effect in a description or in a picture; but after all, they are ugly looking things to meet on the road. I would rather see the two young Turk-esses again, than all the caravans in the East. The caravan is conducted by a guide on a donkey, with a halter attached to the first camel, and so on from camel to camel through the whole caravan. The camel is an exceedingly ugly animal in its proportions, and there is a dead uniformity in his movements—with a dead expression in his face that is really distressing. If a man were dying of thirst in the desert, it would be enough to drive him to distraction to look in the cool, unconcerned and imperturbable face of his camel. But their value is inestimable in a country like this, where there are no carriage roads, and where deserts and drought present themselves in every direction.

One of the camel scenes, the encampment, is very picturesque; the camels arranged around on their knees in a circle, with their heads to the centre, and the camel drivers with their bales piled up within; and I was struck with another scene. We came to the borders of a stream, which it was necessary to cross in a boat. The boat was then on the other side, and the boatmen and camel driver were trying get on board some camels. When we came up, they had got them down on their knees in the bottom

of the boat, and were then in the act of coercing the fourth. The poor brute was frightened terribly; resisted with all his might, and put forth most piteous cries. I do not know a more distressing noise than a brute suffering from fear; it seems to partake of the feeling that causes it, and carries with it something fearful; but the cries of the poor brute were in vain; they got him on board, and in the same way urged on board three others. They then threw in the donkey, and seven camels and the donkey were so stowed in the bottom of the boat, that they did not take up much more room than calves on board of our country boats.

In the afternoon I met another travelling party of an entirely different description. If I before had occasionally any doubts or misgivings as to the reality of my situation; if sometimes it seemed to be merely a dream, that it could not be that I was so far from home, wandering alone on the plains of Asia, with a guide whom I never saw till that morning, whose language I could not understand, and upon whose faith I could not rely; if the scenes of turbaud Turks, of veiled women, of caravans and camels, of grave-yards with their mourning cypresses and thousands of tombstones, where every trace of the cities that supplied them with their dead had entirely disappeared; if these and the other strange scenes around me would seem to be mere creations of a roving imagination, the party which I met now was so marked in its character, so peculiar to an oriental country only, that it roused me from my waking dreams, fixed my wandering thoughts, and convinced me beyond all peradventure, that I was indeed far from home, among a people "whose

thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are not as our ways ;" in short, in a land where ladies are not the omnipotent creatures they are with us !

This party was no other than the ladies of a harem. They were all dressed in white, with their white shawls wrapped around their faces, so that they effectually concealed every feature, and could bring to bear only the artillery of their eyes. I found this, however, to be very potent, as it left so much room for the imagination ; and it was a very easy matter to make a Fatima of every one of them. They were all on horseback, not riding sidewise, but *otherwise* ; though I observed, as before, that they rode on saddles so prepared that their delicate limbs were not subject to that extreme expansion required by the saddle of the rougher sex. They were escorted by a party of armed Turks, and followed by a man in a Frank dress, who, as I afterwards understood, was the physician of the harem. They were thirteen in number, just a baker's dozen, and belonged to a pacha who was making his annual tour of the different posts under his government, and had sent them on before to have the household matters all arranged upon his arrival. And no doubt, also, they were to be in readiness to receive him with their smiles ; and if they continued in the same humour in which I saw them, he must have been a happy man who could call them all his own. I had not fairly recovered from the cries of the poor camel, when I heard their merry voices ; verily, thought I, stopping to catch the last musical notes, there are exceedingly good points about the Turks—chibouks, coffee, and as many

wives as they please. It made me whistle to think of it. Oh, thought I, that some of our ladies could see these things!—that some haughty beauty, at whose feet dozens of worthy and amiable young gentlemen are sighing themselves into premature wrinkles and ugliness, might see these things!

I am no rash innovator. I would not sweep away the established customs of our state of society. I would not lay my meddling fingers upon the admitted prerogatives of our ladies; but I cannot help asking myself if, in the rapid changes of this turning world, changes which completely alter rocks and the hardest substances of nature, it may not by possibility happen that the tenor of a lady's humour will change. What a goodly spectacle to see those who are never content without a dozen admirers in their train, following by dozens in the train of one man! But I fear me much that this will never be, at least in our day. Our system of education is radically wrong. The human mind, says some philosopher, and the gentleman is right, is like the sand upon the shore of the sea. You may write upon it what character you please. *We* begin by writing upon their innocent unformed minds, that, "Born for their use, we live but to oblige them." The consequence is, I will not say what; for I hope to return among them and kiss the rod in some fair hand; but this I do know, that here the "twig is so bent," that they become as gentle, as docile, and as tractable, as any domestic animal. I say again, there are many exceeding good points about the Turks.

At about six o'clock we came in sight of Smyrna, on the opposite side of the gulf, and still a long



way off. At dusk we were directly opposite the city; and although we had yet to make a long circuit round the head of the gulf, I was revelling in the bright prospect before me. Dreams of pulling off my pantaloons; delightful visions of clean sheets and a Christian bed flitted before my eyes. Yes, said I to my pantaloons and shirt, ye worthy and faithful servants, this night ye shall have rest. While other garments have fallen from me by the way, ye have stuck to me. And thou, my grey pantaloons, little did the neat Parisian tailor, who made thee think that the strength of his stitching would ever be tested by three weeks' uninterrupted wear; but to morrow thou shalt go into the hands of a master, who shall sew on thy buttons and sew up thy rents; and thou, my — I was going on with words of the same affectionate import to my shirt, stockings, and drawers, which, however, did not deserve so well of me, for they had in a measure *dropped off* on the way, when my Tartar came to a dead stop before the door of a cabin, dismounted, and made signs to me to do the same. But I began now to have some notions of my own; heretofore, I had been perfectly passive: I had always done as I was told, but in sight of Smyrna I became restive. I talked and shouted to him, pointed to the city, and turned my horse as though I was going on alone. My Tartar, however, paid no attention to me: he coolly took off my carpet-bag and carried it into the cabin, lighted his pipe, and sat down by the door, looking at me with the most imperturbable gravity. I had hardly time to admire his impudence, and to calculate the chances of my being able, alone at night, to cross the many

streams which emptied into the gulf, when the wind, which had been rising for some time, became very violent, and the rain began to fall in torrents. With a sigh I bade farewell to the bright visions which had deluded me, gave another sigh to the uncertainty of human calculations, the cup and the lip, &c., and took refuge in the cabin.

What a substitute for the pretty little picture I had drawn; three Turks were sitting round a brazier of charcoal, frying dough-balls. Three rugs were spread in three corners of the cabin, and over each of them were the eternal pistols and yataghan. There was nothing there to defend; their miserable lives were not worth taking; why were these weapons there? the Turks at first took no notice of me, and I had now to make amends for my backwardness in entering. I resolved to go to work boldly, and at once elbowed among them for a seat around the brazier. The one next me on my right seemed a little struck by my easy ways; he put his hand on his ribs to feel how far my elbow had penetrated, and then took his pipe from his mouth and offered it to me. The ice broken, I smoked the pipe to the last whiff, and handed it to him to be refilled; with all the horrors of dyspepsy before my eyes, I scrambled with them for the last dough-ball, and, when the attention of all of them was particularly directed towards me, took out my watch, held it over the lamp, and wound it up. I addressed myself particularly to the one who had first taken notice of me, and made myself extremely agreeable by always smoking his pipe. After coffee, and half a dozen pipes, he gave me to understand that I was to sleep with him upon his mat, at which I

slapped him on the back and cried out "Bono," having heard him use that word, apparently with a knowledge of its meaning.

I was surprised in the course of the evening to see one of them begin to undress, knowing that such was not the custom of the country, but found that it was only a temporary disrobing for sporting purposes, to hunt fleas and bed-bugs; by which I had an opportunity of comparing the Turkish with some I had brought with me from Greece; and though the Turk had great reason to be proud of his, I had no reason to be ashamed of mine. I now began to be drowsy, and should soon have fallen asleep; but the youngest of the party, a sickly and sentimental young man, melancholy and musical, and, no doubt, in love, brought out the common Turkish instrument, a sort of guitar, on which he worked with untiring vivacity, keeping time with his head and heels. My friend accompanied him with his voice, and this brought out my Tartar, who joined in with groans and grunts which might have waked the dead. But my cup was not yet full. During the musical festival, my friend and intended bedfellow took down from a shelf above me a large plaster, which he warmed over the brazier. He then unrolled his turban, took off a plaster from the back of his head, and disclosed a wound, raw, gory, and ghastly, that made my heart sink within me. I knew that the plague was about Smyrna; I heard that it was on the road; I involuntarily recurred to the Italian prayer, "Save me from the three miseries of the Levant: plague, fire, and the dragoman." I shut up my eyes; I had slept but two hours the night before; had ridden

twelve hours that days on horseback ; I drew my cloak around me ; my head sank upon my carpet-bag, and I fell asleep, leaving the four Turks playing at cards on the bottom of a pewter plate. Once during the night I was awakened by my bedfellow's mustaches tickling my lips. I turned my back and slept on.

In the morning, my Tartar, with one jerk, placed me upright on the floor, and holding me in that position until I got awake, kicked open the door, and pointed to my horse standing before it ready saddled and bridled. In three hours I was crossing the caravan bridge, over the beautiful Melissus, on the banks of which Homer was born ; and picking my way among caravans, which for ages have continued to cross this bridge laden with all the riches of the East, I entered the long-looked-for city of Smyrna, a city that has braved the reiterated efforts of conflagrations, plagues, and earthquakes ; ten times destroyed, and ten times risen from her ruins ; the queen of the cities of Anatolia, extolled by the ancients as Smyrna the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the pride of Asia. But old things have passed away, and the ancient city now figures only under the head of arrivals in a newspaper, in the words and figures following, that is to say, " Brig Betsy, Baker, master, 57 days from Smyrna, with figs and raisins to order. Mastic dull, opium rising."

In half an hour I was in the full enjoyment of a Turkish bath ; lolled half an hour on a divan, with chibouk and coffee, and came out fresh as if I had spent the last three weeks training for the ring. Oh, these Turks are luxurious dogs ! Chibouks, coffee, hot baths, and as many wives as they please.

What a catalogue of human enjoyments ! But I intend Smyrna as a place of rest, and, in charity, give you the benefit of it.

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## CHAPTER IX.

First Sight of Smyrna—Unveiled Women—Ruins of Ephesus—Ruin, all Ruin—Temple of Diana—Encounter with a Wolf—Love at First Sight—Gatherings on the Road.

*(Another letter.)*

MY DEAR \*\*\*\*—After my bath I returned to my hotel, breakfasted, and sallied out for a walk. It was now about 12 o'clock, the first Sunday after Easter—and all the Frank population was in the streets. My hotel was in an out-of-the-way quarter, and when, turning a corner, I suddenly found myself in the main street, I was not prepared for the sight that met my eye. Paris on a fete day does not present so gay and animated a scene. It was gay, animated, striking, and beautiful, and entirely different from any thing I had ever seen in any European city. Franks, Jews, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, in their various and striking costumes, were mingled together in agreeable confusion; and making all due allowance for the circumstance that I had for some time been debarred the sight of an unveiled woman, I certainly never saw so much beauty, and I never saw a costume so admirably calculated to set off beauty. At the same time, the costume is exceedingly trying to a lady's preten-

sions. Being no better than one of the uninitiated, I shall not venture upon such dangerous ground as a lady's toilet. I will merely refer to that part which particularly struck me, and that is the head-dress ; no odious broad-brimmed hat ; no enormous veils enveloping nose, mouth, and eyes ; but simply a large gauze turban, sitting lightly and gracefully on the head, rolled back over the forehead, leaving the whole face completely exposed, and exhibiting clear dark complexions, rosy lips closing over teeth of dazzling whiteness ; and then such eyes, large, dark, and rolling. It was matter of history, and it is confirmed by poetry, that

“ The angelic youths of old,  
Burning for maids of mortal mould,  
Bewildered left the glorious skies,  
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.”

My dear friend, this is the country where such things happened ; the throne of the Thunderer, high Olympus, is almost in sight, and these are the daughters of the women who worked miracles. If the age of passion, like the age of chivalry, were not over and for ever gone, if this were not emphatically a bank-note world, I would say of the Smyrniotes, above all others, that they are that description of women who could

“ Raise a mortal to the skies,  
Or bring an angel down.”

And they walk, too, as if conscious of their high pretensions, as if conscious that the reign of beauty is not yet ended ; and, under that enchanting turban, charge with the whole artillery of their charms. It

is a perfect unmasked battery ; nothing can stand before it. I wonder the sultan allows it. The Turks are as touchy as tinder ; they take fire as quick as any of the old demi-gods, and a pair of black eyes is at any time enough to put mischief in them. But the Turks are a considerate people. They consider that the Franks, or rather the Greeks, to whom I particularly refer, have periodical fits of insanity, and they go mad twice a-year, during carnival and after Lent ; and if at such a time a follower of the Prophet, accidentally struggling in the Frank quarter, should find the current of his blood disturbed, he would sooner die, nay, he would sooner cut off his beard, than hurt a hair of any one of the light heads that he sees flitting before him. There is something remarkable, by the way, in the tenacity with which the Grecian women have sustained the rights and prerogatives of beauty in defiance of Turkish customs and prejudice ; while the men have fallen into the habits of their quondam masters, have taken to pipes and coffee, and in many instances to turbans and big trousers, the women have ever gone with their faces uncovered, and to this day one and all eschew the veil of the Turkish women.

Pleased and amused with myself and every thing I saw, I moved along unnoticed and unknown, staring, observing, and admiring ; among other things, I observed that one of the amiable customs of our own city was in full force here, viz., that of the young gentlemen, with light sticks in their hands, gathering around the door of the fashionable church to stare at the ladies as they go out. I was pleased to find such a mark of civilisation in a land of bar-

barians, and immediately fell into a thing which seemed so much like home ; but in justice to the Smyrniote ladies, I must say I cannot flatter myself that I stared a single one out of countenance.

But I need not attempt to interest you in Smyrna ; it is too every-day a place ; every Cape Cod sailors knows it better than I do. I have done all that I could ; I have waived the musty reminiscences of its history ; I have waived ruins which are said to exist here, and have endeavoured to give you a faint but true picture of its living and existing beauties, of the bright and beautiful scene that broke upon me the first morning of my arrival ; and now if I have not touched you with the beauty of its women, I should despair of doing so by any description of its beautiful climate, its charming environs, and its hospitable society.

Leave, then, what is, after all, but a city of figs and raisins, and go with me where, by comparison, the foot of civilised man seldom treads ; go with me into the deserts and solitary places ; go with me among the cities of the seven churches of Asia ; and, first, to the ruins of Ephesus. I had been several days expecting a companion to make this tour with me, but, being disappointed, was obliged to set out alone. I was not exactly alone, for I had with me a Turk as guide, and a Greek as cicerone and interpreter, both well mounted, and armed to the teeth. We started at two o'clock in the morning, under the light of thousands of stars ; and the day broke upon us in a country wild and desolate, as if it were removed thousands of miles from the habitations of men. There was little variety and little incident in our ride. During the whole day it lay



through a country decidedly handsome, the soil rich and fertile, but shewing with appalling force the fatal effects of misgovernment, wholly uncultivated, and almost wholly uninhabited. Indeed, the only habitations were the little Turkish coffee-houses and the black tents of the Turcomans. These are a wandering tribe, who come out of the desert, and approach comparatively near the abodes of civilisation. They are a pastoral people; their riches are their flocks and herds; they lead a wandering life, free as the air they breathe: they have no local attachments; to-day they pitch their tents on the hill side, to-morrow on the plain; and wherever they set themselves down, all that they have on earth, wife, children, and friends, are immediately around them. There is something primitive, almost patriarchal, in their appearance; indeed, it carries one back to a simple, and perhaps a purer age, and you can almost realise that state of society when the patriarch sitting at the door of his tent, would call in and feed the passing traveller.

The general character of the road is such as to prepare one for the scene that awaits him at Ephesus; enormous burying-grounds, with thousands of head-stones shaded by the mourning cypress, in the midst of a desolate country, where not a vestige of an habitation is to be seen. They stand on the roadside, as melancholy tell-tales that large towns or cities once existed in their immediate neighbourhood, and that the generations who occupied them have passed away, furnishing fearful evidence of the decrease of the Turkish population, and, perhaps, that the gigantic empire of the Ottoman is tottering to its fall.

For about three hours before reaching Ephesus, the road, crossing a rich and beautiful plain watered by the Cayster, lies between two mountains; that on the right leads to the sea, and on the left are the ruins of Ephesus. Near, and in the immediate vicinity, storks were calmly marching over the plain, and building among the ruins; they moved as if seldom disturbed by the human footsteps, and seemed to look upon us as intruders upon a spot for a long time abandoned to birds and beasts of prey. About a mile on this side are the remains of the Turkish city of Aysalook, or temple of the Moon, a city of comparatively modern date, reared into a brief magnificence out of the ruins of its fallen neighbour. A sharp hill, almost a mountain, rises abruptly from the plain, on the top of which is a ruined fortress, with many ruins of Turkish magnificence at the base; broken columns, baths overgrown with ivy, and the remains of a grand mosque, the roof sustained by four granite columns from the Temple of Diana; the minaret fallen, the mosque deserted; the Mussulman no more goes there to pray; bats and owls were building in its lofty roof, and snakes and lizards were crawling over its marble floor.

It was late in the afternoon when I arrived at the little coffee-house at Aysalook; a caravan had already encamped under some fine old sycamores before the door, preparatory to passing the night. I was somewhat fatigued, and my Greek, who had me in charge, was disposed to stop and wait for the morrow; but the fallen city was on the opposite hill at but a short distance, and the shades of evening seemed well calculated to heighten the

effect of a ramble among its ruins. In a right line it was not more than half a mile, but we soon found that we could not go directly to it ; a piece of low swampy ground lay between, and we had not gone far before our horses sank up to their saddle girths. We were obliged to retrace our steps, and work our way around by a circuitous route of more than two miles. This, too, added to the effect of our approach. It was a dreary reflection, that a city, whose ports and whose gates had been open to the commerce of the then known world, whose wealth had invited the traveller and sojourner within its walls, should lie a ruin upon a hill-side, with swamps and morasses extending around it, in sight but out of reach, near but unapproachable. A warning voice seemed to issue from the ruins, *Procul, procul, este profani*—my day is past, my sun is set, I have gone to my grave ; pass on, stranger, and disturb not the ashes of the dead.

But my Turk did not understand Latin, and we continued to advance. We moved along in perfect silence, for, besides that my Turk never spoke, and my Greek, who was generally loquacious enough, was out of humour at being obliged to go on, we had enough to do in picking our lonely way. But silence best suited the scene ; the sound of the human voice seemed almost a mockery of human greatness. We entered by a large and ruined gateway into a place distinctly marked as having been a street, and, from the broken columns strewed on each side, probably had been lined with a colonnade. I let my reins fall upon my horse's neck ; he moved about in the slow and desultory way that suited my humour ; now sinking to his knees in

heaps of rubbish, now stumbling over a Corinthian capital, and now sliding over a marble pavement. The whole hill side is covered with ruins to an extent far greater than I expected to find, and they are all of a kind that tends to give a high idea of the ancient magnificence of the city. To me, these ruins appeared to be a shapeless and confused mass ; but they have been examined by antiquarians with great care, and the character of many of them identified with great certainty. I had, however, no time for details ; and, indeed, the interest of these ruins in my eyes was not in the details. It mattered little to me that this was the stadium and that a fountain ; and that this was a gymnasium and that a market-place ; it was enough to know that the broken columns, the mouldering walls, the grass grown streets, and the wide-extended scene of desolation and ruin, were all that remained of one of the greatest cities in Asia, one of the earliest cities in the world. But what do I say ? Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrius the silversmith, "lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence be destroyed ;" and how the people having caught "Caius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel," rushed with one accord into the theatre, crying out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians !" My dear friend, I sat among the ruins of that theatre ; the stillness of death was around me ; far as the eye could reach not a living soul was to be seen, save my two companions, and a group of lazy Turks smooking at the coffee-house in Aysalook. A man of a strong imagination might almost go wild with the intensity of his own reflections ; and

do not let it surprise you, than even one like me, brought up among the technicalities of declarations and replication, rebutters and surrobutters, and in no wise given to the illusions of the senses, should find himself roused, and irresistibly hurried back to the time when the shapeless and confused mass around him formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world; when a large and busy population was hurrying through its streets, intent upon the same pleasures and the same business that engage men now; and he should, in imagination, see before him St. Paul preaching to the Ephesians, shaking their faith in the gods of their fathers, gods made with their own hands; and the noise and confusion, and the people rushing tumultuously up the very steps where he sat, that he should almost hear their cry ringing in his ears, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and then that he should turn from this scene of former glory and eternal ruin to his own far distant land—a land that the wisest of the Ephesians never dreamed of; where the wild man was striving with the wild beast, when the world rang with the greatness of the Ephesian name; and which bids fair to be growing greater and greater when the last vestige of Ephesus shall be gone, and its very site unknown.

But where is the temple of the great Diana—the temple 220 years in building—the temple of 127 columns, each column the gift of a king? Can it be the temple of the "great goddess Diana," that the ornament of Asia, the pride of Ephesus, and one of the seven wonders of the world, has gone, disappeared, and left not a trace behind? As a traveller I would fain be able to say that I have seen the

ruins of this temple ; but, unfortunately I am obliged to limit myself by facts. Its site has of course engaged the attention of antiquaries. I am no sceptic in these matters, and am disposed to believe all that my cicerone tells me. You remember the countryman who complained to his minister that he never gave him any Latin in his sermons ; and when the minister answered that he would not understand it, the countryman replied that he paid for the best, and ought to have it. I am like that honest countryman ; but my cicerone understood himself better than the minister ; he knew I paid him for the best ; he knew what was expected from him, and that his reputation was gone for ever, if in such a place as Ephesus he could not point out the ruins of the great temple of Diana. He accordingly had his temple, which he stuck to with as much pertinacity as if he had built it himself ; but I am very sorry to be obliged to say, in spite of his authority and my own wish to believe him, that the better opinion is, that now not a single stone is to be seen.

Topographers have fixed the site on the plain, near the gate of the city which opened to the sea. The sea, which once almost washed its walls, has receded or been driven back for several miles.

For many years a new soil has been accumulating, and all that stood on the plain, including so much of the remains of the temple as had not been plundered and carried away by the different conquerors, is probably now buried many feet under its surface.

It was dark when I returned to Aysalook. I had remarked, in passing, that several caravans had en-

camped there, and on my return found the camel drivers assembled in the little coffee-house in which I was to pass the night. I soon saw that there were so many of us that we should soon make a tight fit in the sleeping part of the khan, and immediately measured off space enough to fit my body, allowing turning and kicking room. I looked with great complacency on the slight slippers of the Turks, which they always throw off, too, when they go to sleep, and made an ostentatious display of a pair of heavy iron-nailed boots, and, in lying down, gave one or two preliminary thumps to show them I was restless in my movements, and if they came too near me, these iron-nailed boots would be uncomfortable neighbours.

And here I ought to have spent half the night in musing upon the strange concatenation of circumstances which had broken up a quiet, practising attorney, and sent him a straggler from the busy, money-getting land, to meditate among the ruins of ancient cities, and sleep pellmell with turbaned Turks. But I had no time for musing; I was amazingly tired; I looked at the group of Turks in one corner, and regretted that I could not talk with them; thought of the tower of Babel and the wickedness of man, which had brought about a confusion of tongues; of camel drivers, and Arabian Nights' entertainments; of home, and my own comfortable room in the third story; brought my boot down with a thump that made them all start, and in five minutes was asleep.

In the morning I again went over the ruins.—Daylight, if possible, added to their effect; and a little thing occurred, not much in itself, but the cir-

cumstance fastened itself upon my mind, in such a way that I shall never forget it. I had read that here, in the stillness of the night, the jackall's cry was heard; that, if a stone was rolled, a scorpion or lizard slipped from under it; and while picking our way slowly along the lower part of the city, a wolf of the largest size came out above, as if indignant at being disturbed in his possessions. He moved a few paces towards us with such a resolute air that my companions both drew their pistols; then stopped, and gazed at us deliberately as we were receding from him, until, as if satisfied that we intended to leave his dominions, he turned and disappeared among the ruins. It would have made a fine picture; the Turk first, then the Greeks, each with a pistol in his hand, then myself, all on horseback, the wolf above us, the valley, and then the ruined city. I feel my inability to give you a true picture of these ruins. Indeed, if I could lay before you every particular, block for block, fragment for fragment, here a column, and there a column, I could not convey a full idea of the desolation that marks the scene.

To the Christian, the ruins of Ephesus carry with them a peculiar interest; for here, upon the wreck of heathen temples, was established one of the earliest Christian churches; but the Christian church hath followed the heathen temple, and the worshippers of the true God have followed the worshippers of the great goddess Diana; and in the city where Paul preached, and where, in the words of the apostle, "much people were gathered unto the Lord," now not a solitary Christian dwells. Verily, in the prophetic language of inspiration,



the "candlestick is removed from its place;" a curse seems to have fallen upon it, men shun it, not a human being is to be seen among its ruins; and Ephesus, in faded glory and fallen grandeur, is given up to birds and beasts of prey, a monument and a warning to nations.

From Ephesus I went to Scala Nova, handsomely situated on the shore of the sea, and commanding a fine view of the beautiful Island of Samos, distant not more than four miles. I had a letter to a Greek merchant there, who received me kindly, and introduced me to the Turkish governor. The governor, as usual, was seated upon a divan, and asked us to take seats beside him. We were served with coffee and pipes by two handsome Greek slaves, boys about fourteen, with long hair hanging down their necks, and handsomely dressed; who, after serving us, descended from the platform, and waited with folded arms until we had finished. Soon after, a third guest came, and a third lad, equally handsome and equally well dressed, served him in the same manner. This is the style of the Turkish grandees, a slave to every guest. I do not know to what extent it is carried, but am inclined to think that, in the present instance, if one or two more guests had happened to come in, my friend's retinue of slaves would have fallen short. The governor asked me from what country I came, and who was my king; and when I told him we had no king, but a president, he said, very graciously, that our president and the grand seignior were very good friends; a compliment which I acknowledged with all becoming humility. Wanting to show off a little, I told him that we were going to fight the French,

and he said we should certainly whip them if we could get the grand seignior to help us.

I afterwards called on my own account upon the English consul. The consuls in these little places are originals. They have nothing to do, but they have government arms emblazoned over their doors, and strut about in cocked hats and regimentals, and shake their heads, and look knowing, and talk about their government; they do not know what the government will think, &c., when half the time their government hardly knows an old Maltese, who spoke French and Italian. He received me very kindly, and pressed me to stay all night. I told him that I was not an Englishman, and had no claim upon his hospitality; but he said that made no difference; that he was consul to all civilised nations, among which he did me the honour to include mine.

At three o'clock I took leave of the consul. My Greek friend accompanied me outside the gate, where my horses were waiting for me; and, at parting, begged me to remember that I had a friend, who hardly knew what pleasure was except in serving me. I told him that the happiness of my life was not complete before I met him: we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and, after a two hours' acquaintance, could hardly tear away from each other's embraces. Such is the force of sympathy between congenial spirits. My friend was a man about fifty, square built, broad shouldered, and big mustached; and the beauty of it was, that neither could understand a word the other said; and all this touching interchange of sentiment had to pass through my mustached, big-whiskered, double-fisted, six-feet enterprise.

At four o'clock we set out on our return; at seven we stopped at a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains, and on the sides of the mountains were a number of Turcoman's tents. The khan was worse than any I had yet seen. It had no floor, and no mat. The proprietor of the khan—if such a thing, consisting merely of four mud walls with a roof of branches, which seemed to have been laid there by the winds, could be said to have a proprietor—was uncommonly sociable; he set before me my supper, consisting of bread and yort—a preparation of milk—and appeared to be much amused at seeing me eat. He asked my guide many questions about me; examined my pistols, took off his turban, and put my hat upon his shaved head, which transformed him from a decidedly bold, slashing looking fellow, into a decidedly sneaking-looking one. I had certainly got over all fastidiousness in regard to eating, drinking, and sleeping, but I could not stand the vermin at this khan. In the middle of the night I rose and went out of doors; it was a brilliant starlight night, and, as the bare earth was in any case to be my bed, I exchanged the mud floor of my khan for the green-sward and the broad canopy of heaven. My Turk was sleeping on the ground, about a hundred yards from the house, with his horse grazing around him. I nestled close to him, and slept perhaps two hours. Towards morning I was awakened by the cold, and, with the selfishness of misery, I began punching my Turk under the ribs to wake him. This was no easy matter; but after a while I succeeded, got him to saddle my horses, and in a few minutes we

were off, my Greek, not at all pleased with having his slumbers so prematurely disturbed.

At about two o'clock we passed some of the sultan's volunteers. These were about fifty men chained together by the wrists and ankles, who had been chased, run down, and caught in some of the villages, and were now on their way to Constantinople, under a guard, to be trained as soldiers. I could not but smile as I saw them, not at them, for, in truth, there was nothing in their condition to excite a smile, but at the recollection of an article I had seen a few days before in a European paper, which referred to the new levies making by the sultan, and the spirit with which his subjects entered into the service. They were a speaking comment upon European insight into Turkish politics. But, without more ado, suffice it to say, that at about four o'clock I found myself at the door of my hotel, my outer garments so covered with creeping things that my landlord, a prudent Swiss, with many apologies, begged me to shake myself before going into the house; and my nether garments so stained with blood, that I looked as if a corps of the sultan's regulars had pricked me with their bayonets. My enthusiasm on the subject of the seven churches was in no small degree abated, and just at that moment I was willing to take up on trust the condition of the others, that all that was foretold of them in the Scriptures had come to pass. I again betook me to the bath, and, in thinking of the luxury of my repose, I feel for you, and come to a full stop.

## CHAPTER X.

**Position of Smyrna—Consular Privileges—The case of the Lover—End of the Love Affair—The Missionary's wife—The Casino—Only a Greek Row—Rambles in Smyrna—The Armenians—Domestic Enjoyments.**

BUT I must go back a little, and make the amende honourable, for, in truth, Ghiaour Ismir, or infidel Smyrna, with its wild admixture of European and Asiatic population, deserves better than the rather cavalier notice in my letter.

Before reaching it, I had remarked its exceeding beauty of position, chosen as it was with the happy taste which distinguished the Greeks in selecting the sites of their ancient cities, on the declivity of the mountain running down to the shore of the bay with houses rising in terraces on its sides; its domes and minarets, interspersed with cypresses, rising above the tiers of houses, and the summit of the hill crowned with a large solitary castle. It was the first large Turkish city I had seen, and it differed, too, from all other Turkish cities, in the strong foothold obtained there by Europeans. Indeed, remembering it is a place where often, and within a very few years, upon a sudden outbreacking of popular fury, the streets were deluged with Christian blood, I was particularly struck, not only with the air of confidence and security, but in fact with the bearing of superiority assumed by the "Christian dog" among the followers of the Prophet.

Directly on the bay is a row of large houses running along the whole front of the city, among which are seen emblazoned over the doors the arms of most of the foreign consuls, including the American. By the treaties of the Porte with most of the Christian powers, the Turkish tribunals have no jurisprudence in matters touching the rights of foreign residents; and all disputes between these, and even criminal offences, fall under the cognisance of their respective consuls. This gives the consuls great power and positions; and all over the Levant they are great people; but at Smyrna they are far more important than ambassadors and ministers in the European capitals; and with their Janizaries and their appearance on all public occasions in uniform, are looked up to by the Levantines somewhat like the consuls abroad under the Roman empire, and by the Turks as almost sultans.

The morning after my arrival I delivered letters of introduction to Mr. Offley, the American consul; a native of Philadelphia, thirty years resident in Smyrna, and married to an Armenian lady; Mr. Langdon, a merchant of Boston; and Mr. Styth, of Baltimore, of the firm of Isservadens, Styth and Company; one to Mr. Jetter, a German missionary, whose lady told me, while her husband was reading it, that she had met me in the street the day before, and on her return home told him that an American had just arrived. I was curious to know the mark by which she recognised me as an American, being rather dubious whether it was by reason of any thing praiseworthy; or the reverse; but she could not tell.

I trust the reader has not forgotten the victim of

the tender passion, who, the moment of my leaving Athens, had reposed in my sympathising bosom the burthen of his hopes and fears. At the very first house in which I was introduced to the female members of the family, I found making a morning call the lady who had made such inroads upon his affections. I had already heard her spoken of as being the largest fortune, and, par consequence, the greatest belle in Smyrna, and I hailed it as a favourable omen that I accidentally made her acquaintance so soon after my arrival. I made my observations, and could not help remarking that she was by no means pining away on account of the absence of my friend. I was almost indignant at her heartless happiness, and, taking advantage of an opportunity, introduced his name, hoping to see a shade come over her, and, perhaps, to strike her rather pensive for two or three minutes; but her comment was a death blow to my friend's prospects and my mediation—"Poor M.!" and all present repeated "Poor M.!" with a portentous smile, and the next moment had forgotten his existence. I went away in the full conviction that it was all over with "Poor M.!"—and murmuring to myself, "Put not your trust in woman." I dined, and in the afternoon called with my letter of introduction upon his friend, the Rev. Mr. Brewer; and Mr. Brewer's comment on reading it was about equal to the lady's "Poor M.!" He asked me in what condition I left our unfortunate friend. I told him his *leg* was pretty bad, though he continued to hobble about; but Mr. Brewer interrupted me; he did not mean his leg, but—he hesitated, and with reluc-

tance, as if he wished to avoid speaking of it outright, added—*his mind*.

I did not comprehend him, and, from his hesitation and delicacy, imagined he was alluding to the lover's heart : but he cleared the matter up, and to my no small surprise, by telling that, some time before he left Smyrna, "Poor M.!" had shown such strong marks of aberration of intellect, that his friends had deemed it advisable to put him under the charge of a brother missionary and send him home, and that they hoped great benefit from travel and change of scene. I was surprised, and by no means elevated in my own conceit, when I found that I had been made the confidant of a crazy man.

Mr. Hill, not knowing of any particular intimacy between us, and probably not wishing to punish his misfortune unnecessarily, had not given the slightest intimation of it, and I had not discovered it. I had considered his communication to me strange, and his general conduct not less so, but I had no idea that it was any thing more than the ordinary derangement which every man is said to labour under when in love. I told Mr. Brewer my story, and the commission with which I was entrusted, which he said was perfectly characteristic, his malady being a sort of monomania on the subject of the tender passion ; and every particle of interest which I might nevertheless have taken in the affair, connecting his derangement in some way with the lady in question, was destroyed by the volatile direction of his passion, sometimes to one object, and sometimes to another ; and in regard to the lady to whom I was accredited, he had never shown any *penchant* towards her in particular, and must



have given me her name because it happened to be the first that suggested itself at the moment of his unburthening himself to me. Fortunately, I had not exposed myself by any demonstration in behalf of my friend, so I quietly dropped him. On leaving Mr. Brewer, I suggested a doubt whether I could be regarded as an acquaintance upon the introduction of a crazy man ; but we had gone so far that it was decided, for that specific purpose, to admit his sanity. I should not mention these particulars, if there was any possibility of their ever wounding the feelings of him to whom they refer ; but he is now beyond the reach either of calumny or praise, for about a year after, I heard, with great regret, that his malady had increased, accompanied with a general derangement of health, and shortly after his return home, he died.

My intercourse with the Franks was confined principally to my own countrymen, whose houses were open to me at all times ; and I cannot help mentioning the name of Mr. Van Lennup, the Dutch consul, the great friend of the missionaries in the Levant, who had been two years resident in the United States, and was intimately acquainted with many of my friends at home. Society in Smyrna is purely mercantile, and having been so long out of the way of it, it was grateful to me once more to hear men talking with all their souls about cotton, stocks, exchanges, and other topics of *interest*, in the literal meaning of the word. Sometimes lounging in a merchant's counting-room, I took up an American paper, and heard Boston, and New York, and Baltimore, and cotton, and opium, and freight, and quarter per cent, less, bandied

about, until I almost fancied myself at home; and when this became too severe, I had recourse with the missionaries, gentlemanly and well-educated men, well acquainted with the countries and places worth visiting, with just the books I wanted, and, I had almost said, the wives—I mean with wives always glad to see a countryman, and to talk about home. There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. A soldier's is more so, for she follows him to danger, and, perhaps to death; but glory waits him if he falls, and while she weeps, she is proud. Before I went abroad, the only missionary I ever knew I despised, for I believed him to be a canting hypocrite; but I saw much of them abroad, and made many warm friends among them, and, I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant that winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the shock of a separation from her friends, to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency, she raises his drooping spirits—she bathes his aching head—she smooths his pillow of sickness; and, after months of wearisome silence, I have entered her dwelling, and her heart instinctively told her that I was from the same land. I have been welcomed as a brother; answered her hurried, and anxious, and eager questions; and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and priva-

tions of a traveller in the East. I have left her dwelling burthened with remembrances to friends whom she will perhaps never see again. I bore a letter to a father, which was opened by a widowed mother. Where I could, I have discharged every promise to a missionary's wife; but I have some yet undischarged, which I rank among the sacred obligations of my life. It is true, the path of the missionary is not strewn with roses; but often, in leaving his house at night, and following my guide with a lantern through the narrow streets of a Turkish city, I have run over the troubles incident to every condition of life, not forgetting those of a traveller, and have taken to whistling, and as I stumbled into the gate of an old convent, have murmured involuntarily, "After all, these missionaries are happy fellows."

Every stranger, upon his arrival in Smyrna, is introduced at the casino. I went there the first time to a concert. It is a large building, erected by a club of merchants, with a suit of rooms on the lower floor, billiards, cards, reading and sitting room, and a ball-room above, covering the whole. The concert was given in the ball-room, and from what I had seen in the streets I expected an extraordinary display of beauty, but was much disappointed. The company consisted of the aristocracy or higher mercantile classes, the families of the gentlemen composing the club, and excluded the Greek and Smyrniote women, among whom is found a great portion of the beauty of the place. A patent of nobility in Smyrna, as in our own city, is founded upon the time since the possessor gave up selling goods, or the number of consignments

he receives in the course of a year. The casino, by the way, is a very aristocratic institution, and sometimes knotty questions occur in its management. Captains of merchant vessels are not admitted. A man came out as owner of a vessel and cargo, and also master, *quere*, could he be admitted? His consignee, said yes; but the majority, not being interested in the sales of his cargo, went for a strict construction, and excluded him.

The population of Smyrna, professing three distinct religions, observe three different Sabbaths; the Mahommedans Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday, so that there are only four days in the week in which all the shops and bazaars are open together, and there are so many fete days that these are much broken in upon. The most perfect toleration prevails, and the religious festivals of the Greeks often terminate in midnight orgies, which debase and degrade the Christian in the eyes of the pious Mussulman.

One Saturday morning I was roused from my bed by a loud cry, and the tramp of a crowd through the street. I ran to my window, and saw a Greek tearing down the street at full speed, and another after him with a drawn yataghan in his hand; the latter gained ground every step, and, just as he turned the corner, stabbed the first in the back. He returned with the bloody poignard in his hand, followed by the crowd, and rushed into a little Greek drinking-shop next door to my hotel. There was a loud noise and scuffling inside, and presently I saw him pitched out headlong into the street, and the door closed upon him. In the phrensy of passion he rushed back and drove his yataghan with

all his force into the door, stamped against it with his feet, and battered it with stones; unable to force it open, he sat down on the opposite side of the street, occasionally renewing his attack upon the door, talking violently with those inside, and sometimes the whole crowd laughing loud at the answers from within. Nobody attempted to interfere. Giusseppi, my host, said it was only a row among the Greeks. The Greek kept the street in an uproar for more than an hour, when he was secured and taken into custody.

After dinner, under the escort of a merchant, a Jew from Trieste, residing at the same hotel, I visited the Jew's quarter. The Jews in Smyrna are the descendants of that unhappy people who were driven out from Spain by the bloody persecutions of Ferdinand and Isabel; they still talk Spanish in their families, and though comparatively secure now as ever, they live the victims of tyranny and oppression, ever toiling and accumulating, and ever fearing to exhibit the fruits of their industry, lest they excite the cupidity of a rapacious master. Their quarter is by far the most miserable in Smyrna, and within its narrow limits are congregated more than ten thousand of "the accursed people." It was with great difficulty that I avoided wounding the feelings of my companion by remarking its filthy and disgusting appearance; and wishing to remove my unfavourable impression by introducing me to some of the best families first, he was obliged to drag me through the whole range of its narrow and dirty streets. From the external appearance of the tottering houses, I did not expect anything better within; and, out of regard to his feelings,

was really sorry that I had accepted his offer to visit his people ; but with the first house I entered, I was most agreeably disappointed. Ascending outside by a tottering staircase to the second story, within was not only neatness and comfort, but positive luxury. At one end of a spacious room was a raised platform opening upon a large latticed window, covered with rich rugs and divans along the wall. The master of the house was taking his afternoon siesta, and while we were waiting for him, I expressed to my gratified companion my surprise and pleasure at the unexpected appearance of the interior. In a few minutes the master entered, and received us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. He was about thirty, with the high square cap of black felt, without any rim or border, long gown tied with a sash round the waist, a strong marked Jewish face, and amiable expression. In the house of the Israelite, the welcome is the same as in that of the Turk ; and seating himself, our host clapped his hands together, and a boy entered with coffee and pipes. After a little conversation, he clapped his hands again ; and hearing a clatter of wooden shoes, I turned my head and saw a little girl coming across the room, mounted on high wooden sabots almost like stilts, who stepped upon the platform, and with quite a womanly air took her seat on the divan. I looked at her, and thought her a pert forward little miss, and was about asking her how old she was, when my companion told me she was our host's wife. I checked myself, but in a moment felt more than ever tempted to ask the same question ; and upon inquiring, learned that she had attained the respectable age of thirteen, and

had been then two years a wife. Our host told us she had cost him a great deal of money, and the expence consisted in the outlay necessary for procuring a divorce from another wife. He did not like the other one at all; his father had married him to her, and he had great difficulty in prevailing on his father to go to the expence of getting him freed. This wife was also provided by his father, and he did not much like her at first; he had never seen her till the day of marriage, but now he began to like her very well, though she cost him a great deal for ornaments. All this time we were looking at her, and she, with a perfectly composed expression, was listening to the conversation as my companion interpreted it, and following with her eyes the different speakers. I was particularly struck with the cool, imperturbable expression of her face, and could not help thinking, that on the subject of likings and dislikings, young as she was, she might have some curious notions of her own: and since we had fallen into this little disquisition on family matters, and thinking that he had gone so far himself that I might waive delicacy, I asked him whether she liked him; he answered in that easy tone of confidence of which no idea can be given in words, "Oh yes," and when I intimated a doubt he told me I might ask herself. But I forbore, and did not ask her, and so lost the opportunity of learning from both sides the practical operation of matches made by parents. Our host sustained them; the plan saved a great deal of trouble, and wear and tear of spirit; prudent parents always selected such as were likely to suit each other; and being thrown together very young, they insensibly assimilated in

tastes and habits ; he admitted that he had missed it the first time, but he had hit it the second, and allowed that the system would work much better if the cost of procuring a divorce was not so great. With the highest respect, and a pressing invitation to come again, seconded by his wife, I took my leave of the self satisfied Israelite.

From this we went into several other houses, in all of which the interior belied, in the same manner, their external appearance. I do not say that they were gorgeous or magnificent, but they were clean, comfortable, and striking, by their oriental style of architecture and furniture : and being their Sabbath, the women were in their best attire, with their heads, necks, and wrists, adorned with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments. Several of the houses had libraries, with old Hebrew books, in which an old rabbi was reading or instructing children. In the last house a son was going through his days of mourning on the death of his father. He was lying in the middle of the floor, with his black cap on, and covered with a long black cloak. Twenty or thirty friends were sitting on the floor around him, who had come in to condole with him. When we entered, neither he nor any of his friends took any notice of us, except to make room on the floor. We sat down with them. It was growing dark, and the light broke dimly through the latticed windows upon the dusky figures of the mourning Israelites ; and there they sat, with stern visages and long beards, the feeble remnant of a fallen people, under scorn and contumely, and persecution and oppression, holding on to the traditions received from their fathers, practising in the privacy of their



houses the same rights as when the priests bore aloft the ark of the covenant, and out of the very dust in which they lie still looking for the restoration of their temporal kingdom. In another room sat the widow of the deceased, with a group of women around her, all silent; and they, too, took no notice of us, either when we entered or when we went away.

The next day the shops were shut, and the streets again thronged as on the day of my arrival. I went to church at the English chapel attached to the residence of the British consul, and heard a sermon from a German missionary. I dined at one o'clock, and in company with mine host of the Pension Suisse, and a merchant of Smyrna resident there, worked my way up the hill through the heart of the 'Turks' quarter to the old castle standing alone and in ruins on its summit. We rested a little while at the foot of the castle, and looked over the city and tops of the minarets upon the beautiful bay, and descending in the rear of the castle, we came to the river Meles winding through a deep valley at the foot of the hill. This stream was celebrated in Grecian poetry three thousand years ago. It was the pride of the ancient Smyrniotes, once washed the walls of the ancient city, and tradition says that on its banks the nymph Critheis gave birth to Homer. We followed its winding course down the valley, murmuring among evergreens. Over it in two places were the ruins of aqueducts which carried water to the old city, and in one or two places it turns an overshot mill. On each side, at intervals along its banks, were oriental summer-houses, with verandahs, and balconies, and latticed

windows. Approaching the caravan bridge we met straggling parties, and by degrees fell into a crowd of people, Franks, Europeans of every nation, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, in all their striking costumes, sitting on benches under the shade of noble old sycamores, or on the grass, or on the river's brink; and moving among them were Turks cleanly dressed, with trays of refreshments, ices, and sherbet. There was an unusual collection of Greek and Smyrniote women, and an extraordinary display of beauty; none of them wore hats, but the Greek women a light gauze turban, and the Smyrniotes a small piece of red cloth, worked with gold, secured on the top of the head by the folds of the hair, with a long tassel hanging down from it. Opposite, and in striking contrast, the great Turkish burying-ground, with its thick grove of gloomy cypress, approached the brink of the river. I crossed over and entered the burying-ground, and penetrated the grove of funereal trees; all around were the graves of the dead; thousands and tens of thousands who but yesterday were like the gay crowd I saw flitting through the trees, were sleeping under my feet. Over some of the graves the earth was still fresh, and they who lay in them were already forgotten; woman's love still remembered them, for Turkish women, with long white shawls wrapped around their faces, were planting over them myrtles and flowers, believing that they were paying an acceptable tribute to the souls of the dead. I left the burying ground, and plunged once more among the crowd. It may be that memory paints these scenes brighter than they were; but if that does not deceive me, I never saw at Paris or Vienna so gay

and beautiful a scene, so rich in landscape and scenery, in variety of costume, and in beauty of female form and feature.

We left the caravan bridge early to visit the Armenian quarter, this being the best day for seeing them collectively at home; and I had not passed through the first street of their beautiful quarter, before I was forcibly struck with the appearance of a people different from any I had yet seen in the east. The Armenians are one of the oldest nations of the civilised world, and, amid all the revolutions of barbarian war and despotism, have maintained themselves as a cultivated people. From the time when their first chieftain fled from Babylon, his native place, to escape from the tyranny of Belus, king of Assyria, this warlike people, occupying a mountainous country near the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates, battled the Assyrians, Medes, the Persians, Macedonians, and Arabians, until their country was depopulated by the Shah of Persia. Less than two millions are all that now remain of that once powerful people. Commerce has scattered them, like the Israelites, among all the principal nations of Europe and Asia, and every where they have preserved their stern integrity and uprightness of character. The Armenian merchant is now known in every quarter of the globe, and every where distinguished by superior cultivation, honesty and manners. As early as the fourth century, the Armenians embraced Christianity; they never had any sympathy with, and always disliked and avoided, the Greek Christians, and constantly resisted the endeavours of the popes to bring them within the Catholic pale. Their doctrine differs

from that of the orthodox chiefly in their admitting only one nature in Christ, and believing the Holy Spirit to issue from the Father alone. Their first abode, Mount Ararat, is even at the present day the centre of their religious and political union. They are distinguished by a patriarchal simplicity in their domestic manners; and it was the beautiful exhibition of this trait of their character that struck me on entering their quarter at Smyrna. In style and appearance, their quarter is superior to any in Smyrna; their streets are broad and clean; their houses large, in good order, and well painted; oriental in their style of architecture, with large balconies and latticed windows, and spacious halls running through the centre, floored with small black and white stones laid in the form of stars and other fanciful devices, and leading to large gardens in the rear, ornamented with trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers, then in full bloom and beauty. All along the streets the doors of the houses were thrown wide open, and the old Armenian "Knickerbockers" were sitting outside or in the doorway, in their flowing robes, grave and sedate, with long pipes and large amber mouth-pieces, talking with their neighbours, while the younger members were distributed along the hall, or strolling through the garden, and children climbing the trees and arbours. It was a fete day for the whole neighbourhood. All was social, and cheerful, and beautiful, without being gay or noisy, and all was open to the observation of every passer-by. My companion, an old resident of Smyrna, stopped with me at the house of a large banker, whose whole family, with several

neighbours, young and old, were assembled in the hall.

In the street the Armenian ladies observe the Turkish custom of wearing the shawl tied around the face, so that it is difficult to see the features, though I had often admired the dignity and grace of their walk, and their propriety of manners; but in the house there was a perfect absence of all concealment; and I have seldom seen more interesting persons than the whole group of Armenian ladies, and particularly the young Armenian girls. They were not so dark, and wanted the bold, daring beauty of the Greek, but altogether were far more attractive. The great charm of their appearance was an exceeding modesty, united with affability and elegance of manners; in fact, there was a calm and quiet loveliness about them that would have made any one of them dangerous to be shut up alone with, that is, if a man could talk to her without an interpreter. This was one of the occasions when I numbered among the pains of life the confusion of tongues. But, notwithstanding this, the whole scene was beautiful; and with all the simplicity of a Dutchman's fireside, the style of the house, the pebbled hall, the garden, the foliage, and the oriental costumes, threw a charm around it which now, while I write, comes over me again.

## CHAPTER XI.

**An American original—Moral changes in Turkey—Wonders of Steam Navigation—The March of Mind—Classic Localities—Sestos and Abydos—Seeds of Pestilence.**

ON my return from Ephesus, I heard of the arrival in Smyrna of two American travellers, father and son, from Egypt; and the same day, at Dr. Langdon's, I met the father, Dr. N. of Mississippi. The doctor had made a long and interesting tour in Egypt and the Holy Land, interrupted, however, by a severe attack of the ophthalmia, and a narrow escape from the plague at Cairo. He was about fifty-five, of a strong, active, and inquiring mind; and the circumstances which had brought him to that distant country were so peculiar that I cannot help mentioning them. He had passed all his life on the banks of the Mississippi, and for many years had busied himself with speculations in regard to the creation of the world. Year after year he had watched the deposits and formation of soil on the banks of the Mississippi, had visited every mound and mountain indicating any peculiar geological formation, and, unable to find any data to satisfy him, he started from his plantation directly for the banks of the Nile. He possessed all the warm, high-toned feelings of the southerner, but a thorough contempt for the usages of society, and every thing like polish of manners. He came to New York, and embarked for Havre. He had never been even to New York

before ; was utterly ignorant of every language but his own ; despised all foreigners, and detested their "jabber." He worked his way to Marseilles with the intention of embarking for Alexandria, but was taken sick, and retraced his steps directly to his plantation on the Mississippi. On recovering, he again set out for the Nile the next year, accompanied by his son, a young man of about twenty-three, acquainted with foreign languages, and competent to profit by foreign travel. This time he was more successful, and when I saw him, he had rambled over the pyramids, and explored the ruined temples of Egypt. The result of his observations had been to fortify his preconceived notions, that the age of this world far exceeds six thousand years. Indeed, he was firmly persuaded that some of the temples of the Nile were built more than six thousand years ago. He had sent on to Smyrna enormous boxes of earth and stones to be shipped for America, and was particularly curious on the subject of trees, having examined and satisfied himself as to the age of the olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane and the cedars of Lebanon. I accompanied him to his hotel, where I was introduced to his son ; and I must not forget another member of this party, who is perhaps already known to some of my readers by the name of Paolo Nuozzo, or, more familiarly, Paul. This worthy individual had been travelling on the Nile with two Hungarian counts, who discharged him, or whom he discharged (for they differed as to the fact), at Cairo. Dr. N. and his son were in want, and Paul entered their service as dragoman and superintendant of another man, who, they said, was worth a dozen of Paul. I have a

very imperfect recollection of my first interview with this original. Indeed, I hardly remember him at all until my arrival at Constantinople, and have only an indistinct impression of a dark, surly looking, mustached man, following close at the heels of Dr. N., and giving crusty answers in horrible English.

Before my visit to Ephesus, I had talked with a Prussian baron of going up by land to Constantinople, but on my return I found myself attacked with a recurrence of an old malady, and determined to wait for the steam-boat. The day before I left Smyrna, accompanied by Mr. O. Langdon, I went out to Boujac to dine with Mr. Styth. The great beauty of Smyrna is its surrounding country.— Within a few miles there are three villages, Bournabat, Boujac, and Sediguey, occupied by Franks, of which Boujac is the favourite. The Franks are always looking to the time of going out to their country houses, and consider their residences in the villages the most agreeable part of their year; and, from what I saw of it, nothing can be more agreeable. Not more than half of them had yet moved out, but after dinner we went round and visited all who were there. They are all well acquainted, and living in a strange and barbarous country, are drawn closer together than they would be in their own. Every evening there is a re-union at some of their houses, and there is among them an absence of all unnecessary form and ceremony, without which there can be no perfect enjoyment of the true pleasures of social intercourse. These villages, too, are endeared to them as places of refuge during the repeated and prolonged visitations of the plague, the



merchant going into the city every morning, and returning at night, and during the whole continuance of the disease, avoids touching any member of his family. The whole region of country around their villages is beautiful in landscape and scenery, producing the choicest flowers and fruits ; the fig-tree, particularly, growing with a luxuriance unknown in any other part of the world. But the whole of this beautiful region lies waste and uncultivated, although, if the government could be relied on, holding out, by reason of its fertility, its climate, and its facility of access, particularly now by means of steam-boats, far greater inducements to European emigration than any portion of our own country. I will not impose upon the reader my speculations on this subject—my notes are burdened with them ; but, in my opinion, the Old World is in process of regeneration, and at this moment offers greater opportunities for enterprise than the New.

On Monday, accompanied by Dr. N. and his son, and Paolo Nuozzo, I embarked on board the steam boat Maria Dorothea for Constantinople ; and here follows another letter, and the last, dated from the capital of the eastern empire.

*Constantinople, May —, 1835.*

MY DEAR \*\*\*\*\*.—Oh, you 'who hope one day to roam in eastern lands, to bend your curious eyes upon the people warmed by the rising sun, come quickly, for all things are changing. You who have pored over the story of the Turk ; who have dreamed of him as a gloomy enthusiast, hating, spurning,

and slaying, all who do not believe and call upon the Prophet;

“ One of that saintly, murderous brood,  
To carnage and the Koran given,  
Who think through unbelievers blood  
Lies their directest path to Heaven,”

come quickly, for that description of Turk is passing. The day has gone by when the haughty Mussulman spurned and persecuted the “ Christian Dog.” A few years since it would have been at the peril of a man’s life to appear in many parts of Turkey in a European dress ; but now the European is looked upon, not only as a creature fit to live, but as a man to be respected. The sultan himself, the great head of the nation and the religion, the vice-regent of God upon earth, has taken off the turban, and all the officers of government have followed his example. The army wears a bastard European uniform, and the great study of the sultan is to introduce European customs. Thanks to the infirmities of human nature, many of these customs have begun to insinuate themselves. The pious follower of the Prophet has dared to raise the wine cup to his lips ; and, in many instances, at the peril of losing his paradise of houris, has given himself up to strong drink. Time was when the word of a Turk was as sacred as a precept of the Koran ; now he can be no more relied upon than the Jew or Christian. He has fallen with great facility into lying, cheating and drinking ; and if the earnest efforts to change him are not attended with success, perhaps we may soon add stealing, and having but one wife. And all this change, this mighty fall, is as-

cribed by the Europeans here to the destruction of the Janissaries, a band of men dangerous to govern; brave, turbulent, and bloody, but of indomitable pride; who were above doing little things, and who gave a high tone to the character of the whole people. If I was not bent upon a gallop, and could stop for the jog trot of an argument, I would say that the destruction of the janissaries is a mere incidental circumstance, and that the true cause is—*steam navigation*. Do not laugh, but listen. The Turks have ever been a proud people, possessing a sort of peacock pride, an extravagantly good opinion of themselves, and a superlative contempt for all the rest of the world. Heretofore they have had comparatively little intercourse with the Europeans, consequently but little opportunity of making comparisons, and consequently, again, but little means of discovering their own inferiority. But lately things have changed; the universal peace in Europe, and the introduction of steam-boats into the Mediterranean, have brought the Europeans and the Turks comparatively close together. It seems to me that the effect of steam-boats here has as yet hardly begun to be felt. There are but few of them, indifferent boats, constantly getting out of order, and running so irregularly that no reliance can be placed upon them. But still their effects are felt, their convenience is acknowledged; and so far as my knowledge extends, they have never been introduced any where yet without multiplying in numbers, and driving all other vessels off the water. Now, the Mediterranean is admirably suited to the use of steam-boats; indeed, the whole of these inland waters, the Mediterranean, the Adria-

tic, the Archipelago, the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Sea of Azoff, offer every facility that can be desired for steam navigation ; and when we consider that the most interesting cities in the world are on the shores of these waters, I cannot but believe that in a very few years they will be, to a certain extent, covered with steam boats. At all events, I have no doubt that in two or three years you will be able to go from Paris to Constantinople in fifteen or twenty days ; and when that time comes, it will throw such numbers of Europeans into the east as will have a sensible effect upon the manners and customs of the people. These eastern countries will be invaded by all classes of people, travellers, merchants, and mechanics, gentlemen of elegant leisure, and blacksmiths, shoemakers, tinkers, and tailors, nay, even mantuamakers, milliners, and band-boxes, the last being an incident to civilised life as yet unknown in Turkey. Indeed, wonderful as the effect of steam-boats have been under our own eyes, we are yet to see them far more wonderful, in bringing into close alliance, commercial and social, people from distant countries, of different languages and habits ; in removing national prejudices, and in breaking down the great characteristic distinctions of nations. *Nous verrons*, twenty years hence, what steamboats will have done in this part of the world !

But in standing up for steam-boats, I must not fail in doing justice to the grand seignior. His highness has not always slept upon a bed of roses. He had to thank the petticoats of a female slave for

saving his life when a boy, and he had hardly got upon his throne before he found out that he should have a hard task to keep it. It lay between him and the janizaries. In spite of them and of the general prejudices of the people, he determined to organise an army according to European tactics. He staked his throne and his head upon the issue; and it was not until he had been pushed to the desperate expedient of unfurling the sacred standard of the Prophet, parading it through the streets of Constantinople, and calling upon all good Mussulmen to rally round it—in short, it was not until the dead bodies of 30,000 janizaries were floating down the Bosphorus—that he found himself the master in his own dominions. Since that time, either because he is fond of new things, or because he really sees farther than those around him, he is constantly endeavouring to introduce European improvements. For this purpose he invites talent, particularly mechanical and military, from every country, and has now around him Europeans among his most prominent men, and directing nearly all his public works.

The Turks are a sufficiently intelligent people and cannot help feeling the superiority of strangers. Probably the immediate effect may be to make them prone rather to catch the faults and vices than the virtues of Europeans; but afterwards better things will come; they will fall into our better ways; and perhaps, though that is almost more than we dare hope for, they will embrace a better religion.

But however this may be, or whatever may be the cause, all ye who would see the Turk of Ma-

hommed—the Turk who swept the plains of Asia, who leaned upon his bloody sword before the walls of Vienna, and threatened the destruction of Christendom in Europe—the Turk of the turban, and the pipe, and the seraglio—come quickly, for his is becoming another man. A little longer, and the great characteristic distinctions will be broken down; the long pipe, the handsome pipe-bearer, and the amber mouthpiece, are gone; and oh! death to all that is beautiful in Eastern romance, the walls of the seraglio are prostrated, the doors of the harem thrown open, the black eunuch and the veiled women are no more seen, while the honest Turk trudges home from a quiet tea party stripped of his retinue of fair ones, with his one and only wife tucked under his arm, his head dropping between his shoulders, taking a lecture from his better half for an involuntary sigh to the good old days that are gone. And, oh! you who turn up your aristocratic noses at such *parvenues* as Mahommed and the Turks; who would go back to those distant ages which time covers with its dim and twilight glories,

“When the world was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green;”

you who come piping-hot from college, your brains teeming with recollections of the heroic ages, who would climb mount Ida, to sit in council with the gods, come quickly, also, for all things are changing. A steam-boat—shade of Hector, Ajax, and Agamemnon, forgive the sins of the day!—an Austrian steam-boat is now splashing the island-studded *Ægean*, and paddling the classic waters of the Hellespont. Oh! ye princes and heroes who

armed for the Trojan war, and covered these waters with your thousands ships, with what pious horror must you look down from your blessed abodes upon the impious modern master of the deep, which strips the tall mast of its flowing canvass, renders unnecessary the propitiation of the gods, and flounders on its way in spite of wind and weather!

A new and unaccountable respect for the classics almost made me scorn the new-fangled conveyance, though much to the comfort of wayfaring men; but sundry recollections of Greek caiques, and also an apprehension that there might be those yet living who had heard me in early days speak any thing but respectfully of Homer, suggested to me that man could not stem the current of the times, and that it was better for a humble individual like myself to float with the tide. This idea, too, of currents and tides made me think better of Prince Metternich and his steam-boat; and smothering, as well as I could, my sense of shame, I sneaked on board the Maria Dorothea for a race to Constantinople. Join me, now, in this race; and if your heart does not break at going by at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, I will whip you over a piece of the most classic ground consecrated in history, mythology, or poetry, and in less time than ever the swiftfooted Achilles could have travelled it.

At eleven o'clock on a bright sunny day, the Maria Dorothea turned her back upon the city and beautiful bay of Smyrna; in about two hours passed the harbour of Vourla, then used as a quarantine station, the yellow-plague flag floating in the city and among the shipping; and towards dark, turning the point of the gulf, came upon my old

acquaintance Foggi, the little harbour into which I had twice been driven by adverse winds. My Greek friend happened to be on board, and, in the honesty of his heart, congratulated me upon this time being independent of the elements, without seeming to care a fig whether he profaned the memory of his ancestors by so unclassical a conveyance. If he takes it so coolly, thought I, what is it to me? they are his relations, not mine. In the evening we were moving close to the island of Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos, the country of Sappho, Alcæus, and Terpaeder, famed for the excellence of its wine and the beauty of its women, and pre-eminently distinguished for dissipation and debauchery, the fatal plague-flag now floating mournfully over its walls, marked it as the abode of pestilence and death.

Early in the morning I found myself opposite the promontory of Lectum, now Cape Baba, separating the ancient Troas from Æolia; a little to the right but hardly visible, were the ruins of Assos, where the apostles stopped to take in Paul; a little farther, the ruins of Alexandria Traos, one of the many cities founded by Alexander during his conquests in Asia: to the left, at some distance in the sea is the island of Lemnos, in the songs of the poets overshadowed by the lofty Olympus, the island that received Vulcan after he was kicked out of heaven by Jupiter. A little farther, nearer the land, is the Island of Tenedos, the ancient Leucophrys, where Paris first landed after carrying off Helen, and behind which the Greeks withdrew their fleet when they pretended to have abandoned the siege of Troy. Still farther, on the mainland is the promontory of



Sigeum, where the Scamander empties into the sea, and near which were fought the principal of Homer's battles. A little further—but hold, stop the engine! If there be a spot of classic ground on earth in which the historical, and the poetical, and the fabulous, are so beautifully blended together that we would not separate them even to discover the truth, it is before us now. Extending for a great distance along the shore, and back as far as the eye can reach, under the purest sky that ever overshadowed the earth, lies a rich and beautiful plain, and it is the plain of Troy, the battleground of heroes. Oh, field of glory and of blood, little does he know, that surly Turk who is now lazily following his plough over thy surface, that every blade of thy grass could tell of heroic deeds, the shock of armies, the meeting of war-chariots, the crashing of armour, the swift flight, the hot pursuit, the shouts of victors, and the groans of the dying. Beyond it, towering to the heavens is a lofty mountain, and it is mount Ida, on whose top Paris adjudged the golden apple to the goddess of beauty, and paved the way to those calamities which brought on the ten years' siege, and laid in ruins the ancient city of Priam. Two small streams taking their rise from the mountain of the gods, join each other in the middle of the plain; Scamander and Simois, whose waters once washed the walls of the ancient city of Dardanus; and that small, confused, and shapeless mass of ruins, that beautiful sky and the songs of Homer, are all that remain to tell us that "Troy was." Close to the sea, and rising like mountains above the plain, are two immense mounds of earth; they are the tombs

of Ajax and Achilles. Shades of departed heroes, fain would we stop, and pay the tribute which we justly owe, but we are hurried past by an engine of a hundred horse power !

Onward, still onward ! We have reached the ancient Hellespont, the Dardanelles of the Turks, famed as the narrow water that divides Europe from Asia, for the beauties that adorn its banks, and for its great Turkish fortifications. Three miles wide at the mouth, it becomes gradually narrower, until in the narrowest part, the natives of Europe and Asia can talk together from the opposite sides. For sixty miles (its whole length) it presents a continual succession of new beauties, and in the hands of Europeans, particularly English, improved as country seats, would make one of the loveliest countries in the world. I had just time to reflect that it was melancholy, and seemed inexplicable, that this and other of the fairest portions of the earth, should be in the hands of the Turks, who neither would improve it themselves nor allow others to do so. At three o'clock we arrived at the Dardanelles, a little Turkish town in the narrowest and most beautiful part of the straits ; a long fort with enormous cannon stands frowning on each side. These are the terrible fortifications of Mahommed II., the keys of Constantinople. The guns are enormous ; of one, in particular, the muzzle is two feet three inches in diameter ; but with Turkish ingenuity, they are so placed as to be discharged when a ship is directly opposite. If the ship is not disabled by the first fire, and does not choose to go back and take another, she is safe. At every moment a new picture presents itself ; a new fort, a new villa,

or the ruins of an ancient city. A naked point on the European side, so ugly compared with all around it as to attract particular attention, projects into the strait, and here are the ruins of Sestos; here Xerxes built his bridge of boats to carry over his millions to the conquest of Greece; and here, when he returned with the wreck of his army, defeated and disgraced, found his bridge destroyed by a tempest, and, in his rage, ordered the chains to be thrown into the sea, and the waves to be lashed with rods. From this point, too, Leander swam the Hellespont for love of Hero, and Lord Byron and Mr. Ekenhead for fun. Nearly opposite, close to a Turkish fort, are the ruins of Abydos. Here Xerxes, and Leander, and Lord Byron, and Mr. Ekenhead, landed.

Our voyage is drawing to a close. At Gallipoli, a large Turkish town handsomely situated at the mouth of the Dardanelles, we took on board the Turkish governor, with his pipe-bearer and train of attendants, escorted by thirty or forty boats, containing three or four hundred people, his mightiness taking a deck passage. Towards evening we were entering the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis, like one of our small lakes, and I again went to sleep, lulled by the music of a high pressure engine. At daylight we were approaching Constantinople; twelve miles this side, on the bank of the sea of Marmora, is the village of St. Stephano, the residence of Commodore Porter. Here the domes and minarets of the ancient city, with their golden points and glittering crescents began to appear in sight. High above the rest towered the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and the beautiful dome of St. Sophia, the

ancient Christian Church, but now, for nearly three hundred years, closed against the Christian's feet. We approach the walls, and pass a range of gloomy turrets; there are the Seven Towers, prisons, portals of the grave, whose mysteries few live to publish; the bowstring and the sea reveal no secrets. That palace with its blinded windows and its superb garden surrounded by a triple range of walls, is the far-famed seraglio; there beauty lingers in a splendid cage, and, rolling on her rich divan, sighs for the humblest lot and freedom. In front, that narrow water, a thousand caiques shooting through it like arrows, and its beautiful banks covered with high palaces and gardens in the oriental style, is the Thracian Bosphorus. We float round the walls of the seraglio, enter the Golden Horn, and before us, with its mosques and minarets, their golden points glittering in the sun, is the Roman city of Constantinople, the Thracian Byzantium, the Stamboul of the Turks; the city which more than all others, excites the imagination and interests the feelings; once dividing with Rome the empire of the world; built by a Christian emperor, and consecrated as a Christian city, a "burning and a shining light" in a season of universal darkness, all at once lost to the civilised world; falling into the hands of a strange and fanatic people, the gloomy followers of a successful soldier; a city which, for nearly four centuries, has sat with its gates closed in sullen distrust and haughty defiance of strangers; which once sent forth large and terrible armies, burning, slaying, and destroying, shaking the hearts of princes and people, now lying like a fallen giant, huge, unwieldy, and hapless, ready to fall into the hands of

the first invader, and dragging out a precarious and ignoble existence but by the mercy and policy of the great Christian powers. The morning sun, now striking upon its domes and minarets, covers it, as it were, with burnished gold ; a beautiful verdure surrounds it, and pure water wash it on every side. Can this beautiful city, rich with the choicest gifts of Heaven, be pre-eminently the abode of pestilence and death?—where a man carries about with him the seeds of disease to all whom he holds dear?—if he extend the hand of welcome to a friend, if he embrace his child, or rub against a stranger, the friend, the child, and the stranger, follow him to the grave?—where, year after year, the angel of death walks through the streets, and thousands and tens of thousands look him calmly in the face, and murmuring “Allah, Allah, God is merciful !” with a fatal trust in the Prophet, lie down and die? We enter the city, and these questions are quickly answered. A lazy lounging, and filthy population ; beggars basking in the sun, and dogs licking their sores ; streets never cleaned but by the wind and rains ; immense burying grounds all over the city ; tombstones at the corners of the streets ; graves gaping ready to throw up their half buried dead, the whole approaching to one charnel-house, dispel all illusions and remove all doubts, and we are ready to ask ourselves if it be possible that, in such a place, health can ever dwell. We wonder that it should ever be, for the briefest moment, free from that dreadful scourge which comes with every summer’s sun, and strews its streets with dead.

## CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Churchill—Commodore Porter—Castle of the Seven Towers—The Sultan's Naval architect—Launch of the Great ship—Sultan Mahmoud—Jubilate—A National Grievance—Visit to a mosque—The Burial grounds.

THERE is a good chance for an enterprising Connecticut man to set up an hotel in Constantinople. The reader will see that I have travelled with eyes open; and I trust that this shrewd observation, on entering the city of the Cæsars, will be considered characteristic and American. Paul was at home in Pera, and conducted us to the Hotel d'Italia which was so full that we could not get admission, and so vile a place that we were not sorry for it. We then went to Madame Josephine's, a sort of private boarding-house, but excellent of its kind. We found there a collection of travellers, English, French, German, and Russian, and the dinner was particularly social; but Dr. N. was so disgusted with the clatter of foreign tongues, that he left the table with the first course, and swore he would not stay there another day. We tried to persuade him. I reminded him that there was an Englishman among them, but this only made him worse; he hated an Englishman, and wondered how I, as an American, could talk with one as I had with him. In short, he was resolved, and had Paul running about every street in Pera looking for rooms. Notwithstanding his impracticabilities as a traveller, I liked the doctor, and determined to follow him;

and before breakfast the next morning, we were installed in a suite of rooms in the third story of a house opposite the old palace of the British ambassador.

For two or three days I was *hors du combat*, and put myself under the hands of Dr. Zohrab, an Armenian, educated at Edinburgh, whom I cordially recommend both for his kindness and medical skill. On going out, one of my first visits was to my banker, Mr. Churchill, a gentleman whose name has since rung throughout Europe, and who at one time seemed likely to be the cause of plunging the whole civilised world into a war. He was then living in Sedikuey, on the site of the ancient Chalcedon, in Asia: and I have seldom been more shocked than by reading in a newspaper, while in the lazaretto at Malta, that having accidentally shot a Turkish boy with a fowling-piece, he had been seized by the Turks, and, in defiance of treaties *bastinadoed* till he was almost dead. I had seen the infliction of that horrible punishment; and besides the physical pain, there was a sense of the indignity that roused every feeling. I could well imagine the ferocious spirit with which the Turks would stand around and see a Christian scourged. The civilised world owes a deep debt of gratitude to the English government for the uncompromising stand taken in this matter with the sultan, and the most ample redress for Mr. Churchill, and atonement for the insult offered to all Christendom in his person.

My companion and myself had received several invitations from Commodore Porter, and accompanied by Mr. Dwight, one of our American mission-

aries, to whom I am under particular obligations for his kindness, early in the morning we took a caique with three athletic Turks, and after a beautiful row, part of it from the seraglio point to the Seven Towers, a distance of five miles, being close under the walls of the city, in two hours reached the commodore's residence at St. Stephano, twelve miles from Constantinople, on the borders of the sea of Marmora. The situation is beautiful, abounding in fruit trees, among which are some fig trees of the largest size; and the commodore was then engaged in building a large addition to his house. It will be remembered that Commodore Porter was the first envoy ever sent by the United States' government to the Sublime Porte. He had formerly lived at Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus, with the other members of the diplomatic corps; but his salary as charge being inadequate to sustain a becoming style, he had withdrawn to this place. I had never seen Commodore Porter before. I afterwards passed a month with him in the lazaretto at Malta, and I trust he will not consider me presuming when I say that our acquaintance ripened into friendship. He is entirely different from the idea I had formed of him; small, dark, weather-beaten, much broken in health, and remarkably mild and quiet in his manners. His eye is his best feature, though even that does not indicate the desperate hardihood of character which he has exhibited on so many occasions. Perhaps I ought not to say so, but he seemed ill at ease in his position, and I could not but think that he ought still to be standing in the front rank of that service he so highly honoured. He spoke with great bitterness of the



Foxardo affair, and gave me an account of an interesting interview between General Jackson and himself on his recall from South America. General Jackson wished him to resume his rank in the navy, but he answered he would never accept service with men who had suspended him for doing what they said in their sentence of condemnation, was done "to sustain the honour of the American flag."

At the primitive hour of one we sat down to a regular family dinner. We were all Americans. The commodore's sister, who lived with him, presided, and we looked out on the Sea of Marmora, and talked of home. I cannot describe the satisfaction of these meetings of Americans so far from their own country. I have often experienced it most powerfully in the houses of the missionaries in the East. Besides having, in many instances, the same acquaintances, we had all the same habits and ways of thinking; their articles of furniture were familiar to me, and there was scarce a house in which I did not find an article of furniture unknown except among Americans, a Boston rocking-chair.

We talked over the subject of our difficulties with France, then under discussion in the chamber of deputies, and I remember that Commodore Porter was strong in the opinion that the bill for paying the debt would pass. Before rising from table, the commodore's janizzary came down from Constantinople, with papers and letters just arrived by the courier from Paris. He told me that I should have the honour of breaking the seals, and I took out the paper so well known all over Europe, "Galig-

nani's Messenger," and had the satisfaction of reading aloud, in confirmation of the commodore's opinion, that the bill for paying the American claims had passed the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority.

About four o'clock we embarked in our caique to return to Constantinople. In an hour Mr. D. and I landed at the foot of the Seven Towers, and few things in this ancient city interested me more than my walk around its walls. We followed the whole extent on the land side, from the sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. They consist of a triple range, with five gates, the principal of which is the Cannon Gate, through which Mahommed II. made his triumphal entry into the Christian city. They have not been repaired since the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and are the same walls which procured for it the proud name of the "well defended city;" to a great extent, they are the same walls which the first Constantine built, and the last Constantine died in defending. Time has laid his ruining hand upon them, and they are every where weak and decaying, and would fall at once before the thunder of modern war. The moat and fosse have alike lost their warlike character, and bloom and blossom with the vine and figtree. Beyond, hardly less interesting than the venerable wall, and extending as far as the eye can reach, is one continued burying-ground, with thousands and tens of thousands of turbaned headstones, shaded by thick groves of the mourning cypress. Opposite the Damascus Gate is an elevated enclosure, disconnected from all around, containing five headstones in a row, over the bodies of Ali Pacha, the rebel chief

of Yanina, and his four sons. The fatal mark of death by the bowstring is conspicuous on the tombs, as a warning to rebels that they cannot escape the sure vengeance of the Porte. It was toward the sunset of a beautiful evening, and all Stamboul was out among the tombs. At dark we reached the Golden Horn, crossed over in a caique, and in a few minutes were in Pera.

The next day I took a caique at Tophana, and went up the shipyards at the head of the Golden Horn to visit Mr. Rhodes, to whom I had a letter from a friend in Smyrna. Mr. Rhodes is a native of Long Island, but from his boyhood a resident of this city, and I take great pleasure in saying that he is an honour to our state and country. The reader will remember that, some years ago, Mr. Ecford, one of our most prominent citizens, under a pressure of public and domestic calamities, left his native city. He sailed from New York in a beautiful corvette, its destination unknown, and came to anchor under the walls of the seraglio in the harbour of Constantinople. The sultan saw her, admired her, and bought her; and I saw her "riding like a thing of life," on the waters of the Golden Horn, a model of beauty.

The fame of his skill, and the beautiful specimen he carried out with him, recommended Mr. Ecford to the Sultan as a fit instrument to build up the character of the Ottoman navy; and afterwards, when his full value became known, the Sultan remarked of him that America must be a great nation if she could spare from her service such a man. Had he lived, even in the decline of life he would have made for himself a reputation in that

distant quarter of the globe equal to that he had left behind him, and doubtless would have reaped attendant pecuniary reward. Mr Rhodes went out as Mr. Ecford's foreman, and on his death the task of completing his employer's work devolved on him. It could not have fallen on a better man. From a journeyman shipbuilder, all at once Mr. Rhodes found himself brought into close relations with the seraskier pacha, the reis effendi, the grand vizier, and the sultan himself; but his good sense never deserted him. He was then preparing for the launch of the great ship; the longest as he said, and he knew the dimensions of every ship that floated, in the world. I accompanied him over the ship and through the yards, and it was with no small degree of interest that I viewed a townsman, an entire stranger in the country, by his skill alone standing at the head of the great naval establishment of the sultan. He was dressed in a blue roundabout jacket, without whiskers or Mustache, and, except that he wore the tarbouch, was a thorough American in his appearance and manners, while his dragoman was constantly by his side, communicating his orders to hundreds of mustached Turks; and in the same breath he was talking to me of shipbuilders in New York, and people and things most familiar in our native city. Mr. Rhodes knows and cares but little for things that do not immediately concern him; his whole thoughts are of his business, and in that he possesses an ambition and industry worthy of all praise. As an instance of his discretion, particularly proper in the service of that suspicious and despotic government, I may mention that, while standing near the ship, and remarking a piece of

cloth stretched across her stern, I asked him her name and he told me that he did not know; that it was painted on her stern, and his dragoman knew, but he had never looked under, that he might not be able to answer when asked. I have seldom met a countryman abroad with whom I was more pleased; and at parting he put himself on a pinnacle in my estimation by telling me that, if I came to the yard the next day at one, I would see the sultan! there was no man living whom I had a greater curiosity to see.

At twelve o'clock I was at the yard, but the sultan did not come. I went again, and his highness had come two hours before the time; had accompanied Mr. Rhodes over the ship, and left the yard less than five minutes before my arrival; his caique was still lying at the little dock, his attendants were carrying trays of refreshments to a shooting-ground in the rear; and two black eunuchs, belonging to the seraglio, handsomely dressed in long black cloaks of fine pelisse cloth, with golden-headed canes, and rings on their fingers, were still lingering about the ship, their effeminate faces and musical voices at once betraying their neutral character.

The next day was the day of the launch; and early in the morning, in the suite of Commodore Porter, I went on board an old steamer, provided by the sultan expressly for the use of Mr. Rhodes' American friends. The waters of the Golden Horn were already covered; thousands of caiques, with their high sharp points, were cutting through it, or resting like gulls upon its surface; and there were ships with the still proud banner of the crescent, and strangers with the flags of every nation in

Christendom, and sail boats, and long-boats, and row boats, ambassador's barges, and caiques of effendis, beys, and pachas, with red silk flags streaming in the wind, while countless thousands were assembled on the banks to behold the extraordinary spectacle of an American ship, the largest in the world, launched in the harbour of old Stamboul. The sultan was then living at his beautiful palace at Sweet Waters, and was obliged to pass by our boat; he had made a great affair of the launch; had invited all the diplomatic corps, and, through the reis effendi, particularly requested the presence of Commodore Porter; had stationed his harem on the opposite side of the river; and as I saw prepared for himself near the ship a tent of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold, I expected to see him appear in all the pomp and splendour of the greatest potentate on earth. I had already seen enough to convince me that the days of Eastern magnificence had gone by, or that the gorgeous scenes which my imagination had always connected with the East had never existed; but I could not divest myself of the lingering idea of the power and splendour of the sultan. His commanding style to his own subjects: "I command you —, my slave, that you bring the head of —, my slave, and lay it at my feet;" and then his lofty tone with foreign powers; "I who am, by the infinite grace of the great, just, and all-powerful Creator, and the abundance of the miracles of the chief of his prophets, emperor of powerful emperors; refuge of sovereigns; distributor of crowns to the kings of the earth; keeper of the two very holy cities (Mecca and Medina); governor of the holy city of Jerusalem; master of

Europe, Asia, and Africa, conquered with our victorious swords and our terrible lance; lord of two seas (Black and white); of Damascus, the odour of Paradise; of Bagdad, the seat of the cailiffs; of the fortresses of Belgrade, Agra, and a multitude of countries, isles, straits, people, generations, and of so many victorious armies who repose under the shade of our Sublime Porte. I, in short, who am the shadow of God upon earth." I was rolling these things through my mind when a murmur, "The Sultan is coming!" turned me to the side of the boat, and one view dispelled all my gorgeous fancies. There was no style, no state—a citizen king, a republican president, or a democratic governor, could not have made more unpretending appearance than did this "shadow of God upon earth." He was seated in the bottom of a large caique, dressed in the military frockcoat and red tarbouch, with his long black beard, the only mark of a Turk about him, and he moved slowly along the vacant space cleared for his passage, boats with the flags of every nation, and thousands of caiques falling back, and the eyes of the immense multitude earnestly fixed upon him, but without any shouts or acclamations; and when he landed at the little dock, and his great officers bowed to the dust before him, he looked the plainest, mildest, kindest man among them. I had wished to see him as a wholesale murderer, who had more blood upon his hands than any man living; who had slaughtered the janizaries, drenched the plains of Greece, to say nothing of the bastinadoes, impalements, cutting off heads, and tying up in his sacks which are taking place every moment; but I will not believe

that Sultan Mahmoud finds any pleasure in shedding blood. Dire necessity, or, as he himself says, fate, has ever been driving me on. I look upon him as one of the most interesting characters upon the earth; as the creature of circumstances, made bloody and cruel by the necessities of his position. I look at his past life, and at that which is yet in store for him, through all the stormy scenes he is to pass until he completes his unhappy destiny, the last of a powerful and once dreaded race, bearded by those who once crouched at the footstool of his ancestors, goaded by rebellious vassals, conscious that he is going a downward road, and yet unable to resist the impulse that drives him on. Like the strong man encompassed with a net, he finds no avenue of escape, and cannot break through it.

The seraskier pacha and other principal officers escorted him to his tent; and now all the interest which I had taken in the sultan was transformed to Mr. Rhodes. He had great anxiety about the launch, and many difficulties to contend with: first, in the Turk's jealousy of a stranger, which obliged him to keep constantly on the watch lest some of his ropes should be cut or fastenings knocked away; and he had another Turkish prejudice to struggle against: the day had been fixed twice before, but the astronomers had found an unfortunate conjunction of the stars, which were unpropitious; but Mr. Rhodes had insisted that the work had gone so far that it could not be stopped. And, besides these, he had another great difficulty in his ignorance of their language. With more than a thousand men under him, all his orders had to pass through interpreters, and often, too, the most prompt action was



necessary, and the least mistake might prove fatal. Fortunately he was protected from treachery by the kindness of Mr. Churchill and Dr. Zohrab, one of whom stood on the bow and the other in the stern of the ship, and through whom every order was transmitted in Turkish. Probably none there felt the same interest that we did, for the flags of the barbarian and every other nation in Christendom were waving around us, and at that distance from home the enterprise of a single citizen enlisted the warmest feelings of every American. We watched the ship with as keen an interest as if our own honour and success in life depended upon her movements. For a long time she remained perfectly quiet. At length she moved, slowly and imperceptibly; and then, as if conscious that the eyes of an immense multitude were on her, and that the honour of a distant nation was in some measure at stake, she marched proudly to the water, plunged in with a force that almost buried her, and, rising like a huge leviathan, parted the foaming waves with her bow, and rode triumphantly upon them. Even Mussulman indifference was disturbed; all petty jealousies were hushed; the whole immense mass was roused into admiration; loud and long continued shouts of applause rose with one accord from Turks and Christians, and the sultan was so transported that he jumped up and clapped his hands like a schoolboy.

Mr. Rhodes's triumph was complete; the sultan called him to his tent, and with his own hands fixed on the lappet of his coat a gold medal set with diamonds, representing the launching of a ship. Mr. Rhodes has attained among strangers the mark of

every honourable man's ambition, the head of his profession. He has put upon the water what commodore Porter calls the finest ship that ever floated, and has a right to be proud of his position and prospects under the "shade of the Sublime Porte." The sultan wishes to confer upon him the office of chief naval constructor, and to furnish him with a house, and a caique with four oars. In compliment to his highness, who detests a hat, Mr. Rhodes wears the tarbouch, but he declines all offices and honours, and any thing that may tend to fix him as a Turkish subject, and looks to return and enjoy in his own country and among his own people the fruits of his honourable labours. If the good wishes of a friend can avail him, he will soon return to our city rich with the profits of untiring industry, and an honourable testimony to his countrymen of the success of American skill and enterprise abroad.

To go back a moment. All day the great ship lay in the middle of the Golden Horn, while perhaps more than a hundred thousand Turks shot round her in their little caiques, looking up from the surface of the water to her lofty deck; and in Pera, wherever I went, perhaps because I was an American, the only thing I heard of was the American ship. Proud of the admiration excited so far from home by this noble specimen of the skill of an American citizen, I unburden myself of a long-smothered subject of complaint against my country. I cry out with a loud voice for reform, not in the hackneyed sense of petty politicians, but by a liberal and enlarged expenditure of public money; by increasing the outfits and salaries of our foreign ambassadors and ministers. We claim to be rich, free from

debt, and abundant in resources, and yet every American abroad is struck with the feeling of mortification at the inability of his representative to take that position in social life to which the character of his country entitles him. We may talk of republican simplicity as we will, but there are certain usages of society and certain appendages of rank, which, though they may be unmeaning and worthless, are sanctioned, if not by the wisdom, at least by the practise of all civilised countries. We have committed a fatal error, since the time that Franklin appeared at the court of France in a plain citizen's dress; every where our representative conforms to the etiquette of the court to which he is accredited, and it is too late to go back and begin anew; and now, unless our representative is rich and willing to expend his own fortune for the honour of the nation, he is obliged to withdraw from the circles and position in which he has a right and ought to move, or to move in them on an inferior footing, under an acknowledgement of inability to appear as an equal.

And again; our whole consular system is radically wrong, disreputable, and injurious to our character and interests. While other nations consider the support of their consuls a part of the expenses of their government, we suffer ourselves to be represented by merchants, whose pecuniary interests are mixed up with all the local and political questions that affect the place, and who are under a strong inducement to make their office subservient to their commercial relations. I make no imputations against any of them. I could not if I would, for I do not know an American merchant holding the

office who is not a respectable man; but the representative of our country ought to be the representative of our country only; removed from any distracting or conflicting interests, standing like a watchman to protect the honour of his nation and the rights of her citizens. And more than this, all over the Mediterranean there are ports where commerce presents no inducements to the American merchant, and there the office falls into the hands of the natives; and at this day the American arms are blazoned on the doors, and the American flag is waving over the houses of Greeks, Italians, Jews, and Arabs, and all the mongrel population of that inland sea; and in the ports under the dominion of Turkey particularly, the office is coveted as a means of protecting the holder against the liabilities to his own government, and of revenue by selling that protection to others. I will not mention them by name, for I bear them no ill will personally, and I have received kindness from most of the petty vagabonds who live under the folds of the American flag; but the consuls at Genoa and Algiers are a disgrace to the American name. Congress has lately turned its attention to this subject, and will before long, I hope, effect a complete change in the character of our consular department, and give it the respectability which it wants; the only remedy is by following the example of other nations in fixing salaries for the office, and forbidding the holders to engage in trade. Besides the leading inducements to this change, there is a secondary consideration, which, in my eyes, is not without its value, in that it would furnish a valuable school of instruction for our young men. The offices would be sought by such. A thousand or fifteen hundred

dollars a year would maintain them respectably in most of the ports of the Mediterranean: and young men resident in those places, living upon salaries, and not obliged to engage in commerce, would employ their leisure hours in acquiring the language of the country, in communicating with the interior, and among them would return upon us an accumulation of knowledge far more than repaying us for all the expense of supporting them abroad.

Doubtless the reader expects other things in Constantinople; but all things are changing. The day has gone by when the Christian could not cross the threshold of a mosque, and live. Even the sacred mosque of St. Sophia, the ancient Christian church, so long closed against the Christians' feet, now, upon great occasions again opens its doors to the descendants of its Christian builders. One of the greatest occasions happened when I was there. The sultan gave a firman to the French ambassador, under which all the European residents and travellers visited it. Unfortunately, I was unwell, and could not go out that day, and was obliged afterwards to content myself with walking rounds its walls, with uplifted eyes and a heavy heart, admiring the glittering crescent, and thinking on the prostrate cross.

But no traveller can leave Constantinople without having seen the interior of a mosque; and accordingly, under the guidance of Mustapha, the janizary of the British consul, I visited the mosque of Sultan Suliman, next in point of beauty to that of St. Sophia, though far inferior in historical interest. At an early hour we crossed the Golden Horn to old Stamboul; threaded our way through its narrow and intricate streets to an eminence near

the seraskier pacha's tower; entered by a fine gateway in a large courtyard, more than 1000 feet square, handsomely paved and ornamented with noble trees, and enclosed by a high wall; passed a marble fountain of clear and abundant water, where, one after another, the faithful stopped to make their ablutions; entered a large colonnade, consisting of granite and marble pillars of every form and style, the plunder of ancient temples, worked in without much regard to architectural fitness, yet, on the whole producing a fine effect; pulled off our shoes at the door, and, with naked feet and noiseless step, crossed the sacred threshold of the mosque. Silently we moved among the kneeling figures of the faithful scattered about in different parts of the mosque, and engaged in prayer; paused for a moment under the beautiful dome, sustained by four columns from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; leaned against a marble pillar which may have supported, 2000 years ago, the praying figure of a worshipper of the great goddess; gazed at the thousand small lamps suspended from the lofty ceiling, each by a separate cord, and with a devout feeling left the mosque.

In the rear, almost concealed from view by a thick grove of trees, shrubs, and flowers, is a circular building about forty feet diameter, containing the tomb of Suliman, the founder of the mosque, his brother, his favourite wife Roxala, and two other wives. The monuments are in the form of sarcophagi, with pyramidal tops covered with rich Cashmere shawls, having each at the head a large white turban, and enclosed by a railing covered with mother-of-pearl. The great beauty of the

sepulchral chamber is its dome, which is highly ornamented, and sparkles with brilliants. In one corner is a plan of Mecca, the holy temple, and tomb of the Prophet.

In the afternoon I went for the last time to the Armenian burying ground. In the East the graveyards are the general promenades, the places of rendezvous, and the lounging-places; and in Constantinople the Armenian burying-ground is the most beautiful and the favourite. Situated in the suburbs of Pera, overlooking the Bosphorus, shaded by noble palm trees, almost regularly towards evening I found myself sitting upon the same tomb stone, looking upon the silvery water at my feet, studded with palaces, flashing and glittering with caiques from the golden palace of the sultan to the seraglio point, and then turned to the animated groups thronging the burying ground; the Armenian in his flowing robes, the dashing Greek, the stiff and out-of place-looking Frank; Turks in their gay and bright costume, glittering arms, and solemn beards, enjoying the superlative of existence in dozing over their pipe; and women in long white veils apart under some delightful shade, in little pic-nic parties, eating ices and confectionary. Here and there, towards the outskirts, was the araba, the only wheeled carriage known among the Turks, with a low body, highly carved and gilded, drawn by oxen fancifully trimmed with ribbons, and filled with soft cushions, on which the Turkish and Armenian ladies almost buried themselves. Instead of the cypress, the burying-ground is shaded by noble plane-trees; and the tombstones, instead of being upright, are all flat, having at the head a couple

of little niches scooped out to hold water, with the beautiful idea to induce birds to come there, and drink and sing among the trees. Their tombstones, too, have another mark, which in a country where men are apt to forget who their fathers were, would exclude them even from that place where all mortal distinctions are laid low, viz., a mark indicating the profession or occupation of the deceased; as, a pair of shears to mark the grave of a tailor; a razor that of a barber; and so many of them with another mark, indicating the manner of death, the bowstring, or some other mark, showing that the stone covered a victim of Turkish cruelty. But all these things are well known; nothing has escaped the prying eyes of curious travellers; and I merely state for my own credit's sake, that I followed the steps of those who had gone before me, visited the Sweet Waters, Scutary, and Belgrade, the reservoirs, aqueducts, and ruins of the Palace of Constantine, and saw the dancing dervishes; rowed up the Bosphorus to Buyukdere, lunched under the tree where Godfrey encamped with his gallant crusaders, and looked out upon the Black Sea from the top of Giant's Mountain.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Visit to the Slave-market—Horrors of Slavery—Departure from Stamboul—The stormy Euxine—Odessa—The Lazaretto—Russian Civility—Returning Good for Evil.

THE day before I left Constantinople, I went, in company with Dr. N. and his son, and attended by Paul, to visit the Slave-market. Crossing over to Stamboul, we picked up a Jew in the bazaars, who conducted us through a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets to a quarter of the city from which it would have been utterly impossible for me to extricate myself alone. I only know that it was situated on high ground, and that we passed through a gateway into a hollow square of about 150 or 200 feet on each side. It was with no small degree of emotion that I entered this celebrated place, where so many Christian hearts have trembled; and before crossing the threshold, I ran over in my mind all the romantic stories and all the horrible realities that I could remember connected with its history: the tears of beauty, the pangs of brave men, and so down to the unsentimental exclamation of Johnson to his new friend Don Juan:—

“Yon black eunuch seems to eye us;  
I wish to God that somebody would buy us.”

The bazaar forms a hollow square, with little chambers about fifteen feet each way around it, in which the slaves belonging to the different deal-

ers are kept. A large shed or portico projects in front, under which, and in front of each chamber, is a raised platform, with a low railing around it, where the slave-merchant sits and gossips and dozes over his coffee and pipe. I had heard so little of this place, and it was so little known among Europeans, taking it into consideration, moreover, that in a season of universal peace the market must be without a supply of captives gained in war, that I expected to see but a remnant of the ancient traffic, supposing that I should find but few slaves, and those only black; but, to my surprise I found there twenty or thirty white women. Bad, horrible as this traffic is under any circumstances, to my habits and feelings it loses a shade of its horrors when confined to blacks; but here whites and blacks were exposed together in the same bazaar. The women were from Circassia and the regions of the Caucasus, the country so renowned for beauty; they were dressed in the Turkish costume, and the white shawl wrapped around the mouth and chin, and over the forehead, shading the eyes, so that it was difficult to judge with certainty as to their personal appearance. Europeans are not permitted to purchase, and their visits to this bazaar are looked upon with suspicion. If we stopped long opposite a door, it was closed upon us; but I was not easily shaken off, and returned so often at odd times, that I succeeded in seeing pretty distinctly all that was to be seen. In general, the best slaves are not exposed in the bazaars, but are kept at the houses of the dealers; but there was one among them not more than seventeen, with a regular Circassian face, a brilliant fair complexion, a mild and cheerful ex-

pression; and in the slave-market, under the partial disguise of the Turkish shawl, it required no real effort of the imagination to make her decidedly beautiful. Paul stopped, and with burst of enthusiasm, the first I had discovered in him, exclaimed, "Quelle beaute!" She noticed my repeatedly stopping before her bazaar; and when I was myself really disposed to be sentimental, instead of drooping her head with the air of a distressed heroine, to my great surprise she laughed and nodded, and beckoned me to come to her. Paul was very much struck; and, repeating his warm expression of admiration at her beauty, told me that she wanted me to buy her. Without waiting for a reply, he went off and inquired the price, which was 250 dollars; and added, that he could easily get some Turk to buy her in his name, and then I could put her on board a vessel, and carry her where I pleased. I told him it was hardly worth while at present; and he thinking my objection was merely to the person, in all honesty and earnestness told me he had been there frequently, and never saw any thing half so handsome; adding that, if I let slip this opportunity, I would scarcely have another as good, and wound up very significantly by declaring that, if he was a gentleman, he would not hesitate a moment. A gentleman, in the sense in which Paul understood the word, is apt to fall into irregular ways in the East. Removed from the restraints which operate upon men in civilised countries, if he once breaks through the trammels of education, he goes all lengths; and it is said to be a matter of general remark, that slaves are always worse treated by Europeans than by the Turks. The slave-

dealers are principally Jews, who buy children when young, and, if they have beauty, train up the girls in such accomplishments as may fascinate the Turks. Our guide told us, that since the Greek revolution, the slave-market had been comparatively deserted; but during the whole of that dreadful struggle, every day presented new horrors; new captives were brought in, the men raving and struggling, and vainly swearing eternal vengeance against the Turks, and the women shrieking distractedly in the agony of a separation. After the massacre at Scio, in particular, hundreds of young girls, with tears streaming down their cheeks, and bursting hearts, were sold to the unhallowed embraces of the Turks for a few dollars ahead. We saw nothing of the horrors and atrocities of this celebrated slave-market. Indeed, except prisoners of war, and persons captured by Turkish corsairs, the condition of those who now fill the slave-market is not the horrible lot that a warm imagination might suppose. They are mostly persons in a semi barbarous state! blacks from Sennaar and Abyssinia, or whites from the regions of the Caucasus, bought from their parents for a string of beads, or a shawl; and, in all probability, the really beautiful girl whom I saw had been sold by parents who could not feed or clothe her, who considered themselves rid of an encumbrance, and whom she left without regret; and she, having left poverty and misery behind her, looked to the slave market as the sole means of advancing her fortune; and, in becoming the favoured inmate of a harem, expected to attain a degree of happiness she could never have enjoyed at home.

I intended to go from Constantinople to Egypt, but the plague was raging there so violently that it would be foolhardy to attempt it; and while making arrangement with a Tartar to return to Europe on horseback across the Balkan, striking the Danube at Semlin and Belgrade, a Russian government steamer was advertised for Odessa; and as the mode of travelling at that moment suited my health better, I altered my whole plan, and determined to leave the ruined countries of the Old World for a land just emerging from a state of barbarism, and growing into greatness. With great regret I took leave of Dr. N. and his son, who sailed the same day for Smyrna, and I have never seen them since. Paul was the last man to whom I said farewell. At the moment of starting, my shirts were brought dripping wet, and Paul bestowed a malediction upon the Greek while he wrung them out and tumbled them into my carpet-bag. I afterwards found him at Malta, whence he accompanied me on my tour in Egypt, Arabia, Petræa, and the Holy Land, by which he is perhaps already known to some of my readers.

With my carpet-bag on the shoulder of a Turk, I walked for the last time to Tophana. A hundred caiquemen gathered around me, but I pushed them all back, and kept guard over my carpet-bag, looking out for one whom I had been in the habit of employing ever since my arrival in Constantinople. He soon espied me; and when he took my luggage and myself into his caique, manifested that he knew it was for the last time. Having an hour to spare, I directed him to row once more under the walls of the seraglio; and still loath to leave, I

went on shore and walked around the point until I was stopped by a Turkish bayonet. The Turk growled, and his mustache curled fiercely as he pointed it at me. I had been stopped by Frenchmen, Italians, and by a mountain Greek, but found nothing that brings a man to such a dead stand as the Turkish bayonet.

I returned to my caïque, and went on board the steamer. She was a Russian government vessel, more classically called a *pyroscaphe*, a miserable old thing; and yet as much form and circumstance were observed in sending her off as in fitting out an exploring expedition. Consuls' and ambassadors' boats were passing and repassing; and after an enormous fuss and preparation, we started under a salute of cannon, which was answered from one of the sultan's frigates. We had the usual scene of parting with friends, waving of handkerchiefs, and so on; and feeling a little lonely at the idea of leaving a city containing a million inhabitants without a single friend to bid me God-speed, I took my place on the quarter-deck, and waved my handkerchief to my caïqueman, who, I have no doubt, independent of the loss of a few piastres per day, was very sorry to lose me; for we had been so long together, that in spite of our ignorance of each other's language, we understood each other perfectly.

I found on board two Englishmen whom I had met at Corfu, and a third, who had joined them at Smyrna, going to travel in the Crimea; our other cabin passengers were Mr. Luoff, a Russian officer, and aide-de-camp of the emperor, just returned from

travels in Egypt and Syria; Mr. Persiani, secretary to the Russian legation in Greece; a Greek merchant, with a Russian protection, on his way to the Sea of Azoff; and a French merchant of Odessa. The tub of a steam-boat dashed up the Bosphorus at the rate of three miles an hour; while the classic waters, as if indignant at having such a bellowing, blowing, blustering monster upon their surface, seemed to laugh at their unwieldy and ineffectual efforts. Slowly we mounted the beautiful strait, lined on the European side almost with one continued range of houses, exhibiting in every beautiful nook a palace of the sultan, and at Therapia and Buyukdere the palaces of the foreign ambassadors; passed the giant's mountain, and about an hour before dark were entering a new sea, the dark and stormy Euxine.

Advancing, the hills became more lofty and rugged, terminating on the Thracian side in high rocky precipices. The shores of this extremity of the Bosphorus were once covered with shrines, altars, and temples, monuments of the fears or gratitude of the mariners who were about to leave, or who had escaped, the dangers of the inhospitable Euxine; and the remains of these antiquities were so great that a traveller, almost in our own day describes the coasts as "covered by their ruins." The castles on the European and the Asiatic sides of the strait are supposed to occupy the sites where stood, in ancient days, the great temples of Jupiter Serapis and Jupiter Urius. The Bosphorus opens abruptly, without any enlargement at its mouth, between two mountains. The parting view of the strait, or rather, of the coast on each side, was indiscribably grand,

presenting a stupendous wall opposed to the great bed of waters, as if torn asunder by an earthquake, having a narrow rent for their escape. On each side is a miserable lantern on the top of a tower, hardly visible at the distance of a few miles, which is the only light to guide the mariner at night; and as there is another opening called the false Bosphorus, the entrance is difficult and dangerous, and many vessels are lost here annually.

As the narrow opening closed before me, I felt myself entering a new world; I was fairly embarked upon that wide expanse of water which once, according to ancient legends, mingled with the Caspian, and covered the great oriental plain of Tartary, and upon which Jason, with his adventurous Argonauts, having killed the dragon and carried off the golden fleece from Colchis, if those same legends be true (which some doubt), sailed across to the great ocean. I might and should have speculated upon the great changes in the face of nature, and the great deluge recorded by Grecian historians and poets, which burst the narrow passage of the Thracian Bosphorus for the outlet of the mighty waters; but who could philosophise in a steam-boat on the Euxine? Oh, Fulton! much as thou hast done for mechanics and the useful arts, thy hand has fallen rudely upon cherished associations. We boast of thee; I have myself been proud of thee as an American; but as I sat at evening on the stern of the steamer, and listened to the clatter of the engine, and watched the sparks rushing out of the high pipes, and remembered that this was on the dark and inhospitable Euxine, I wished that thy life had begun after mine was ended. I trust I did



his memory no wrong; but if I had borne him malice, I could not have wished him worse than to have all his dreams of the past disturbed by the clatter of one of his own engines.

I turned away from storied associations to a new country grown up in our own day. We escaped, and, I am obliged to say, without noticing them, the *Cyanææ*, "the blue *Symplegades*," or "wandering islands," which, lying on the European and Asiatic side, floated about, or, according to Pliny, "were alive, and moved to and fro more swiftly than the blast," and in passing through which the good ship *Argo* had a narrow escape, and lost the extremity of her stern. History and poetry have invested this sea with extraordinary and ideal terrors; but my experience both of the Mediterranean and Black Sea was unfortunate for realising historical and poetical accounts. I had known the beautiful Mediterranean a sea of storm and sunshine, in which the storm greatly predominated. I found the stormy Euxine calm as an untroubled lake; in fact, the Black Sea is in reality nothing more than a lake, not as large as many of our own, receiving the waters of the great rivers of the north; the Don, the Cuban, the Phase, the Dnieper, and the Danube, and pouring their collected streams through the narrow passage of the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean. Still, if the number of shipwrecks be any evidence of the character, it is, indeed, entitled to its ancient reputation of a dangerous sea, though probably these accidents proceed, in a great measure, from the ignorance and unskilfulness of mariners, and the want of proper charts and of suitable lighthouses at the opening of the Bosphorus.

At all events, we outblustered the winds and waves with our steam boat; passed the Serpent Isles, the ancient Leuce, with a roaring which must have astonished the departed heroes, where souls, according to the ancient poets, were sent there to enjoy perpetual paradise, and scared the aquatic birds which every morning dipped their wings in the sea, and sprinkled the Temple of Achilles, and swept with their plumage its sacred pavement.

On the third day we made the low coast of Moldavia or Less Arabia, within a short distance of Odessa, the great sea port of Southern Russia. Here, too, there was nothing to realise preconceived notions; for instead of finding a rugged region of eternal snows, we were suffering under an intensely hot sun when we cast anchor in the harbour of Odessa. The whole line of the coast is low and destitute of trees; but Odessa is situated on a high bank; and with its beautiful theatre, the exchange, the palace of the governor, &c. did not look like a city which, thirty years ago, consisted only of a few fishermen's huts.

The harbour of Odessa is very much exposed to the north and east winds, which often cause great damage to the shipping. Many hundred anchors cover the bottom, which cut the rope cables; and the water being shallow, vessels are often injured by striking on them. An Austrian brig going out, having struck one, sank in ten minutes. There are two moles, the quarantine, in which we came to anchor, being the principal. Quarantine flags were flying about the harbour, the yellow indicating those undergoing purification, and the red the fatal presence of the plague. We were prepared to un-

dergo a vexatious process. At Constantinople I had heard wretched accounts of the rude treatment of lazaretto subjects, and the rough, barbarous manners of the Russians to travellers ; and we had a foretaste of the light in which we were to be regarded, in the conduct of the health-officer who came along side. He offered to take charge of any letters for the town, purify them that night, and deliver them in the morning ; and, according to his directions, we laid them down on the deck, where he took them up with a pair of long iron tongs, and putting them into an iron box, shut it up and rowed off.

In the morning, having received notice that the proper officers were ready to attend us, we went ashore. We landed in separate boats at the end of a long pier, and, forgetting our supposed pestiferous influence, were walking up towards a crowd of men whom we saw there, when their retrograde movements, their gestures, and unintelligible shouts, reminded us of our situation. One of our party, in a sort of exstacy at being on shore, ran capering up the docks, putting to flight a group of idlers, and, single-handed, might have depopulated the city of Odessa, if an ugly soldier with a bayonet had not met him in full career and put a stop to his gambols. The soldier conducted us to a large building at the upper end of the pier ; and carefully opening the door, and falling back so as to avoid even the wind that might blow from us in his direction, told us to go in. At the other end of a large room, divided by two parallel railings, sat officers and clerks to examine our passports, and take a general account of us. We were at once struck with the military

aspect of things, every person connected with the establishment wearing a military uniform; and now commenced a long process. The first operation was to examine our passports, take down our names, and make a memorandum of the purposes for which we severally entered the dominions of the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias. We were all called up, one after the other, captain, cook, and cabin boy, cabin and deck passengers; and never, perhaps, did steam-boat pour forth a more motley assemblage than we presented. We were Jews, Turks, and Christians; Russians, Poles, and Germans, English, French, and Italians, Austrians, Greeks, and Illyrians; Moldavians, Wallachians, Bulgarians, and Sclavonians; Armenians, Georgians, and Africans; and one American. I had before remarked the happy facility of the Russians in acquiring languages, and I saw a striking instance in the officer who conducted the examination, and who addressed every man in his own language with apparently as much facility as though it had been his native tongue. After the oral, commenced a corporeal examination. We were ordered one by one into an adjoining room, where, on the other side of a railing, stood a doctor, who directed us to open our shirt bosoms, and slap our hands smartly under our arms and upon our groins, these being the places where the fatal plague-marks first exhibit themselves.

This over, we were forthwith marched to the lazaretto, escorted by guards and soldiers, who behaved very civilly, and kept a respectful distance from us. Among our deck passengers were forty or fifty Jews dirty and disgusting objects, just returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. An old man, who seemed

to be in a manner the head of the party, and exceeded them all in rags and filthiness, but was said to be rich, in going up to the lazaretto amused us, and vexed the officers, by sitting down on the way, paying no regard to him when they urged him on, being perfectly assured that they would not dare to touch him. Once he resolutely refused to move; they threatened and swore at him, but he kept his place until one got a long pole and punched him on ahead.

In this way we entered the lazaretto; but if it had not been called by that name, and if we had not looked upon it as a place where we were compelled to stay for a certain time,  *nolens volens*, we should have considered it a beautiful spot. It is situated on high ground, within an enclosure of some fifteen or twenty acres, overlooking the Black Sea, laid out in lawn and gravel walks, and ornamented with rows of acacia trees. Fronting the sea was a long range of buildings divided into separate apartments, each with a little courtyard in front containing two or three acacias. The director, a fine, military-looking man, with a decoration on his lapel, met us on horseback within the enclosure, and, with great suavity of manner, said that he could not bid us welcome to prison, but that we should have the privilege of walking at will over the grounds, and visiting each other, subject only to the attention of a *guardiana*; and all that could contribute to our comfort should be done for us.

We then selected our rooms, and underwent another personal examination. This was the real touchstone; the first was a mere preliminary obser-

vation by a medical understrapper; but this was conducted by a more knowing doctor. We were obliged to strip naked; to give up the clothes we pulled off, and put on a flannel gown, drawers, and stockings, and a woollen cap, provided by the government, until our own should be smoked and purified. In every thing, however, the most scrupulous regard was paid to our wishes, and a disposition was manifested by all to make this rather vexatious proceeding as little annoying as possible. The bodily examination was as delicate as the nature of the case would admit; for the doctor merely opened the door, looked in, and went out without taking his hand from off the knob. It was none of my business, I know, and may be thought impertinent, but, as he closed the door, I could not help calling him back to ask him whether he held the same inquisition upon the fair sex; to which he replied, with a melancholy upturning of the eyes, that in the good old days of Russian barbarism, this had been part of his duties, but that the march of improvement had invaded his rights, and given this portion of his professional duties to a *sage femme*.

All our effects were then taken to another chamber, and arranged on lines, each person superintending the disposition of his own, so as to prevent all confusion, and left there to be fumigated with sulphuric acid for twenty-four hours. So particular were they in fumigating every thing susceptible of infection, that I was obliged to leave there a black ribbon which I wore round my neck as a guard to my watch. Towards evening the principal director, one of the most gentlemanly men I ever met with,

came round, and with many apologies and regrets for his inability to receive us better, requested us to call upon him freely for any thing we might want. Not knowing any of us personally, he did me the honour to say that he understood there was an American in the party, who had been particularly recommended to him by a Russian officer and fellow-passenger. Afterwards came the commissary, or chief of the department, and repeated the same compliments, and left us with an exalted opinion of Russian politeness. I had heard horrible accounts of the rough treatment of travellers in Russia, and I made a note at the time, lest after vexation should make me forget it, that I had received more politeness and civility from these northern barbarians, as they are called by the people of the south of Europe, than ever I found amid their boasted civilisation.

Having still an hour before dark, I strolled out, followed by my guardiano, to take a more particular survey of our prison. In a gravel walk lined with acacias, immediately before the door of my little courtyard, I came suddenly upon a lady of about eighteen, whose dark hair and eyes I at once recognised as Grecian, leading by the hand a little child. I am sure my face brightened at the first glimpse of this vision which promised to shine upon us in our solitude; and perhaps my satisfaction was made too manifest by my involuntarily moving towards her. But my presumption received a severe and mortifying check; for though at first she merely crossed to the other side of the walk, she soon forgot all ceremony, and fairly dragging the child after her, ran over the grass to another walk to avoid me. My

mortification, however, was but temporary ; for, though in the first impulse of delight and admiration, I had forgotten time, place, and circumstance, the repulse I had received made me turn to myself, and I was glad to find an excuse for the lady's flight in the flannel gown and long cap and slippers, which marked me as having just entered upon my season of purification.

I was soon initiated into the routine of lazaretto ceremonies and restrictions. By touching a quarantine patient, both parties are subjected to the longest term of either ; so that if a person, on the last day of his term, should come in contact with another just entered, he would lose all the benefit of his day's purification, and be obliged to wait the full term of the latter. I have seen, in various situations in life, a system of operations called keeping people a distance, but I never saw it so effectually practised as in quarantine. For this night, at least, I had full range. I walked where I pleased, and was very sure that every one would keep out of my way. During the whole time, however, I could not help treasuring up the precipitate flight of the young lady ; and I afterwards told her, and, I hope, with the true spirit of one ready to return good for evil, that if she had been in my place, and the days of my purification had been almost ended, in spite of plague and pestilence, she might have rushed into my arms without my offering the least impediment.

In making the tour of the grounds, I had already an opportunity of observing the relation in which men stand to each other in Russia. When an officer spoke to a soldier, the latter stood motionless



as a statue, with his head uncovered during the whole of the conference; and when a soldier on guard *saw* an officer, no matter at what distance, he presented arms, and remained in that position until the officer was out of sight. Returning, I passed a grating, through which I saw our deck passengers, forty or fifty in number, including the Jewish pilgrims, miserable, dirty-looking objects, turned in together for fourteen days, to eat, drink, and sleep, as best they might like brutes. With a high idea of the politeness of the Russians towards the rich and great, or those whom they believe to be so, and with a strong impression already received confirming the accounts of the degraded condition of the lower classes, I returned to my room, and with a Frenchman and a Greek for my room-mates, my window opening upon the Black Sea, I spent my first night in quarantine.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

The Guardiano—One too many—An Excess of Kindness—  
The last Day of Quarantine—Mr. Baguet—Rise of  
Odessa—City making—Count Woronzow—A Gentleman  
Farmer—An American Russian.

I SHALL pass over briefly the whole of our *pratique*. The next morning I succeeded in getting a room to myself. A Guardiano was assigned to each room, who took his place in the antechamber, and was always in attendance. These guardianos are old soldiers, entitled by the rules of the esta-

blishment to so much a-day ; but as they always expect a gratuity, their attention and services are regulated by that expectation. I was exceedingly fortunate in mine ; he was always in the antechamber, cleaning his musket, mending his clothes, or stretched on a mattrass looking at the wall ; and whenever I came through with my hat on, without a word he put on his belt and followed me : and very soon, instead of regarding him as an incumbrance, I became accustomed to him, and it was a satisfaction to have him with me. Sometimes, in walking for exercise, I moved so briskly that it tired him to keep up with me ; and then I selected a walk where he could sit down and keep his eye upon me, while I walked backwards and forwards before him. Besides this, he kept my room in orders, set my table, carried my notes, brushed my clothes, and took better care of me than any servant I ever had.

Our party consisted of eight, and being subjected to the same quarantine, and supposed to have the same quantum of infection, we were allowed to visit each other ; and every afternoon we met in the yard, walked an hour or two, took tea together, and returned to our own rooms, with our guard in the antechamber ; our gates were locked up, and a soldier walked outside as sentinel. I was particularly intimate with the Russian officer, whom I found one of the most gentlemanly, best educated, and most amiable men I ever met. He had served and been wounded in the campaign against Poland ; had with him two soldiers, his own serfs, who had served under him in that campaign, and had accompanied him in his tour in Egypt and Syria. He

gave me his address at St. Petersburg, and promised me the full benefit of his acquaintance there. I have before spoken of the three Englishmen. Two of them I had met at Corfu; the third joined them at Smyrna, and added another proof to the well established maxim that three spoil company; for I soon found that they had got together by the ears; and the new comer having connected himself with one of the others, they were anxious to get rid of the third. Many causes of offence existed between them; and though they continued to room together, they were merely waiting till the end of our *pratique* for an opportunity to separate. One morning the one who was about to be thrown off came to my room, and told me that he did not care about going to the Crimea, and proposed accompanying me. This suited me very well; it was a long and expensive journey, and would cost a mere fraction more for two than for one; and when the breach was widened past all possibility of being healed, the cast-off and myself agreed to together. I saw much of the secretary of legation, and also of the Greek and Frenchman, my room-mates for the first night. Indeed, I think I must say that I was an object of special interest to all our party. I was unwell, and my companions overwhelmed me with prescriptions and advice; they brought in their medicine-chests; one assuring me that he had been cured by this, another by that, and each wanted me to swallow his own favourite medicine, interlarding their advice with anecdotes of whole sets of passengers who had been detained, some forty, some fifty, and some sixty days, by the accidental sickness of one. I did all I could for them, always

having regard to the circumstance that it was not of such vital importance to me, at least, to hold out fourteen days, if I broke down on the fifteenth. In a few days the doctor, in one of his rounds, told me he understood I was unwell, and I confessed to him the reason of my withholding the fact, and took his prescriptions so well, that at parting he gave me a letter to a friend in Chioff, and to his brother a distinguished professor in the university at St. Petersburg.

We had a *restaurante* in the lazaretto, with a new bill of fare every day; not first-rate, perhaps, but good enough. I had sent a letter of introduction to Mr. Baguet, the Spanish-consul, also to a German, the brother of a missionary at Constantinople, and a note to Mr. Ralli, the American consul, and had frequently visits from them, and long talks at the *parlatoria* through the grating. The German was a knowing one, and came often; he had a smattering of English, and would talk in that language, as I thought in compliment to me; but the last time that he came he thanked me kindly, and told me he had improved more in his English than by a year's study. When I got out he never came near me.

Sunday, June 7th, was our last day in quarantine. We had counted the days anxiously; and though our time had passed as agreeably as, under the circumstances, it could pass, we were in high spirits at the prospect of our liberation. To the last, the attention and civility of the officers of the yard continued unremitted. Every morning regularly as the director knocked at each gate to enquire how we had passed the night, and whether

he could do any thing for us; then the doctor, to enquire into our corporeal condition; and every two or three days, towards evening, the director, with the same decoration on the lapel of his coat, and at the same hour, inquired whether we had any complaints to make of want of attendance or improper treatment.

Our last day in the lazaretto is not to be forgotten. We kept as clear of the rest of the inmates as if they had been pickpockets, though I was once thrown into a cold sweat by an act of forgetfulness. A child fell down before me; I sprang forward to pick him up, and should infallibly have been fixed for ten days longer, if my guardiano had not caught me. Lingerin<sup>g</sup> for the last time on the walk overlooking the Black Sea, I saw a vessel coming up under full sail, bearing, as I thought, the American flag. My heart almost bounded at seeing the star and the stripe on the Black Sea, but I was deceived, and almost dejected with disappointment, called my guardiano, and returned for the last time to my room.

The next morning, we waited in our rooms till the doctor paid his final visit, and soon after we all gathered before the door of the directory, ready to sally forth. Every body who hath made a European voyage knows the metamorphosis in the appearance of the passengers on the day of landing. It was much the same with us; we had no more slipshod, long-bearded companions, but all were clean-shirted and shaved becomingly, except our old Jew and his party who probably had not changed a raiment or washed their faces since the first day in quarantine, nor perhaps for many years.

before. They were people from whom, under any circumstances, one would be apt to keep at a respectful distance, and to the last they carried every thing before them.

We have still another vexatious process in passing our baggage through the custom-house. We had landed in a list of all our effects the night before, in which I intentionally omitted to mention Byron's Poems, these being prohibited in Russia. He had been my companion in Italy and Greece, and I was loath to part with him; so I put the book under my arm, threw my cloak over me, and walked out unmolested. Outside the gate there was a general shaking of hands; the director, whom we had seen every day at a distance was the first to greet us, and Mr. Baguet, the brother to the Spanish consul, who was waiting to receive me, welcomed me to Russia. With sincere regret I bade good bye to my old soldier, mounting a drosky, and in ten minutes was deposited in an hotel, in size and appearance equal to the best in Paris. It was a pleasure once more to get into a wheel carriage; I had not seen one since I left Italy, except the old hack I mentioned at Argos and the Arabas at Constantinople. It was a pleasure, too, to see hats, coats, and pantaloons. Early associations will cling to man; and in spite of transient admiration for the dashing costume of the Greek and Turk, I warmed to the ungraceful covering of civilized man, even to the long surtout and bell-crowned hat of the Russian *marchand*; and, more than all, I was attracted by an appearance of life and energy particularly striking after coming from among the dead and live Turks.

While in quarantine I had received an invitation to dine with Mr. Baguet, and had hardly time to make one tour of the city in a drosky, before it was necessary to dress for dinner. Mr. Baguet was a bachelor of about forty, living in pleasant apartments, in an unpretending and gentlemanly style. As in all ports of the Levant, except where there are ambassadors, the consuls are the nobility of the place. Several of them were present, and the European consuls in those places are paid by salaries from their respective governments, while ours, who receive no pay, are generally natives of the place, who serve for the honour, or some other accidental advantage. We had, therefore, the best society in Odessa, at Mr. Baguet's, the American consul not being present, which, by the way, I do not mean in a disrespectful sense, as Mr. Ralli seemed every way deserving of all the benefits that the station gives.

In the evening the consul and myself took two or three turns on the boulevards, and about eleven returned to my hotel. After what I have said of this establishment, the reader will be surprised to learn that, when I went to my room, I found there a bedstead, but no bed or bed-clothes. I supposed it was neglect, and ordered one to be prepared; but, to my surprise, was told that there were no beds in the hotel. It was kept exclusively for the rich seigneurs, who always carry their own beds with them. Luckily the bedstead was not corded, but contained a bottom of plain slabs of wood, about six or eight inches wide, and the same distance apart, laid crosswise, so that lengthwise there was no danger of falling through; and wrapping myself

in my cloak, and putting my carpet-bag under my head, I went to sleep.

Before breakfast the next morning, I had learned the topography of Odessa. To an American, Russia is an interesting country. True it is not classic ground ; but as for me, who had now travelled over the faded and worn-out kingdoms of the Old World, I was quite ready for something new. Like our own, Russia is a new country, and in many respects resembles ours. It is true that we began life differently. Russia has worked her way to civilisation from a state of absolute barbarism, while we sprang into being with the advantage of all the lights of the Old World. Still there are many subjects of comparison, and even of emulation, between us ; and nowhere in all Russia is there a more proper subject to begin with than my first landing-place.

Odessa is situated in a small bay between the mouths of the Dnieper and Dniester. Forty years ago it consisted of a few miserable fishermen's huts on the shores of the Black Sea. In 1796, the Empress Catharine resolved to build a city there ; and the Turks, being driven from the dominion of the Black Sea, it became a place of resort and speculation for the English, Austrians, Neapolitans, Dutch Ragusans, and Greeks of the Ionian republic. In 1802, two hundred and eighty vessels arrived from Constantinople and the Mediterranean ; and the Duke de Richelieu, being appointed governor-general by Alexander, laid out a city upon a gigantic scale, which, though at first its growth was not commensurate with his expectations, now contains sixty thousand inhabitants, and bids fair to



realise the extravagant calculations of its founder. Mr. Baguet, and the gentlemen whom I met at his table, were of opinion that it is destined to be the greatest commercial city in Russia, as the long winters and the closing of the Baltic with ice must ever be a great disadvantage to St. Petersburg, and the interior of the country can as well be supplied from Odessa as from the northern capital.

There is no country where cities have sprung up so fast and increased so rapidly as in ours; and altogether, perhaps nothing in the world can be compared with our Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. But Odessa has grown faster than any of these, and has nothing of the appearance of one of our new cities. We are both young, and both marching with gigantic strides to greatness, but we move by different roads; and the whole face of the country, from the new city on the borders of the Black Sea to the steppes of Siberia, shows a different order of government and a different constitution of society. With us, a few individuals cut down the trees of the forest, or settle themselves by the banks of a stream, where they happen to find some local advantages, and build houses suited to their necessities; others come and join them; and by degrees the little settlement becomes a large city. But here a gigantic government endowed almost with creative powers, says, "Let there be a city," and immediately commences the erection of large buildings. The rich seigneurs follow the lead of government, and build hotels to let out in apartments. The theatre, casino, and exchange, at Odessa, are perhaps superior to any buildings in the United States. The city is situated on an elevation about

a hundred feet above the sea; a promenade three quarters of a mile long, terminated at one end by the exchange, and at the other by the palace of the governor, is laid out in front along the margin of the sea, bounded on one side by an abrupt precipice, and adorned with trees, shrubs, flowers, statues, and busts, like the garden of the Tuilleries, and Borghese Villa, or the Villa Recali at Naples. On the other side is a long range of hotels built of stone, running the whole length of the boulevards, some of them with facades after the best models in Italy. A broad street runs through the centre of the city, terminating with a semicircular enlargement at the boulevards, and in the centre of this stands a large equestrian statue, erected to the Duke de Richlieu; and parallel, and at right angles, are wide streets lined with large buildings, according to the most approved plans of modern architecture. The custom which the people have of taking apartments in hotels, causes the erection of large buildings, which add much to the general appearance of the city; while with us, the universal disposition of every man to have a house to himself, conduces to the building of small houses, and, consequently, detracts from general effect. The city, as yet, is not generally paved, and is, consequently, so dusty, that every man is obliged to wear a light cloak to save his dress. Paving stone is brought from Trieste and Malta, and is very expensive.

About two o'clock Mr. Ralli, our consul, called upon me. Mr. Ralli, is a Greek of Scio. He left his native island when a boy; has visited every port in Europe as a merchant, and lived for the last

eight years in Odessa. He has several brothers in England, Trieste, and some of the Greek islands, and are all connected in business. When Mr. Rhind, who negotiated our treaty with the Porte, left Odessa, he authorised Mr. Ralli to transact whatever consular business might be required; and on his recommendation, Mr. Ralli afterwards received a regular appointment as consul. Mr. Rhind, by the way expected a great trade from opening the Black Sea to American vessels; but he was wrong in his anticipations, and there have been but two American vessels there since the treaty, Mr Ralli is rich and respected, being vice-president of the commercial board, and very proud of the honour of the American consulate, as it gives him a position among the dignitaries of the place, enables him to wear a uniform and sword on public occasions, and yields him other privileges, which are gratifying, at least, if not intrinsically valuable.

No traveller can pass through Odessa without having to acknowledge the politeness of Count Woronzow, the governor of the Crimea, one of the richest seigneurs in Russia, and one of the pillars of the throne. At the suggestion of Mr. Ralli, I accompanied him to the palace, and was presented. This palace is a magnificent building, and the interior exhibits a combination of wealth and taste. The walls are hung with Italian paintings, and, for interior ornaments and finish, the palace is far superior to those in Italy; the knobs of the doors are of amber, and the doors of the dining-room from the old imperial palace at St. Petersburg. The count is a military looking man of about fifty, six feet high, with sallow complexion and grey hair. His

father married an English lady of the Sidney family, and his sister married the Earl of Pembroke. He is a soldier in bearing and appearance, held a high rank during the French invasion of Russia, and distinguished himself particularly at Borodino; in rank and power he is the fourth military officer in the empire. He possesses immense wealth in all parts of Russia, particularly in the Crimea; and his wife's mother, after Demidoff and Sheremetieff, is the richest subject in the whole empire. He speaks English remarkably well; and after a few commonplaces, with his characteristic politeness to strangers, invited me to dine at the palace the next day. I was obliged to decline, and he himself suggested the reason, that probably I was engaged with my countryman Mr. Sontag (of whom more anon), whom the count referred to as his old friend, adding that he would not interfere with the pleasure of a meeting between two countrymen so far from home, and asked me for the day after, or any other day I pleased. I apologised on the ground of my intended departure, and took my leave.

My proposed travelling companion had committed to me the whole arrangements for our journey, or, more properly, had given me the whole trouble of making them; and accompanied by one of Mr. Ralli's clerks, I visited all the carriage repositories to purchase a vehicle, after which I accompanied Mr. Ralli to his country-house to dine. He occupied a pretty little place a few versts from Odessa, with a large fruit and ornamental garden. Mr. Ralli's lady is also a native of Greece, with much of the cleverness and *spirited* character of the educated Greeks. One of her own *bon mots* current in Odes-

sa is, that her husband is consul for the *other world*. A young Italian, with a very pretty wife, dined with us; and after dinner a stroll through the garden, we walked over to Mr. Perseani's, the father of our Russian secretary; another walk in the garden with a party of ladies, tea, and I got back to Odessa in time for a walk on the boulevards, and the opera.

Before my attention was turned to Odessa, I should as soon have thought of an opera-house at Chicago as there; but I already found, what impressed itself more forcibly upon me at every step, that Russia is a country of anomalies. The new city on the Black Sea contains many French and Italian residents, who are willing to give all that is not necessary for food and clothing for the opera; the Russians themselves are passionately fond of musical and theatrical entertainments, and government makes up all deficiencies. The interior of the theatre corresponds with the beauty of its exterior. All the decorations are in good taste, and the Corinthian columns, running from the foot to the top, particularly beautiful. The Opera was the Barber of Seville; the company in *full* undress, and so barbarous as to pay no attention to the performance. I came out about ten o'clock, and after a turn or two on the boulevards, took an ice-cream at the cafe, furnished and fitted up in a style superior to most in Paris, upon the crowd still thronging the boulevards, I could hardly believe that I was really on the borders of the Black Sea.

Having purchased a carriage, and made all my arrangements for starting, I expected to pass this day with an unusual degree of satisfaction; and I

was not disappointed. I have mentioned incidentally the name of a resident in Odessa: and being so far from home, I felt a yearning towards an American. In France or Italy I seldom had this feeling, for there Americans congregate in crowds; but in Turkey or Greece I always rejoiced to meet a compatriot; and when at my arrival at Odessa, before going into the lazaretto, the captain told me that there was an American residing there, high in character and office, who had been twenty years in Russia, I requested him to present my compliments, and say, that if he had not forgotten his fatherland, a countryman languishing in the lazaretto would be happy to see him through the gratings of his prison house. I afterwards regretted having sent this message, as I heard from other sources that he was a prominent man; and during the whole term of my quarantine, I never heard from him personally. I was most agreeably disappointed, however, when on the first day of my release, I met him at dinner at the Spanish consul's. He had been to the Crimea with Count Woronzow; had only returned that morning, and had never heard of my being there until invited to meet him at dinner. I had wronged him by my distrust; for, though he had been twenty years an exile, his heart beat as true as when he left our shores. Who can shake off the feeling that binds him to his native land? Not hardships nor disgrace at home, not favour nor success abroad, not even time, can drive from his mind the land of his birth or the friends of his youthful days.

General Sontag was a native of Philadelphia; had been in our navy, and served as sailing-master

on board the *Wasp*; became dissatisfied, from some cause which he did not mention, left our navy, entered the Russian, and came round to the Black Sea as captain of a frigate; was transferred to the land service, and in the campaign of 1814, entered Paris with the allied armies as colonel of a regiment. In this campaign he formed a friendship with Count Woronzow, which exists in full force at this day. He left the army with the rank of brigadier-general. By the influence of Count Woronzow, he was appointed inspector of the port of Odessa, in which office he stood next in rank to the governor of the Crimea, and, in fact, on one occasion, during the absence of Count Woronzow, lived in the palace, and acted as governor for eight months. He married a lady of rank, with an estate and several hundred slaves at Moscow; wears two or three ribbons at his button-hole, badges of different orders; has gone through the routine of offices and honours, up to the grade of grand counsellor of the empire: and a letter addressed to him under the title of "his excellency," will come to the right hands. He was then living at his country place, about eight versts from Odessa, and asked me to go out and pass the next day with him. I was strongly tempted, but in order that I might have a full benefit of it, postponed the pleasure until I had completed my arrangements for travelling. The next day General Sontag called upon me, but I did not see him; and this morning, accompanied by Mr. Baguet the younger, I rode out to his place. The land about Odessa is a dead level, the road was excessively dry, and we were begrimed with dust when we arrived. General Sontag was waiting for us, and in the true spirit

of an American farmer at home, proposed taking us over his grounds. His farm is his hobby; it contains about six hundred acres, and we walked all over it. His crop was wheat, and, although I am no great judge of these matters, I think I never saw finer. He showed me a field of very good wheat, which had not been sowed in three years, but produced by the seeds of the previous crops. We compared it with our Genesee wheat, and to me it was an interesting circumstance to find an American cultivating land on the Black Sea, and comparing it with the products of our Genesee flats, with which he was perfectly familiar.

One thing particularly struck me, though, as an American, perhaps I ought not to have been so sensitive. A large number of men were at work in the field, and they were all slaves. Such is the force of education and habit, that I have seen hundreds of black slaves without a sensation; but it struck rudely upon me to see white men slaves to an American, and he whose father had been a soldier in the revolution, and had fought to sustain the great principle that "men are by nature free and equal."—Mr. Sontag told me that he valued his farm at six thousand dollars, on which he could live well, have a bottle of Crimea wine, and another every day for a friend, and lay up one thousand dollars a-year; but I was afterwards told that he was an enthusiast on the subject of his farm; a bad manager, and that he really knew nothing of the expense or profit.

Returning to the house, we found Madame Sontag ready to receive us. She is an authoress of great literary reputation, and of such character that,



while the emperor was prosecuting the Turkish war in person, and the empress remained at Odessa, the young archduchesses were placed under her charge. At dinner she talked with much interest of America, and expressed a hope, though not much expectation, of one day visiting it. But General Sontag himself, surrounded as he is by Russian connexions, is all American. Pointing to the ribbon on his button-hole, he said he was entitled to one order which he should value above all others; that his father had been a soldier of the revolution, and member of the Cincinnati Society, and that in Russia the decoration of that order would be to him the proudest badge of honour that an American could wear. After dining, we retired into a little room fitted up as a library, which he calls America, furnished with all the standard American books, Irving, Paulding, Cooper, &c., engravings of distinguished Americans, maps, charts, canal and railroad reports, &c.; and his daughter, a lovely girl and only child, has been taught to speak her father's tongue and love her father's land. In honour of me she played on the piano "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," and the day wore away too soon. We took tea on the piazza, and at parting I received from him a letter to his agent on his estate near Moscow, and from Madame Sontag one which carried me into the imperial household, being directed to "Monsieur l'Intendant du Prince heritiere, Petersbourg." A few weeks ago I received from him a letter, in which he says, "The visit of one of my countrymen is so great a treat, that I can assure you are never forgotten by any one of my little family; and when my daughter wished to make me smile, she is sure

to succeed if she sits down to her piano and plays 'Hail Columbia,' or 'Yankee Doodle;' this brings to mind Mr —, Mr. —, Mr. —, and Mr. —, who have passed through this city; to me alone it brings to my mind my country, parents, friends, youth, and a world of things and ideas past never to return. Should any of our countrymen be coming this way, do not forget to inform them that in Odessa lives one who will be glad to see them;" and I say now to any of you my countrymen whom chance may throw upon the shore of the Black Sea, that if you would receive, so far from home, the welcome of a true hearted American, General Sontag will be glad to render it.

It was early in the evening when I returned to the city. It was moonlight, and I walked immediately to the boulevards. I have not spoken as I ought to have done of this beautiful promenade, on which I walked every evening under the light of a splendid moon. The boulevards are bounded on one side by the precipitous shore of the sea; are three quarters of a mile in length with rows of trees on each side, gravel walks and statues, and terminated at one end by the Exchange, and at the other by the palace of Count Woronzow. At this season of the year it was the promenade of all the beauty and fashion of Odessa, from an hour or two before dark until midnight. This evening the moon was brighter, and the crowd was greater and gayer, than usual. The great number of officers, with their dashing uniforms, the clashing of their swords, and rattling of their spurs, added to the effects; and women never look so interesting as when leaning on the arm of a soldier. Even in Italy or Greece, I

have seldom seen a finer moonlight scene than the columns of the Exchange through the vista of trees lining the boulevards. I expected to leave the next day, and I lingered till a late hour. I strolled up and down the promenade, alone among thousands. I sat upon a bench, and looked for the last time on the Black Sea, the Stormy Euxine, quiet in the moonbeams, and glittering like a lake of burnished silver. By degrees the gay throng disappeared; one after another, party after party withdrew; a few straggling couples, seeming all the world to each other, still lingered, like me, unable to tear themselves away. It was the hour and the place for poetry and feeling. A young officer and a lady were last to leave; they passed by me, but did not notice me; they had lost all outward perceptions; and as, in passing for the last time, she raised her head for a moment, and the moon shone full upon her face, I saw there an expression that spoke of heaven. I followed them as they went out, and murmured involuntarily "Happy dog!" whistled "Heigho, says Thimble!" and went to my hotel to bed.

## CHAPTER XV.

Choice of a Conveyance. Hiring a Servant. Another American. Beginning of Troubles. A Bivouac. Russian Jews. The Steppes of Russia. A Traveller's Story. Approached to Chioff. How to get rid of a Servant. History of Chioff.

I HAD before me a journey of nearly 2000 miles, through a country more than half barbarous, and entirely destitute of all accommodation for travellers. Southern Russia was the Scythia of the Darius, "savage from the remotest time." "All the way," says an old traveller, "I never came in a house, but lodged in the wilderness by the river side, and carried provisions by the way, for there be small succour in those parts," and we were advised that a century had made but little change in the interior of the empire. There were no public conveyances, and we had our choice of three modes of travelling; first by a Jew's waggon, in which the traveller stretches out his bed, and is trundled along like a bale of goods, always with the same horses and therefore, of necessity making slow progress; secondly, and *char de poste*, a mere box of wood on four wheels, with straw in the bottom; very fast, but not to be changed always with the post horses; and, thirdly, posting with our own carriage. We did not hesitate long in choosing the last, and bought a carriage, fortunately a good one, a large *caleche* which an Italian nobleman had got made for his own use in travelling on the continent, and

which he now sold, not because he did not want it, but because he wanted money more. Next we procured a *podoroshni*, under which, "By order of his Majesty Nicholas I., autocrat of all the Russias, from Odessa to Moscow and Petersburgh, all the post-offices were commanded to give ——— and ———, with their servant, four horses with their drivers, at the prices fixed by law." Besides this, it was necessary to give security that we left no debt behind us; and if Mr. Ralli undertakes for all Americans the same obligation he did for me, it may happen that his office of consul will be no sinecure. Next, and this was no trifling matter, we got our passports arranged; the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, by the way, had given me a new passport in Russian, and my companion, that he might travel with the advantages of rank and title, got himself made "noble" by an extra stroke of his consul's pen.

The last thing was to engage a servant. We had plenty of applications, but as very few talked any language we understood, we had not much choice; one, a German, a capital fellow, was the man we wanted, only he could not speak a word of Russian, which was the principal qualification we required in a servant. At length came a Frenchman, with an unusual proportion of whiskers and mustaches, and one of the worst of the desperate *emigres* whom the French Revolution, or rather the Restoration, sent roaming in foreign lands. He had naturally a most unprepossessing physiognomy, and this was heightened by a sabre-cut which had knocked out several of his teeth, and left a huge gash in his cheek and lip, and, moreover, made him

speak very unintelligibly. When I asked him if he was a Frenchman, he drew himself up with great dignity, and replied, "Monsieur, je suis, *Parisien*." His appearance was a gross libel upon the Parisians; but as we could get no one else, we took him, upon little recommendation, the day before our departure, and, during the same day, threatened half a dozen times to discharge him. The police regulation obliging him to pay his debts before leaving Odessa, he seemed to consider peculiarly hard; and all the time he was with us, kept referring to his having been obliged to fritter away thirty or forty roubles before he could leave. We ought to have furnished ourselves with provisions for the whole road to Moscow, and even cooking utensils; but we neglected it, and carried with us only tea and sugar, a tin pot, two tin cups, two tin plates, two knives and forks, and some Bologna sausages, trusting, like Napoleon when he invaded Russia, to make up the rest by foraging.

Before beginning our journey, we had a foretaste of the difficulty of travelling in Russia. We had ordered post-horses three times, and had sent for them morning and evening, and received for answer that there were none in. At the third disappointment, our own consul being out of town, my friend the Spanish consul went with me to the director of the post, and found that during the time in which they had told us they had no horses, they had sent out more than a hundred. Instead of taxing them with their rascality, he talked the matter over very politely, paid the price of the horses, gave them a bonus of ten roubles, and obtained a

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promise, by all the saints in the Russian calendar, for day-light the next morning.

The next morning at eight o'clock the horses came, four shaggy, wild looking little animals, which no comb or brush had ever touched, harnessed with a collar and rope lines. They were tied in with rope traces, all abreast, two on each side the pole, and a postilion with a low wool cap, sheep-skin coat and trowsers, the woolly side next the skin, who would make an English whip stare, mounted the box. Henri followed, and my companion and myself took our seats within. The day before we had a positive quarrel upon a point unnecessary here to mention, in which I thought, and still think, he acted wrong, and the dispute had run so high that I told him I regretted exceedingly having made arrangements for travelling with him, and proposed even then to part company; he objected, and as we had purchased a carriage jointly, and particularly as our passports were prepared, our *podoroshni* made out, and servants hired in our joint names, I was fain to go on; and in this inauspicious humour towards each other, we set out for a journey of nearly 2000 miles, through a wild and desolate country, among a half-uncivilised people, whose language we could not understand, and with a servant whom we distrusted and disliked.

In spite of all this, however, I felt a high degree of excitement in starting for the capital of Russia; and I will do my companion the justice to say that he had always been ready to receive my advances, and to do more than meet me half way, which I afterwards learned from an apprehension of the

taunts of his companions, who, not satisfied with getting rid of him, had constantly told him that it was impossible for an Englishman and an American to travel together, and that we would quarrel and fight the first day. I believe that I am enough of an American in my head; I met many Englishmen, and with some formed a friendship which I trust will last through life: and among all I met, these two were the only *young* men so far behind the spirit of the age as to harbour such a thought. I did meet one *old* gentleman, who, though showing me personally the greatest kindness, could not forget the old grudge. But men cannot be driving their elbows into each other's ribs, comparing money accounts, and consulting upon the hundred little things that present themselves on such a journey, without getting upon at least sociable terms; and before night of the first day, the feelings of my companion and myself had undergone a decided change.

But to go back to Odessa. At the barrier we found a large travelling-carriage stopping the way, in which was my friend M. Ralli, with his lady, on his way to Nicolaïf; part of his business here was to erect a monument to the memory of a deceased countryman. Mr. Munroe, son of a former post-master in Washington, is another instance of the success of American adventures in Russia. He went out to St. Petersburg, with letters from the Russian ambassador and others, and entered the army, the only road to distinction in Russia. He accompanied the Grand duke Constantine to Poland, and was made one of his aide-de-camps; and on the death of Constantine was transferred to the staff



of the Emperor Nicholas. At the time of the invasion of Turkey by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pacha, Mr. Munroe held the rank of colonel in the army sent to the aid of the sultan. While the Russians were encamped at the foot of the Giant's Mountain, he visited Constantinople, and became acquainted with the American missionaries, who all spoke of him in the highest terms. He was a tall, well-made man, carried himself with a military air, and looked admirably well in the Russian uniform. On the withdrawal of the Russians from the Black Sea, Mr. Munroe was left in some charge at Nicolaïf, where he died in the opening of a brilliant career. I heard of him all over Russia, particularly from officers of the army; and being often asked if I knew him, regretted to be obliged to answer no. But though personally unacquainted, as an American I was gratified with the name he had left behind him.

To return again to our journey; a few roubles satisfied the officers at the barrier that we were carrying nothing prohibited out of the free port of Odesa; and we started on a full run, to the great peril of our necks, and, to use the climax of a Dutch proclamation, "what's more, of breaking our carriage." In less than an hour we brought up before the door of a post-house. Our wheels were smoking when we stopped. On our hind axle we carried a basket of grease; half a dozen bipeds in sheep skins whipped off the wheels and greased them; four quadrupeds were tied to the carriage, another bety mounted the box, and we were off again at a full run. My companion undertook to keep a memorandum of

expenses, and we put a certain sum in a purse, and paid out of it till all was gone. This was a glorious beginning for a journey of two thousand miles. The country possessed little interest, being mostly level, and having but few villages. On the way we saw a natural phenomenon that is common in Egypt and the East, where the country is level, and know it by the name of *mirage*.

At a distance it seemed a mere pond or lake, and a drove of cattle passing over it looked as if they were walking in the water. We rolled on rapidly all day, passed through Bargarda, Kodurseve, and Pakra, timing every village, with a particularity which it would be tedious here to repeat, and at about eight in the evening dashed out into the little town of Voznezeuski, 130 versts from Odessa. Here we came to a dead stand. We had begun to entertain some apprehensions from the conduct of Monsieur Henri, who complained of the hardness of his seat, and asked if we did not intend to stop at night, recommended Voznezeuski as a place where we could sleep in the post-house, we told him that we had no idea of stopping but to change horses, and should go on immediately.

Voznezeuski lies on the river Bog, and is the chief town of the Cossacks of the Bog. This river is navigable for large vessels 150 versts, it is full of cataracts. The cossacks of the Bog are a warlike tribe, numbering from six to seven thousand, all living under the same military system with the Cossacks of the Don. But we fell into worse hands than the Cossacks. The postmaster was a Jew, and at first told us that he had no horses; then

that he had no postilion, but would hire one if we would pay him a certain sum, about four times the amount fixed by law. We had been obliged before to pay a few extra roubles, but this was our first serious difficulty with the postmasters; and in pursuance of the advice received in Odessa, we talked loud, demanded the book that is laid on the table in every post-house for travellers to enter complaints in, and threatened the vengeance of Count Woronzow and every one else, up to the emperor; but the Jew laughed in our faces; looked in our *pooroshni*, where we were described as simple travellers, without any of the formidable array of titles which procure respect in Russia; told us that we were no grand seigneurs, and that we must either pay the price or wait, as our betters had done before us. We found too soon, as we had been advised at Odessa, that these fellows do not know such a character in society as a private gentleman; and if a man is not described in his *podoroshni* as a count, duke, or lord of some kind, or by some high sounding military title, they think he is a merchant, manufacturer, or some other common fellow, and pay no regard to him. I relied somewhat upon my companion's having been made "noble," but now found that his consul had been rather too chary of his honours, and, by the Russian word used, had not put him up high enough to be of any use. We had a long wrangle with the Jew, the result of which was, that we told him, probably in no very gentle phrase, that we would wait a month rather than submit to his extortion; and, drawing up the window of the carriage, prepared to pass the night at the door of the post-house.

One of our party was evidently well satisfied with this arrangement, and he was Monsieur Henri. We had hired him by day to Moscow, and, if we wanted him to St. Petersburg, and very soon saw he was perfectly content with the terms, and in no hurry to bring our journey to a close. From the moment of our arrival, we suspected him of encouraging the postmaster in his efforts to detain us, and were so much fortified in this opinion by after circumstances, that when he was about moving towards the house to pass the night within, we peremptorily ordered him to mount the box and sleep there. He refused, we insisted; and as this was the first day out and the first moment of actual collision, and it was all-important to decide who should be master, we told him that if he did not obey, we would discharge him on the spot, at the risk of being obliged to work our way back to Odesa alone. And as he felt that, in that case, his debts would have been paid to no purpose, with a string of suppressed *sacres* he took his place on the box. Our carriage was very comfortable, well lined and stuffed, furnished with pockets, and every thing necessary for the road, and we expected to sleep in it; but, to tell the truth, we felt rather cheap as we woke during the night, and looked at the shut door of the post-house, and thought of the Jew sleeping away in utter contempt of us, and our only satisfaction was in hearing occasional groans from Henri.

The worthy individual did not oversleep himself, nor did he suffer the Jew to do so either. Early in the morning, without a word on our part, the horses were brought out and harnessed to our vehicle, and

the same man who professed to have hired expressly for us; and, who no doubt, was the regular postilion, mounted to the box. The Jew maintained his impudence to the last, coming round to my window, and then asking a few roubles as a *douceur*. Good English would have been thrown away upon him, so I resented it by drawing up the window of the carriage; and scowling at him through the glass.

Many of the postmasters along this road were Jews; and I am compelled to say that they were always the greatest scoundrels we had to deal with; and this is placing them on very high ground, for their inferiors in rascality would be accounted masters in any other country. No men can bear a worse character than the Russian Jews, and I can truly say that I found them all they were represented to be. They are not allowed to come within the territory of old Russia. Peter the Great refused the application to be permitted to approach nearer, smoothing his refusal by telling them that his Russian subjects were greater Jews than they were themselves. The sagacious old monarch, however, was wrong; for all the money business along the road is in their hands. They keep little taverns, where they sell *vodka*, a species of brandy, and wring from the peasant all his earnings, lending the money again to the seigneurs, at exorbitant interest. Many of them are rich, and though alike despised by rich and poor, by the seigneurs and the serf, they are proud of exhibiting their wealth, particularly in the jewels and ornaments of their women. At Savouka, a little village on the confines of old Poland, where we were detained waiting for horses, I saw a young girl about sixteen, a Polonese, sit-

ting on the steps of a miserable little tavern, sewing together some ribbons, with a head-dress of brown cloth, ornamented with gold chains and pearls worth 600 roubles, diamond ear-rings worth 100, and a necklace of ducats and other Dutch gold pieces worth 400 roubles; altogether, in our currency, worth perhaps 250 dollars.

Here, too, while sitting with Henri on the steps of the post-house, I asked him in a friendly way how he could be such a rascal as to league with the post-master to detain us at Voznezeuski, whereupon he went at once into French heroics, exclaiming "Monsieur, je suis vieux militaire—j'étais chasseur Napoléon—mon honneur," &c.; that he had never travelled before except with grand seigneurs, and then in the carriage, more as *compagnon de voyage* than as a servant, and intimated that it was great condescension to be with us at all.

We passed through several villages, so much alike, and so uninteresting in appearance, that I did not note even their names. As night approached, we had great apprehensions that Henri would contrive to make us stop again; but the recollection of his bed on the box served as a lesson, and we rolled on without interruption. At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates at the long chain of the Urals, which rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain was covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands,

mostly uncultivated, yet every where capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant, and which, within the last year, we have seen brought 6000 miles to our doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans or waggons; there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be covered with snow. I had some anxiety about our carriage; the spokes of the wheels were all strengthened and secured by cords wound tightly around them, and interlaced so as to make a network; but the postilions were so perfectly reckless as to the fate of our carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired; and the remark of the old traveller is yet emphatically true, "there be small succour in these parts."

At about nine o'clock we whirled furiously into a little village, and stopped at the door of the post-house. Our wheels were smoking with the rapidity of their revolutions; Henri dashed a bucket of water over them to keep them from burning, and half a dozen men whipped them off and greased them. Indeed, greasing the wheels is necessary at every post, as otherwise the hubs become dry, so that there is actual danger of their taking fire; and

there is a *traveller's* story told (but I do not vouch for its truth) of a postilion, waggon, and passengers, being all burnt up, on the road to Moscow, by the ignition of the wheels.

The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw, and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good every where in Russia, and Moscow the whitest I ever saw. Henri was an enormous feeder; and wherever we stopped, he disappeared for a moment, and came out with a loaf of bread in his hand and his mustache covered with the froth of *quass*, a Russian small beer. He said he was not always so voracious, but his seat was so hard, and he was so roughly shaken, that eating did him no good.

Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle; but all the way from Odessa, the principal objects were long trains of waggons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandise towards Moscow, or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The waggoners were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of the animal to that of the other, were they remained till worn out or eaten up by the



vermin. They had among them blacksmiths and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammers, and tools, and every thing necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads; and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the waggons in a square, building a large fire, and sleeping around it. About mid-day we saw clouds gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments, passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

Late in the afternoon we met the travelling equipage of a seigneur returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbrous vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a corpulent Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all around with pillows and cushions, almost burying every part of him but his face, and looking the very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, and with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage, fitted out in the same luxurious style with the seigneur's lady and a little girl; then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggage, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on every where about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles. Altogether it was an equipage in the caravan style, somewhat the

same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provisions and every thing necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure any thing on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the post-house. We had constant difficulties with Henri and the postmasters, but, except when detained for an hour or two by these petty tyrants, we rolled on all night, and in the morning again woke upon the same boundless plain.

The post-house was usually in a village, but sometimes stood alone, the only object to be seen on the great plain. Before it was always a high square post with black and white stripes, marking the number of versts from station to station; opposite to this Henri dismounted and presented his *podoroshni*, or imperial order for horses. But the postmasters were high above the laws; every one of them seemed a little autocrat in his own right, holding his appointment rather to prey upon than to serve travellers; and the emperor's government would be but badly administered if his ukases, and other high-sounding orders, did not carry with them more weight than his *podoroshni*. The postmasters obeyed it when they pleased, and when they did not, made a new bargain. They always had an excuse; as, for instance, that they had no horses, or were keeping them in reserve for a courier or grand seigneur; but they listened to reason when enforced by roubles, and as soon as a new bargain was made, half a dozen animals in sheepskin went out on the plain and drove between fifteen and

twenty horses, small, rugged, and tough, with long and shaggy manes and tails, which no comb or brush had ever touched, and, driving among them promiscuously, caught four, put on rope head-stalls, and tied them to our rope traces. The postilion mounted the box and shouting and whipping his horses, and sometimes shutting his eyes, started from the post on a full gallop, carried us like the wind, *ventre a terre*, over the immense plain, sometimes without rut or any visible mark to guide him, and brought us up all standing in front of the next post. A long delay and a short post, and this was the same, over and over again, during the whole journey. The time actually consumed in making progress was incredibly short, and I do not know a more beautiful way of getting over the ground than posting in Russia with a man of high military rank, who can make the postmasters give him horses immediately on his arrival. As for us, after an infinite deal of vexation and at a ruinous expense, on the morning of the fourth day we were within one post of Chioff. Here we heard with great satisfaction that a diligence was advertised for Moscow, and we determined at once to get rid of carriage, posting, and Henri. We took our seats for our last time in the *caleche*, gave the postilion a double allowance of *kopecks*, and in half an hour saw at a great distance the venerable city of Chioff, the ancient capital of Russia. It stands at a great height, on the crest of an amphitheatre of hills, which rise abruptly in the middle of an immense plain, apparently thrown up by some wild freak of nature, at once curious, unique, and beautiful. The style of its architecture is admirably

calculated to give effect to its peculiar position ; and after a dreary journey over the wild plains of the Ukraine, it breaks upon the traveller with all the glittering and gorgeous splendour of an Asiatic city. For many centuries it has been regarded as the Jerusalem of the North, the sacred and holy city of the Russians ; and long before reaching it, its numerous convents and churches, crowning the summit and hanging on the sides of the hill, with their quadrupled domes, and spires, and chains, and crosses, gilded with ducat gold and glittering in the sun, gave the whole city the appearance of golden splendour. The churches and monasteries have one large dome in the centre, with a spire surmounted by a cross, and several smaller domes around it, also with spires and crosses connected by pendant chains, and all gilded so purely that they never tarnish. We drove rapidly to the foot of the hill, and ascended by a long wooden paved road to the heart of the city.

During the whole of our last post, our interest had been divided between the venerable city and the rogue Henri. My companion, who, by the way, spoke but little French, disliked him from the first. We had long considered him in league with all the Jews and postmasters on the road, and had determined, under no circumstances, to take him farther than Chioff ; but as we had hired him to Moscow, the difficulty was how to get rid of him. He might take it into his head that, if we did not know when we had a good servant, he knew when he had good masters ; but he was constantly grumbling about his seat, and calculated upon three or four days' rest at Chioff. So, as soon as we drove

up to the door of the hotel, we told him to order breakfast and posthorses. He turned round as if he had not fully comprehended us. We repeated the order, and, for the first time since he had been with us, he showed something like agility in dismounting, fairly threw himself from the box, swore he would not ride another verst that day for a thousand roubles, and discharged us on the spot. We afterwards paid him to his entire satisfaction, indemnifying him for the money he had squandered in paying his debts at Odessa, and found him more useful at Chioff than he had been at any time on the road. Indeed, we afterwards learned what was rather ludicrous, viz., that he, our pilot and interpreter, through the wilderness of Russia, knew but little more of Russian than we did ourselves. He could ask for posthorses and the ordinary necessities of life, count money, &c., but could not support a connected conversation, nor speak nor understand a long sentence. This changed our suspicions of his honesty into admiration of his impudence; but, in the mean time, when he discharged us, we should have been rather destitute if it had not been for the servant of a Russian traveller who spoke French, and, taking our direction from him, we mounted a drosky and rode to the office of the diligence, which was situated in the Podelsk, or lower town, and at which we found ourselves particularly well received by the proprietor. He said that the attempt to run a diligence was discouraging; that he had advertised two weeks, and had not booked a single passenger; but, if he could get two, he was determined to try the experiment. We examined the vehicle, which was

very large and convenient, and, satisfied that there was no danger of all the places being taken, we left him until we could make an effort to dispose of our carriage. Relieved from all anxiety as to our future movements, we again mounted our drosky. Ascending the hill, we passed the fountain where St. Valdimir baptised the first Russian converts; the spring is held sacred by the Christians now; and a column bearing a cross is erected over it, to commemorate the pious act of the ancient sovereignty of Chioff.

The early history of this city is involved in some obscurity. Its name is supposed to be derived from Kiovi or Kii, a Sarmatian word signifying heights or mountains; and its inhabitants, a Sarmatian tribe, were denominated Kivi, or mountaineers. It is known to have been a place of consequence in the fifth century, when the Suevi, driven from their settlements on the Danube, established themselves here and at Novogorod. In the beginning of the tenth century, it was the capital, and most celebrated and opulent city in Russia, or, in that part of Europe. Boleslaus the Terrible notched upon its "golden gate" his "miraculous sword," called by the monks "the sword of God," and the Poles entered and plundered it of its riches. In the latter part of the same century, the capital of Russia, again fell before the conquering arms of the Poles. Kieve was at that time the foster-child of Constantinople and the Eastern empire. The Voluptuous Greeks had stored it with all the luxuries of Asia; the noble architecture of Athens was festooned with the gaudy tapestry of Lydia, and the rough metal of Russian swords embossed with the

polished gold of Ophir and Persia, Boleslaus II., shut up within the "golden gate" of this city of voluptuousness, quaffed the bowl of pleasure till its intoxicating draught degraded all the noble energies of his nature. His army of warriors followed his example, and slept away month after month on the soft couches of Kiev; and in the language of the historian, as if they had eaten of the fabled fruit of the lotus-tree, at length forgot that their houses were without masters, their wives without husbands, and their children without parents.

But these tender relations were not in like manner oblivious: after seven years absence, the Poles were roused from their trance of pleasure by the tidings of a revolt among the women at home who, tired of waiting their return, in revenge gave themselves up to the embraces of their slaves. Burning under the disgrace, the Poles hurried home to wreak their vengeance on wives and paramours; but they met at Warsaw a bloody resistance; the women maddened by despair urged on their lovers, many of them fighting in person, and seeking out on the battlefield their faithless husbands—an awful warning to married men!

For a long time Kiev was the prey alternately of the Poles, the Lithuanians, and the Tartars, until in 1686, it was finally ceded by the Poles to Russia. The city is composed of three distinct quarters; the old, with its Polish fortifications, containing the emperor's palace, and being the court end; the Petcherk fortress, built by Peter the Great, with ditches and high ramparts, and an arsenal capable of containing eighty or a hundred thousand stands of arms; and the Podolsk, or business parts, situated

at the foot of the hill on the banks of the Dnieper. It contains 30,000 inhabitants, besides a large military garrison, partly of Cossack troops, and one pretty hotel but no beds, and none of those soft couches which made the hardy Poles sleep away their senses; and though a welcome resting-place for a traveller through the wild plains of Russia, it does not now possess any such attraction as to put in peril the faith and duties of husbands. By its position, secluded from intercourse with strangers, Kiev is still thoroughly a Russian city, retaining in full force its Asiatic style of architecture; and the old Russian, wedded to the manners and customs of his fathers, clings to a place which the hand of improvement has not yet reached; among other relics of the olden time, the long beard still flourishes with the same solemn dignity as in the days of Peter the Great. Lying a hundred miles away from the direct road between Moscow and the Black Sea, few European travellers visit it; and though several of them have done so since, perhaps I was the first American who ever passed through it.

We passed the morning in riding round to the numerous convents and churches, among which is the church of St. Sophia, the oldest in Russia, and, if not an exact model of the great St. Sophia, of Constantinople, at least of Byzantine design; and towards evening went to the emperor's garden. This garden is more than a mile in length, bounded on one side by the high precipitous bank of the hill, undulating in its surface, and laid out like an English park, with lawn, gravel walks, and trees; it contains houses of refreshments, harbours or sum-



mer-houses, and a summer theatre. At the foot of the hill flows the Dnieper, the ancient Borysthenes, on which, in former days, the descendants of Odin and Ruric descended to plunder Constantinople. Two or three sloops were lying as it were asleep in the lower town, telling of a still interior country, and beyond was a boundless plain covered with a thick forest of trees. The view from this band was unique and extraordinary, entirely different from any thing I ever saw in natural scenery, and resembling more than any thing else a boundless marine prospect.

At the entrance of the garden is an open square or table of land overlooking the Plain, where, every evening at seven o'clock, the military band plays. The garden is the fashionable promenade, the higher classes resorting to it in carriage and on horseback, and the common people on foot; the display of equipages was not striking, although there is something stylish in the Russian manner of driving four horses, the leaders with very long traces and a postilion; and soldiers and officers, with their splendid uniforms, caps, and plumes, added a brilliant effect.

Before the music began, all returned from the promenade or drive in the garden, and gathered in the square. It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and the assembly was unusually large and brilliant; the carriages drew up in a line, they let down the glasses, and the cavaliers dismounted, and talked and flirted with them just as in civilised countries. All Chioff was there; and the peasant in his dirty sheepskin jacket, the shopkeeper with his long surt-out and beard, the postilion on his horse, the

coachman on his box, the dashing soldier, the haughty noble, and supercilious lady, touched by the chord, forgot their temporal distinctions, and listened to the swelling strains of the music till the last note died away. The whole mass was then in motion, and in a few moments, except by a few stragglers, of whom I was one, the garden was deserted. At about ten o'clock I returned to my hotel. We had no beds, and slept on our cloaks on settees stuffed with straw and covered with leather. We had no coverlets; still, after four days and nights in a carriage, it was a luxury to have plenty of kicking room.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

A lucky Encounter. Church of the Catacombs. A visit to the Saints. A tender Parting. Pilgrims. Rough Treatment. A Scene of Starvation. Russian Serfs. Devotion of the Serfs. Approach to Moscow.

EARLY in the morning, while I was standing in the yard of the hotel, chaffering with some Jews about the sale of our carriage, an officer in a faded, threadbare uniform, with two or three ribbons at his button-hole, and stars sparkling on his breast, came up, and taking me by the hand, told, in capital English, that he had just heard of the arrival of two English gentlemen, and had hurried down to see them; that he was a great admirer of the English, and happy to have an opportunity, in the interior of his own country, to show its hospitalities to the natives of the Island Queen. At the risk of losing

the benefit of his attentions, I was obliged to disclaim my supposed English character, and to publish, in the heart of grinding despotism, that I was a citizen of a free republic. Nor did I suffer for my candour; for, by one of these strange vagaries which sometimes happen, we cannot tell how or why, this officer in the service of Russia had long looked to America and her republican government as the perfection of an ideal system. He was in Chioff only by accident. Wounded in the last campaign against the Turks, he had taken up his abode at Ismail, where, upon a pension and a pittance of his own, he was able to live respectably as a poor officer. With no friends or connexions, and no society at Ismael, his head seemed to have run principally upon two things, apparently having no connexion with each other, but intimately connected in his mind, viz., the British possessions in India and the United States of America; and the cord that bound them together was the wide diffusion of the English language by means of these powerful agents. He told me more than ever I knew of the constitution and government of the East India Company, and their operations; and in regard to our own country, his knowledge was astonishing; he knew the names and character and talked familiarly of our principal men, from the time of Washington to the present day; had read all our standard works, and was far more familiar with those of Franklin, Irving, &c., than I was; in short, he told me that he had read every Americian book, pamphlet, or paper, he could lay his hands on; and so intimate was his knowledge of detail, that he mentioned Chesnut Street by name as one of the principal streets in

Philadelphia. It may be supposed that I was not sorry to meet such a man in the heart of Russia. He devoted himself to us, and seldom left us, except at night, until we left the city.

After breakfast, accompanied by our new friend with as unpronounceable a name as the best in Russia, we visited the catacombs of the Petcherskoi monastery. I have before remarked that Chioff is the holy city of the Russians, and the crowds of pilgrims we met at every turn in the streets constantly reminded us that this was the great season of the pilgrimage. I was but imperfectly acquainted with the Russian character, but in no one particular had I been so ignorant as in regard to their religious impressions. I had seen Italian, Greek, and Turkish devotees, but the Russians surpassed them all; and though deriving their religion from strangers, they exceed the punctilious Greeks themselves in the observance of its minutest forms. Censurable, indeed would he be who should pass, in city or in highway, the figure of the cross, the image of the Virgin, or any of the numerous family of the saints, without taking off his hat and making on his breast the sacred sign of the cross, and in a city like Chioff, where every turn presents some new object claiming their worship, the eyes of our drosky boy were rapidly turning from one side to the other, and his hand was almost constantly in a quick mechanical motion.

The church of the Catacombs, or the Cathedral of the Assumption, attached to the monastery, stands a little out of the city, on the banks of the Dnieper. It was founded in 1073, and has seven golden domes with golden spires, and chains connecting

them. The dome of the belfrey, which rises above the hill to the height of above 300 feet, and above the Dnieper to that of 586, is considered by the Russians a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture. It is adorned with Doric and Ionic columns and Corinthian pilasters; the whole interior bears the venerable garb of antiquity, and is richly ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones and paintings; indeed, it is altogether far superior to any Greek Church I had then seen.

In the immense catacombs under the monastery lie the unburied bodies of the Russian saints; and year after year thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia and the confines of Tartary, to kneel at their feet and pray. In one of the porches of the church we bought wax tapers and, with a long procession of pilgrims, bareheaded and with lighted tapers in our hand, descended a wooden staircase to the mouth of the catacomb. On each side along the staircase was ranged a line of devotees, of the same miserable description I had so often seen about the churches of Italy and Greece. Entering the excavated passages of the catacombs, the roof of which was black from the smoke of candles, we saw on each side, in niches in the walls, and in open coffins, enveloped in wrappers of cloth and silk, ornamented with gold and silver, the bodies of the Russian saints. These saints are persons who have led particularly pure and holy lives, and by reason thereof have ascended into heaven, where they are supposed to exercise an influence with the Father and the Son; and their bodies are left unburied, that their brethren may come to them for intercession, and, seeing their honours after

death, study to imitate them in the purity of their lives. The bodies are laid in open coffins, with the stiffened hands so placed as to receive the kisses of pilgrims, and on their breasts are written their names, and sometimes a history of their virtuous actions. But we saw there other and worse things than these, monuments of wild and desperate fanaticism; for besides the bodies of saints who had died at God's appointed time, in one passage is a range of small windows, where men had with their own hands built themselves in with stones against the wall, leaving open only a small hole by which to receive their food; and died with the impious thought that they were doing their Maker good service. These little windows close their dwelling and their tomb; and the devoted Russian, while he kneels before them, believes that their unnatural death has purchased for them everlasting life, and place and power among the spirits of the blessed.

We wandered a long time in this extraordinary burial-place, every where strewed with the kneeling figures of praying pilgrims. At every turn we saw hundreds from the farthest parts of the immense empire of Russia; perhaps at that time more than 300 were wandering in these sepulchral chambers.

The last scene I shall never forget. More than a hundred were assembled in a little chapel around which were arranged the bodies of men who had died in peculiar sanctity. All were kneeling on the rocky floor; and an old priest, with a long white beard streaming down his breast, was in the midst of them; and all there, even to the little children, listened with rapt attention, as if he were preaching to them matter of eternal moment. There was no hypo-

crisy nor want of faith in that vast sepulchre ; surrounded by their sainted dead, they were searching the way to everlasting life, and in all honesty believed that they saw the way before them. We ascended once more to the regions of upper air, and stopped a few moments in the courtyard of the monastery, where the beggar pilgrims were eating the hard bread distributed to them by the monks from the bounty of the government. He was a liberal in religion as well as in politics, but he crossed himself every where most devoutly, to avoid, as he said, offending the prejudices of his countrymen, though once he scandalised a group of pilgrims by cross-questioning a monk about a new saint, who seemed to be receiving more than a usual share of veneration, and who, he said, had been canonized since he was there last.

But there is a time for all things, and nothing is more absolutely fixed by nature's laws than a time for dinner. Almost at the first moment of our acquaintance, the major had told me of an engraving representing a scene in New York, which was to be found at a second or third rate hotel ; and I proposed to him, in compliment to the honest publican who had the good taste to have such a picture in his house, to go there and dine. We went ; and in a large room something like a bar-room in our hotels, saw on one of the walls, in a black wooden frame, a gaudy and flaring engraving, representing the pulling down of the statue of George II. in the Bowling Green. The Bowling Green was associated with my earliest recollections. It had been my play-ground when a boy ; hundreds of times I had climbed over its fence for my ball, and I was one

of a band of boys who held on to it long after the corporation invaded our rights. Captain Cook mentions the effect produced upon his crew by finding at one of the savage islands he visited a silver spoon marked "London;" my feelings were, in a small way, of the same nature. The grouping of the picture was rude and grotesque, the ringleader being a long negro stripped to his trousers, and straining with all his might upon a rope, one end of which was fastened to the head of the statue, and the other tied around his own waist, his white teeth and the whites of his eyes being particularly conspicuous on a heavy ground of black. It was a poor specimen of art, but it was a home scene; we drew up our table opposite the picture, and here, in the very head-quarters of despotism, I found a liberal spirit of an officer wearing the uniform of of the autocrat, who pledged me in the toast, "Success to liberty throughout the world."

I had another occupation which savoured more of home, and served to keep my faculties from rusting; and that was the sale of our carriage. We had made a calculation, and found that it would be cheaper, to say nothing of other advantages, to give it away, and take the diligence to Moscow, than go on posting. We accordingly offered it for sale, and every time we returned to the house found a group of Jews examining it. The poor thing found no favour in their eyes; they told us that we had been riding in it at peril of our lives: that we might be thankful it had not broken down on the road; and, in short, that it was worth nothing except for old iron, and for that it was worth forty-five roubles, or about *nine dollars*. We could not



stand this. It had cost us one hundred and forty less than a week before, was cheap at that, and as good now as when we bought it. On the eve of our departure, therefore, we offered it to our landlord for three days' board; but the old Turk (he was a Jew turned Christian, and in his regenerated worse than his natural state) refused our offer, thinking that we would go away and leave it on his hands. But we resolved to burn it first; and while hesitating about offering it to our friend the major, he relieved us from all delicacy by telling us that he did not want it, and had no horses to put to it; to save us from imposition, he would willingly give us the full value, but he was not worth the money. He had, however, a piece of fifty roubles, or about ten dollars, in his pocket, and if we would take that, he would keep the carriage as a souvenir. We gladly accepted his offer, and had the satisfaction of finding that we had grievously disappointed both the Jews and our landlord.

In the morning the proprietor of the diligence, learning that we had sold our vehicle, raised the price of places fifty roubles a-piece; the major heard it, and insisted upon our taking back the carriage, when the proprietor took another tone, talked of the expense of sending his huge vehicle with only two passengers, and we listened and assented. We started to accompany him, and just at the door of the hotel saw two runaway horses coming furiously down the street with a drosky, and an officer entangled and dragging on the ground. We picked him up, and carried him into the hotel. He was a noble-looking man, who but a few minutes before had attracted my attention by his proud and manly

bearing, now a miserable, mangled object, his clothes torn, his plume soiled with mud, and his face covered with dust and blood, and, when we left him, it was uncertain whether he would live or die.

The major accompanied us to the office of the diligence, and our parting was rather tender; he rubbed his mustache on both my cheeks, wrote his name in my memorandum book, and I gave him my address; he said that our visit had been an interlude relieving the dull monotony of his life; that we were going to new scenes, and would soon forget him, but he would not forget us. Nor shall I forget him although it is not probable that I will ever meet him again.

We took our seats in the diligence for Moscow, and set off with an uncommon degree of satisfaction at having got rid of posting and of Henri, and, with them of all our troubles. We had nothing to do; no wrangling with postmasters, no cheating to undergo from Jews, and were in that happy state which made the honest Hibernian indifferent to an upset or a break down; that is to say, we were merely passengers. With great pomp and circumstance we drove through the principal streets, to advise the Knickerbockers of Chioff of the actual departure of the long talked of diligence, the conducteur sounding his trumpet, and the people stopping in the streets and running to the doors to see the extraordinary spectacle.

We descended the long wooden road to the river, and crossed the Dnieper on a bridge about half a mile long. On the opposite bank I turned for the last time to the sacred city, and I never saw any thing more unique and strikingly beautiful than the

high, commanding position of "this city on a hill," crowned with its golden cupolas and domes, that reflected the sun with dazzling brightness.

For a short distance the country was rather undulating, but soon settled into the regular steppe. We rolled on all day without any thing to annoy us, or even interest us, except processions of pilgrims on their way to Chioff. They travelled on foot in bands of one or two hundred, men, women, and children, headed by a white-bearded monk, bare-footed, and leaning on a staff. During the night I was roused by a loud chant, and, looking out, saw a group of more than a hundred pilgrims gathered round a fire, with an old monk in the midst of them breaking the stillness of the night with songs of devotion; and all the night long, as we rode swiftly by, I saw by the bright moonlight, groups of forty, fifty, or a hundred, lying by the roadside asleep under the trees. More than fifty thousand pilgrims that year visited the catacombs of Kiev, coming from every part of the immense empire of Russia, and many from Kamschatka and the most distant region of Siberia, performing the whole journey on foot, seldom sleeping under a roof, and living upon the precarious charity of the miserable peasants on the road. I have since seen the gathering of pilgrims at Jerusalem, and the whole body moved together from the gates of the city to bathe in the Jordan, and I have seen the great caravan of forty thousand true believers tracking their desolate way through the deserts of Arabia to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca; but I remember, as if they were before me now, the groups of Russian pilgrims strewed along the road, and sleeping under the pale moonlight,

the bare earth their bed, the heavens their only covering.

In the morning we stopped at a little town, where the post house had in front four Corinthian columns supporting a balcony. Inside, mats were placed against the broken windows, the walls were rough logs, the floor of mud, with pigs and children disputing its possession, and the master and mistress stood in special need of the purifying influence of a Russian bath. We brought the tea-urn out on the balcony, and had a cow brought up and milked in our presence. After breakfast, we lighted our pipes and strolled up the street. At the upper end, an old man in a civil uniform hailed us from the opposite side, and crossed over to meet us; supposing him to be some dignitary disposed to show us the civilities of the town, we waited to receive him with all becoming respect; but, as he approached, were rather startled by the loud tone of his voice, and the angry expression of his face, and more so when, as soon as within reach, he gave my pipe-stick a severe rap with his cane, and knocked it out of my mouth, broke the bowl, and scattered the contents on the ground. I picked up the stick, and should, perhaps, have laid it over his head but for his grey hairs; and my companion, seeing him tread out the sparks of fire, recollected that there was a severe penalty in Russia against smoking in the streets. The houses are all of wood; whole villages and towns are often burned down at once, and probably the old man had begun by a civil intimation to that effect; but indignant at my quietly smoking in his face, had used more summary measures. He was in a perfect fury; and calling at the top of his voice

to a man in the street, the latter went off with such a suspicious looking-for-a-police-officer movement, that we hurried back to the diligence, which happened to be ready and waiting for us, and started from the town on a full run.

The night, in a miserable post-house in a miserable village, we found an old billiard table. It seemed strangely out of place, and I had a great curiosity to know how it had found its way there; but it was twelve o'clock, and all were asleep but the postilion. I can give no account of the rest of the night's work. I had a large cushioned seat of the diligence to myself, certainly the softest bed I had yet had in Russia; and when I put my feet out of the window, it was so comfortable that I felt myself in some danger of falling into luxurious habits.

At daylight we arrived in a large village, the inhabitants of which were not stirring, and yellow-bearded fellows, in sheep skin dresses and caps, lying on their backs asleep, each of them with a log of wood under his head for a pillow. I descended from the diligence, and found that the whole village consisted of a single street, with log houses on each side, having their gable ends in front; the doors were all open, and I looked in and saw men and women with all their clothes on, pigs, sheep, and children strewed about the floor.

In every house was the image of Panagia, or the Holy Virgin, or the picture of some tutelary saint, the face only visible, the rest covered with a tin frame, with a lamp or taper burning before it; and regularly as the serf rose, he prostrated himself and made his orisons at this domestic shrine.

About noon we passed the chateau and grounds

of a seigneur ; belonging to the chateau was a large church standing in a conspicuous situation, with a green dome, surmounted by the Greek cross ; and round it were the miserable and filthy habitations of his slaves. Entering the village, we saw a spectacle of wretchedness and misery seldom surpassed even on the banks of the Nile. The whole population was gathered in the streets in a state of absolute starvation. The miserable serfs had not raised themselves enough to supply themselves with food, and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets, or sitting in the door ways, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau, and distribute among them bread.

I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of comparison between that country and my own, but it was with deep humiliation I felt that the most odious feature in that despotic government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the Republic of the United States, every country in the civilized world can respond to the proud boast of English common law, that the moment a slave sets foot on her soil he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated ; but I do not hesitate to say that, abroad, slavery stands as a blot upon our national character. There it will not admit any palliation ; stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions ; it belies our words and our hearts ; and the American who would be most prompt to repel any calumny upon his country, withers under

this reproach, and writhes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the north of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, generally wanting the comforts which are supplied to the negro on our best ordered plantations, appeared to me not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed the marks of personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the white race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the sultan's.

The serfs of Russia differ from slaves with us, in the important particular that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold except with the estate; they may change masters, but cannot be torn from their connexions or their birth-place. One-sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belong to the crown, and inhabit the imperial demesne, and pay an annual tax. In particular districts, many have been enfranchised, and become burghers and merchants; and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present emperor is diffusing a more general system of melioration among these subjects of his vast empire. The rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property, and subject to the absolute control, of their masters, as much as the cattle on their es-

tates. Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to more than a hundred thousand, and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labour of these serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estates, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account, on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, too, he gives the serf a passport, under which he is protected all over Russia, settles in a city and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and his family. Indeed there are many instances of a serf's acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence. But he is always subject to the control of his master; and I saw at Moscow an old *mongik* who had acquired a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master's price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth; and the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earning, was then rolling in wealth with a collar round his neck—struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.

The Russian serf is obliged to work for his master but three days in the week; the other three he may work for himself on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master's estate. He is never obliged to work on Sunday, and every saint's day, or fete day of the church, is a holiday. This might be supposed to give him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition; but, wanting the spirit of a free agent, and feeling himself the absolute property of another, he labours grudgingly for his mas-



ter, and for himself barely enough to supply the rudest necessities of life and pay his tax to the seigneur. A few rise above their condition, but millions labour like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths and never think of freedom. A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labour; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holidays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia show the truth of the judicious reflection of Catherine II., "that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property."

It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or case of invasion, raises in a moment a vast body of soldiers. Every body in Russia entitled to hold land is known to the government, as well as the number of peasants on his estate; and upon receiving notice of an imperial order to that effect, the numbers required by the levy are marched forthwith from every part of the empire to the places of rendezvous appointed. It might be asked, What have these men to fight for? They have no country, and are brought up on immense levels, wanting the rocks, rivers and mountains, that inspire local attachments. It is a singular fact, that, with the Russian serf there is always an unbounded love for him who stands at the head of the system of oppression under which they groan, the emperor, whom they regard as their protector against the oppression of their immediate

masters; but to whatever cause it may be ascribed, whether inability to estimate the value of any change in their condition, or a feeling of actual love for the soil on which they were born, during the invasion of Napoleon the serfs of Russia presented a noble spectacle; and the spirit of devotion which animated a corps of ten thousand in the north, extended to the utmost bounds of the empire. They received orders to march from St. Petersburg to meet the advance of the French army; the emperor reviewed them, and is said to have shed tears at their departure. Arrived at the place appointed, Witgenstein ordered them to fall back to a certain point, but they answered, "No; the last promise we made to the emperor our father was, that we would never fly before the enemy, and we keep our word." Eight thousand of their number died on the spot, and the spirit which animated them fired the serfs throughout the whole empire. The scholar may sneer, but I defy him to point to a nobler page in Grecian or Roman history.

I shall make amends for this long discussion by hurrying on to Moscow. We rode hundreds of miles without meeting a hill: the country was bare of trees, and almost every where presenting the same appearance. We saw the first disc of the sun peeping out of the earth, watched it whilst soaring on its daily round, and, without a bush to obstruct the view, saw it sink below the horizon; and woke up at all times of night and saw the stars

"Rolling like living cars of light  
For gods to journey by."

The principal and only large towns on our road

were Orel and Toulá, the former containing a population of 4000 or 5000, and presenting an imposing display of churches and monasteries, gaudily painted and with gilded domes; the houses were principally of wood, painted yellow. Toulá is the largest manufacturing town, and is called the Sheffield of Russia, being particularly celebrated for its cutlery. Every where the diligence created a great sensation; the knowing ones said it would never do; but at Orel one spirited individual said if we would wait three days for him, he would go on with us. It can hardly seem credible, in our steamboat and railroad community, that a public conveyance could roll on for seven days and nights, through many villages and towns, towards the capital of an immense empire, and not take in a single way passenger; but such was the fact; and on the morning of the seventh day, alone, as we started from Chioff, we were approaching the burned and rebuilt capital of the Czars, Moscow with gilded cupolas, the holy Moscow, the sanctified city, the Jerusalem of Russia, beloved of God, and dear to men.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Moscow—A severe Operation—An Exile by Accident—  
 Meeting with an Emigre—A civil Stranger—A Spy—  
 The Kremlin—Sepulchres of the Czars—The Great Bell  
 —The Great Gun—Precious Relics.

At daylight we arrived at the last post; and here, for the first time, we saw evidences of our approach

to a great city. Four or five travelling carriages were waiting for horses, some of which had been waiting all night; but our diligence being a "public accommodation," we were preferred, and had the first that came in. We took our places for the last time in the diligence, and passed two or three fine chateaux, our curiosity and interest increased as we approached, until, at about five versts from Moscow, as we reached the summit of a gentle eminence, the whole city broke upon us at one view, situated in the midst of a great plain, and covering an extent of more than thirty versts. Moscow is emphatically the city of churches, containing more than 600, many of which have five or six domes, with steeples, and spires, and crosses, gilded and connected together with golden chains like those of Chioff. Its convents, to, are almost innumerable, rivalling the churches in size and magnificence, and even to us, coming directly from the capital of the Eastern empire, presenting a most striking and extraordinary appearance. As we passed the barrier, two of the most conspicuous objects on each side were the large Greek convents, enclosed by high walls, with noble trees growing above them; and as we rode through the wide and showy streets, the first thing that struck me as strange and inhospitable climate, (always associated in my mind with rude and wintry scenes) as singularly beautiful, was the profusion of plants and flowers, with the remarkable degree of taste and attention given to their cultivation. In Greece and Turkey I had seen the rarest plants and flowers literally "wasting their sweetness on the desert air!" while here, in the heart of an inhospitable country, every house had a courtyard

or garden, and in front a slight portico or veranda, ornamented with plants, and shrubs and flowers, forced into a glowing though unnatural beauty. The whole appearance of the city is Asiatic; and as the exhibition of flowers in front of this class of houses was almost universal, Moscow seemed basking in the mild climate of Southern Asia, rioting in its brief period of vernal existence, and forgetting that in a few weeks a frost would come and cover their beauty with the dreary drapery of winter.

At the office of the diligence my companion and myself separated. He went to the hotel kept by an English woman, with English company, and I believe, too, with English comfort, and I rode to the Hotel Germanica, an old and favourite stopping-place with the Russian seigneurs when they come up from their estates in the country. Having secured my room, I mounted a drosky, then hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half-naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator placed me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped

in soap and hot water; then raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me on a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves of them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and, finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loath to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor.—Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; but as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid-winter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the

snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man. In half an hour I stood in the palace of the Czars, within the walls of the Kremlin.

The Kremlin is "the heart" and "sacred place" of Moscow, once the old fortress of the Tartars, and now the centre of the Modern city. It is nearly triangular in form, enclosed by a high brick wall painted white, and nearly two miles in extent, and is in itself a city. It has five gates, at four of which there are five watch towers. The fifth is "our Saviour's," or the Holy Gate, through whose awe commanding portals no male, not even the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, can pass, except with uncovered head and bended body. Bareheaded I entered by this gate, and passed on to a noble esplanade, commanding one of the most interesting views of Moscow, and having in front the range of palaces of the Czars. I shall not attempt to describe these palaces. They are a combination of every variety of taste, and every order of architecture, Grecian, Gothic, Italian, Tartar, and Hindoo, rude, fanciful, grotesque, gorgeous, magnificent and beautiful. The churches, monasteries, arsenals, museum, and public buildings, are erected with no attempt at regularity of design, and in the same wild confusion of architecture. There are no regular streets but three open places or squares, and abundance of room for carriages and foot passengers, with which, in summer afternoons, it is always thronged.

Having strolled for some time about the Kremlin,

I entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, the most splendid church in Moscow. It was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472. It is loaded with gorgeous and extravagant ornaments. The *incostas* or screen which divides the sanctuary from the body of the church, is in many parts covered with plates of solid silver and gold, richly and finely wrought. On the walls are painted the images of more than 2300 saints, some at full length and some of a colossal size, and the whole interior seems illuminated with gold, of which more than 210,000 leaves have been employed in embellishing it. From the centre of the roof is suspended a crown of massive silver, with forty-eight chandeliers, all in a single piece, and weighing nearly 3000 pounds. Besides the portraits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances as Aristotle, Anacharsis, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is abundance of room for speculation as to their age and character. There is also an image of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke's own hand!!!—the face dark, almost black, the head encircled with a glory of precious stones, and the hands of the body gilded. It is revered for its miraculous powers, guarded with great care and enclosed within a large silver covering, which is never removed but on great religious festivals, or on paying of a rouble to the *verger*. Here, too, is a nail from the cross, a robe of our Saviour's, and a part of one of the Virgin's!!! And here, too, are the tombs of the church patriarchs, one of whom



St. Phillippe, honoured by a silver monument, dared to say to John the Terrible, "We respect you as an image of the Divinity, but as a man you partake of the dust of the earth."

The Cathedral of the Assumption is honoured as the place where the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and there is but a step from their throne to their grave, for near it is the Cathedral of the archangel Michael, the ancient burial-place where, in raised sepulchres, lie the bodies of the Czars, from the time that Moscow became the seat of empire until the close of the seventeenth century. The bodies rest in raised tombs or sepulchres, and having on it a silver plate, bearing the name of the occupant and the date of his decease. Close by is an odd-looking church, constantly thronged with devotees: a humble structure, said to be the oldest Christian church in Moscow. It was built in the desert, before Moscow was thought of, and its walls are strong enough to last till the gorgeous city shall become a desert again.

After strolling through the churches, I ascended the tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the great, the first of the Czars. It is about 270 feet high, and 33 bells, the smallest weighing 7000 and the largest more than 124,000 pounds English. On festivals they are all tolled together, the Muscovites being extremely fond of Ivan Veliki's music. This celebrated tower rises above every other object in the Kremlin, and its large gilded dome and cross are conspicuous from every part of the city. From its top I had the finest view of Moscow and the surrounding country, and, perhaps, the finest panoramic view in the world. Hundreds of churches

were in sight, with their almost innumerable domes, and spires, and crosses, glittering with gold, Tartaric battlements, terraces, balconies, and ramparts, Gothic steeples, Grecian columns, the star, the crescent, and the cross, palaces, mosques, and Tartar temples, pagodos, pavilions, and verandas, monasteries peeping out over high walls and among noble trees, the stream of the Moskwa winding prettily below ; and in the distance the Sparrow Hills, on which the French army first made its appearance on the invasion of Moscow. It may seem strange, but I did not feel myself a stranger on the top of that tower. Thousands of miles away I had read its history. I knew that the magnificent city at my feet had been a sheet of fire, and that when Napoleon fled by the light of the conflagration, a dreadful explosion shook to their foundation the sacred precincts of the Kremlin, and rent from its base to its top the lofty tower of Ivan.

I descended, and the *custode* conducted me to another well known object, the great bell, the largest, and the wonder of the world. It is only a short distance from the foot of the tower, in an excavation under-ground, accessible by a trap-door, like the covered mouth of a well. I descended by a broken ladder, and can hardly explain to myself the curiosity and interest with which I examined this monstrous piece of metal. I have no knowledge of or taste for mechanics, and no particular *penchant* for bells, even when spelled with an additional *e* ; but I knew all about this one, and it added wonderfully to the interest with which I strolled through the Kremlin, that, from accidental circumstances, I was familiar with every object within its

walls. I impeach, no doubt, my classical taste, but before seeing either, I dwelt with more interest upon the Kremlin, and knew more of it, than of the Acropolis of Athens; and I stood at the foot of the great bell almost with a feeling of reverence. Its perpendicular height is twenty-one feet four inches, and the extreme thickness of the metal twenty-three inches; the length of the clapper is fourteen feet, the greatest circumference sixty-seven feet four inches, its weight upwards of 400,000 pounds English, and its cost has been estimated at more than £365,000 sterling. There is some question whether this immense bell was ever hung, but it is supposed that it was suspended by a great number of cross beams; that it was rung by forty or fifty men, one half on either side, who pulled the clapper by means of ropes, and deafened the inhabitants. On one side is a crack large enough to admit the figure of a man. I went inside and called aloud, and received an echo like the reverberations of thunder.

Besides the great bell, there is another noisy musical instrument, namely, the great gun—like the bell, the largest in the world, being a 4320 pounder. It is sixteen feet long, and the diameter of its calibre nearly three feet. I jumped in and turned round its mouth, and sat upright, my head not reaching the top. All around were planted cannon taken from the French in their unhappy expedition against the capital of Russia: immense field-pieces, whose throats once poured their iron hail against the walls within which they now repose as trophies. I was attracted by a crowd at the door of one of the principal buildings, which I found to be the treasury, containing what a Russian

prizes as his birthright, the repository of sacred heir-looms: the door-keeper demanded a permit, and I answered him with roubles, and entered the treasury. On the first floor are the ancient imperial carriages; large, heavy, and extraordinary vehicles, covered with carving and gilding, and having large plate glass windows; among them was an enormous sleigh carved and profusely glided, and containing a long table with cushioned seats on each side; altogether, these vehicles were most primitive and Asiatic in appearance, and each one had some long and interesting story connected with it.

I ascended by a noble staircase to the *belle etage*, a gallery composed of five parts, in the first of which are the portraits of all the emperors and Czars and their wives, in the exact costume of the times in which they lived; in another is a palace projected by the Empress Catherine, to unite the whole Kremlin under one roof, having a circumference of two miles, and make it one magnificent palace; if it had been completed according to the plan, this palace would probably have surpassed the Temple of Solomon, or any of the seven wonders of the world. In another is a collection of precious relics, such as the crowns worn by the different emperors and Czars, loaded with precious stones; the dresses worn at their marriages; the canopies under which the emperors are married, surmounted by magnificent plumes; two canopies of red velvet, studded with gold, and a throne with two seats. The crown of Prince Vladimir is surmounted by a golden cross, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones, and, until the time of Peter the Great,

was used to crown the Czars ; the crown of the conquered kingdom of Cazan was placed there by the victorious hands of John Vassilivitch. Besides these were the crowns of the conquered countries of Astrachan and Siberia. That of John Alexius has 881 diamonds, and under the cross which surmounts it is an immense ruby. There were also the crowns of Peter the Great, containing 847 diamonds ; that of Catherine I. his widow, containing, 2536 fine diamonds, is the one to which Empress Anne added a ruby of enormous size, bought by the Russian ambassador at Pekin ; and, lastly the crown of unhappy Poland ! It is of polished gold, surmounted by a cross, but no other ornament. And there were other emblems of royalty ; a throne or Greek fauteuil of ivory, in arabesque, presented to John the Great by the ambassadors who accompanied from Rome to Moscow the Princess Sophia, whom he had demanded in marriage. She was the daughter of Thomas Paleologus Porphyrogenitus, brother of Constantine Paleologus, who died in 1453, after seeing his empire fall into the hands of the Turks. By this marriage John considered himself the heir of Constantine, and took the title of Czar, meaning Cæsars, and, consequently, has always had an eye upon Constantinople : then there are the throne of Boris, adorned with 2760 torquoises and other precious stones ; that of Michael containing 8824 precious stones ; that of Alexius, containing 876 diamonds, 1224 other jewels, and many pearls, bought of a company of merchants trafficking to Ispahan ; the throne of the Czars John and Peter, made of massive silver, separated in the middle, the back a cloth of gold, concealing a hole through

which the Czarina used to dictate answers to the foreign ambassadors; and, lastly, the throne of Poland!

In the armoury are specimens of ancient armour, the workmanship of every age and nation; coats of mail, sabres adorned with jewels, swords, batons, crosses in armour, imperial robes, ermines in abundance, and, finally, the clothes in which Peter the Great worked at Saradam, including his old boots, from which it appears that he had "considerable" of a foot. These memorials were all interesting, and I wandered through the apartments till ordered out by the footman, when I returned to my hotel to meet my old friend the marquis, who was engaged to dine with me.

Before we rose from table, my friend of the theatre came in and took his seat at one end; he talked and laughed louder than any one else, and was received generally with an outward appearance of cordiality; but the old marquis could not endure his presence. He said, he had become too old to learn, and it was too late in life to temporise with dishonour; that he did not blame his countrymen; fair words cost nothing, and it was not worth their while wilfully to make an enemy who would always be on their haunches; but as to himself, he had but a few years to live, and he would not sully the last moments of his life by tolerating a man whom he regarded as a disgrace to his country. We rose from the table, and the old marquis leaning on my arm, and pouring in my ears his honest indignation at the disgraceful character of his countrymen, he proceeded to the Kitaigorid, or Chinese Town, the division immediately encircling the Kremlin. It is

enclosed by a wall with battlements, towers, and gates; is handsomely and compactly built, with wide, clean, and regular streets, and thronged with every variety of people, Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, French, Italians, Poles, and Germans, in the costumes of their respective nations. The quarter is entirely Russian, and I did not find in the shops a single person who could speak any language but Russian. In one of them, where I was conducted by the marquis, I found the old *mongik* to whom I before referred, who could not agree with his master for the price of his ransom, the principal shops resemble the bazaars in the East, though they are far superior even to those in Constantinople, being built of stone, and generally in the form of arcades. They are well filled with every description of Asiatic goods; and some, particularly their tea, and tobacco, and pipe shops, are models of propriety and cleanliness. The facade of the great bazaar or market is very imposing, resting the whole length on Corinthian columns. It fronts on a square, bounded on the opposite side by the white walls of the Kremlin, and contains six thousand "bargaining shops." The merchants live at a distance, and on leaving their shops at sundown, each of them winds a piece of cord round the padlock of his door, and seals it with soft wax—a seal being with the Russians more sacred than a lock.

Another section of the Kitaigorod is the finest part of the city, containing the hotels and residences of the nobles, many of which are truly magnificent. The hotel at which I put up would in Italy be called a palace. As we moved slowly along the street by the Pont des Mareschaux, we discoursed

of the terrible inroads at this moment making by the French in the capital of the north, almost every shop having an inviting sign of *nouveautés* from Paris. Foiled in their attempt with the bayonet, they are now advancing with apparently more feeble, but far more insidious and fatal weapons; and the ragged Russian, whom French arms could not conquer, bows to the supremacy of the French *modistes* and *artistes*, and quietly wears the livery of the great mistress of fashion.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Drosky. Salle des Nobles. Russian gaming. Gastronomy. Pedrosei. A Sunday in Moscow. A Gipsy Belle. Tea Drinking. The Emperor's Garden. Retrospective.

EARLY the next morning, I mounted a drosky, and rode to a celebrated garden, or springs, funished with every description of mineral water. I have several times spoken of the drosky. This may be called the Russian national vehicle, for it is found all over Russia, and nowhere else that I know of, except at Warsaw, where it was introduced by its Russian conquerors. It is on four wheels, with a long-cushioned seat running lengthwise, on which the rider sits astride as on horseback, and so low that he can mount from the street. It is drawn by two horses; one in shafts, with a high-arched bow over the neck, called the *douga*, and the other called "*le fureau*," in traces alongside, this last being trained to curb his neck and canter



while the shaft-horse trots. The seat is long enough for two besides the driver, the riders sitting with their feet on different sides; or sometimes there is a cross-seat behind, on which the riders sit, with their faces to the horses, and the drosky boy always dressed in a long surtout, with a bell crowned hat turned up at the sides, sits on the end. But to return to the springs. The waters are prepared under the direction of medical men, who have the chemical analysis of all the principal mineral waters known, and manufacture them to order. As is universally the case in Russia, where there is any attempt at style, the establishment is upon a magnificent scale. The building contains a room perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long, with a clean and highly polished floor, large looking glasses, elegant sofas, and mahogany chairs and tables. The windows open upon a balcony extending along the whole front, which is furnished with tables and rustic chairs, and upon a large garden ornamented with gravel-walks, trees, and the most rare and valuable plants and flowers, at the time of my visit in full bloom. Every morning from sunrise till noon, crowds of people, particularly the nobility and higher classes, frequent this establishment, and that morning was a larger collection than usual. Russian hospitality is conspicuous at a place like this. A stranger, instead of being avoided, is sought out; and after one or two promenades, I was accosted by more than one gentleman, ready to shew me every civility. In the long room and on the balconies, scattered about at the different tables, I saw the gourmand who had distended his stomach almost to bursting, and near him the gaunt and bilious dys-

peptic, drinking their favourite waters; the dashing officer and the blooming girl, the lover and coquette, and, in short, all the style and fashion of Moscow, their eyes occasionally turning to the long mirrors, and, then single, in pairs and in groups, strolling gently through the gardens, enjoying the sweet music that was poured forth from hidden arbours.

Towards evening I mounted a drosky, and rode to the country theatre at Pedroski. Pedroski is dear to the heart of every Russian, having been the favourite residence of Peter the Great, to whom Russia owes its existence among civilised nations. It is about three versts from the barrier, on the St. Petersburg road. The St. Petersburg gate is a very imposing piece of architecture. Six spirited horses rest lightly upon the top, like the brazen horses at St. Mark's in Venice. A wide road, divided into avenues for carriages and pedestrians, gravelled and lined with trees, leads from the gate. The chateau is an old and singular, but interesting building of red brick, with a green dome and white cornices, and enclosed by a circular wall flanked with turrets. In the plain in front, two regiments of Cossack cavalry were going through their exercises. The grounds around the chateau are very extensive, handsomely laid out for carriages and promenades, public and retired, to suite every taste. The principal promenade is about a mile in length, through a forest of majestic old trees. On each side is a handsome footpath of continual shade; and sometimes, almost completely hidden by the luxuriant foliage, are beauti-

ful little summer-houses, abundantly supplied with all kinds of refreshments.

The theatre is at a little distance from the extreme end of the great promenade, a plain and unpretending building; and this and the grand opera-houses are the only theatres I have seen built like ours, merely with continued rows of seats, and not partitioned off into private boxes. The opera was some little Russian piece, and was followed by the grand ballet, the Revolt of the Seraglio. He who goes to Russia expecting to see a people just emerging from a state of barbarism, will often be astonished to find himself suddenly in a scene of Parisian elegance and refinement; and in no place will he feel this wonder more than in an opera house at Moscow. The house was rather full, and contained more Russian nobility than I had yet seen at any one time. They were well dressed, adorned with stars and ribbons, and, as a class of men the "biggest in the round" I ever saw. Orders and titles of nobility, by the way, are given with a liberality which makes them of no value; and all over Russia princes are as plenty as pick-pockets in London.

The seigneurs of Russia have jumped over all intermediate grades of civilisation, and plunged at once into the luxuries of metropolitan life. The ballet was, of course, inferior to that of Paris or London, but it is speaking in no mean praise of it to say that at the country theatre it might be made a subject of comparison. The dancers were the prettiest, the most interesting, and, what I was particularly struck with, the most modest-looking, girls I ever saw on the stage. It was melancholy to look

at those beautiful girls who, amid the glare and glitter of the stage, and in the graceful movements of the dance, were perfectly captivating and entrancing, and who, in the shades of domestic life, might fill the measure of a man's happiness on earth, and know them to be slaves. The whole troop belongs to the emperor. They are selected when young with reference to their beauty and talents, and are brought up with great care and expense for the stage. With light fairy figures, seeming rather spirits than corporeal substances, and trained to inspire admiration and love, they can never give way to these feelings themselves, for their affections and marriage are regulated entirely by the manager's contrivance. What though they are taken from the very poorest class of life, leaving their parents, their brothers and sisters, the tenants of miserable cabins, oppressed and vilified, and cold and hungry, while they are rolling in luxuries? —a chain does not gall the less because it is gilded. Raised from the lot to which they were born, taught ideas they would never have known, they but feel more sensibly the weight of their bonds; and the veriest sylph, whose graceful movements have brought down the loudest thunders of applause, and whose little heart flutters with the admiration she has excited, would probably give all her short-lived triumph for the privilege of bestowing that little flutterer where it would be loved and cherished. There was one among them whom I long remembered. I followed her with my eyes till the curtain fell and left a blank around me. I saw her go out, and afterwards she passed me in one of a long train of dark blue carriages belonging to the

directors which they had carried about like merchandise from theatre to theatre; but, like many other bright visions that broke upon me for a moment, I never saw her again.

At about eleven, I left the steps of the theatre to return home. It was a most magnificent night, or, rather, it is almost profanation to call it by so black a name, for in that bright northern climate the day seemed to linger, unwilling to give place before the shades of night. I strolled on alone, wrapped in lonely but not melancholy meditations; the carriages rolled rapidly by me, and I was almost the last of the throng that entered the gate of Moscow.

A Sunday at Moscow! To one who had been a stranger to the sound of the church-going bell, few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the Maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sounds. To me there is always something touching in the sound of the church bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable; but this was the first time I happened to pass the Sabbath in the city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church door. But he

who has never heard the ringing of bells at Moscow, does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than 600 churches and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer-note, to the loudest deepest peals that ever broke and lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling on the air as if unwilling to die away. I rose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and, after breakfast, joining the throng called to their respective churches by their well-known bells, I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians, and multitudes of cast-off chamber-maids being employed to teach the rising Russian nobility the beauties of the English tongue.

All over the continent, Sunday is the great day for observing the national manners and customs. I dined at an early hour with my friend the marquis, and, under his escort, mounting a drosky, rode to a great promenade of the people, called *L' Allee des Peuples*. It lies outside the barrier, and beyond the state prisons, where the exiles of Siberia are confined, on the land of Count Scremetow, the richest nobleman in Russia, having 130,000 slaves on his estate; the chateau is about eight versts from the city, and a noble road through his own land leads from the barrier to his door.

This promenade is the great rendezvous of the

people ; that is, of the merchants and shopkeepers of Moscow. The promenade is simply a large piece of ground ornamented with noble trees, and provided with every thing necessary for the enjoyment of all the national amusements, among which the "Russian mountain" is the favourite ; and refreshments were distributed in great abundance. Soldiers were stationed at different points to preserve order, and the people seemed all cheerful and happy ; but the life and the soul of the place were the Bohemian or gipsy girls. Wherever they moved, a crowd gathered round them.

They were the first I had seen of this extraordinary people, coming no one knows whence, and living no one knows how ; wanderers from their birth, and with a history enveloped in doubt. It was impossible to mistake the dark complexion and piercing coal-black eyes of the gipsy women. The men were nowhere to be seen, nor were there any old women with them ; and these young girls, well dressed, though, in general, with nothing peculiar in their costume, moved about in parties of five or six, singing, playing, and dancing to admiring crowds. One of them, with a red silk cloak covered with gold, and a gold band round her hair, struck me as the very *beau ideal* of the gipsy queen. Recognising me as a stranger, she stopped just in front of me, struck her castanets and danced, at the same time directing the movements of her companions, who formed a circle around me. There was a beauty in her face, combined with intelligence and spirit, that rivetted my attention ; and when she spoke, her eyes seemed to read me through. I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed of it, but in all my

wanderings I never regretted so much my ignorance of the language, as when it denied me the pleasure of conversing with that gipsy girl. I would fain have known whether her soul did not soar above the scene and the employment in which I found her; whether she was not formed for better things than to display her beautiful person before crowds of boors; but I am sorry to add, that the character of my queen was not above reproach; and as I had nothing but my character to stand upon in Moscow, I was obliged to withdraw from the observation which her attention fixed upon me.

On either side of the grand promenade is a walk for the foot passengers; and behind this, almost hidden from view by the thick shade of trees, are little cottages, arbours, and tents, furnished with ices and all kinds of refreshments suited to the season. I should have mentioned long since that tea, the very *pabulum* of all domestic virtues, is the Russian's favourite beverage. They say they have better tea than can be obtained in Europe, which they ascribe to the circumstance of its being brought by caravans over-land, and saved the exposure of a sea voyage. Whether this be the case or not, if I am any judge they are right as to the superiority of their article; and it was one of the most striking features in the animating scene at Pedroski, to see family groups distributed about, nearly all over the grounds, under the shade of noble trees, with their large brass urn hissing before them, and taking their tea under the passing gaze of thousands of people, with as much unconcern as if by their own fireside.

Leaving for a moment the thronged promenade,



I turned into a thick forest, and entered the old chateau of the great Peter. There all was solitude; the footman and I had the palace to ourselves. I followed him through the whole range of apartments, in which there was an appearance of stayed respectability that quite won my heart, neither of them being any better furnished than one of our old-fashioned country houses. The pomp and show that I saw glittering through the opening of the trees were unknown in the days of the great old Peter; the chateau was silent and deserted; the hand that built it was stiff and cold, and the heart that loved it had ceased to beat; old Peter was in his grave, and his descendants loved better their splendid palaces on the banks of the Neva.

When Moscow was burning, Napoleon fled to this chateau for refuge. I stopped for a moment in the chamber, where, by the blaze of the burning city, he dictated his despatches for the capital of France, gave the attendant a rouble, and again mixed with the throng, with whom I rambled up and down the principal promenade, and at eleven o'clock was at my hotel. I ought not to forget the Russian ladies; but after the gay scene at Pedroski, it is no disparagement to them if I say, that in my quiet walk home, the dark-eyed gipsy girl was uppermost in my thoughts.

On the last day of my stay at Moscow, a great crowd drew me to the door of the church, where some fete was in celebration, in honour of the birth, marriage, or some other incident in the life of the emperor or empress. The archbishop, a venerable looking old man, was officiating; and when he came out, a double line of men, women, and chil-

dren, was drawn up from the door of the church to his carriage, all pressing forward and struggling to kiss his hands. The crowd dispersed, and I strolled once more through the repository of heirlooms; and imperial reliques and trophies; but, passing by the crowns loaded with jewels, the canopies and thrones adorned with velvet and gold, I paused before the throne of unhappy Poland! I have seen great cities desolate and in ruins, magnificent temples buried in the sands of the African desert and places once teeming with fertility now laying waste and silent; but no monument of fallen greatness ever affected me more than this. It was covered with blue velvet, and studded with golden stars. It had been the seat of Casimir, and Sobieski, and Stanislaus Augustus. Brave men had gathered round it, and sworn to defend it, and died in redeeming their pledge. Their oaths are registered in heaven, their bodies rest in bloody graves; Poland is blotted from the list of nations, and her throne, unspotted with dishonour, brilliant as the stars which glitter on its surface, is exhibited as a Russian trophy, before which the stoutest manhood need not blush to drop a tear.

Towards evening I returned to my favourite place, the porch of the palace of the Czars. I seated myself on the step, took out my tablets, and I commenced a letter to my friends at home. What should I write? Above me was the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki; below, a solitary soldier, in his grey overcoat, was retiring to a sentry-box to avoid a drizzling rain. His eyes were fixed upon me, and I closed my book. I am not given to musing; but I could not help it. Here was the theatre of one

of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles, and a march of more than 2000 miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow, and found no smoke issuing from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite even to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by their owners, her 300,000 inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few miserable, ferocious, and intoxicated wretches, left behind as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight the flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers laboured to repress the fierce attempts to burn the city. Russian police-officers were seen stirring up the fire with tarred lances; hideous-looking men and women, covered with rags, were wandering like demons amid the flames, armed with torches, and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze; and while the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the panes of the window against which he leaned were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames, and exclaimed, "What a tremendous spectacle! These are Scythians indeed;" Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city.

Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with the shadow of great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun with wandering tribes of barbarians; but what is there in those lands which stands forth on the pages of history, crowned with the glory of their ancient deeds, that for extraordinary daring, for terrible sublimity and undaunted patriotism, exceeds the burning Moscow. Neither Marathon nor Thermopylæ, nor the battle of the Horatii, nor the defence of Cocles, nor the devotion of the Decii, can equal it; and when time shall cover with its dim and quiet glories that bold and extraordinary deed, the burning of Moscow will be regarded as outstripping all that we read of Grecian or Roman patriotism, and the name of the Russian governor (Rostopchin), if it be not too tough a name to hand down to posterity, will never be forgotten.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

Getting a passport—Parting with the Marquis—The Language of Signs—A Loquacious Traveller—From Moscow to St. Petersburg—The Wolga—Novogorod—Newski Perspective—An unfortunate Mistake—Northern Twilight.

UNABLE to remain longer in Moscow, I prepared for my journey to St. Petersburg. Several diligences run regularly between these two great cities, one of which, the *Velocifere*, is superior to any public conveyance on the Continent of Europe. I took my place in that, and two days beforehand

sent my passport to be *vised*. I sent for it the next day, and it was not ready. I went myself, and could not get it. I knew that nothing could be done at the Russian offices without paying for it, and was ready and willing to do so, and the time after I called the attention of the officer to my passport, he replied coolly "*Dans un instant*," and, turning to something else, kept me waiting two hours; and when at length he took it up and arranged it, he led me down stairs out of sight to receive the expected *douceur*. He was a well-dressed man, with the large government button on his coat, and rather *distingue* in his appearance and manners. I took the passport, folded it up, and put it in my pocket with a coolness equal to his own, and with malicious pleasure, put into his hand a single rouble, equal to twentycents of our money; he expected at least twenty-five roubles, or about five dollars, and his look of rage and disappointment amply repaid me for all the vexation he had caused me by his delay. I bade him farewell, with a smile that almost drove him mad.

I told the marquis the story of my parting interview at the police office, which he said was capital but startled me by suggesting that, if there should happen to be any irregularity, I would have great trouble in getting it rectified; even this, however, did not disturb my immediate satisfaction, and fortunately, all was right.

The morning of my departure, before I was out of bed, the marquis was in my room. Meeting with me had revived in him feelings long since dead; and at the moment of parting he told me, what his pride had till that moment concealed, that his heart

yearned once more to his kindred; and that, if he had the means, old as he was, he would go to America. And yet, though his frame trembled, and his voice was broken, and his lamp was almost burned out, his spirit was as high as when he fought the battles of the empire; and he told me to say to them that he would not come to be dependent upon their bounty; that he could repay all they should do for him by teaching their children. He gave me his last painting, which he regarded with the pride of an artist, as a souvenir for his sister; but having no means of carrying it safely, I was obliged to return it to him. He remained with me until the moment of my departure, clung to my hand after I had taken my place in the drosky; and when we had started, I looked back and saw him still standing in the road. It seemed as if the last link that bound him to earth was broken. He gave me a letter, which I forwarded to his friends at home; his sister was still living, and had not forgotten her long lost brother; she had not heard from him in twenty years, and had long believed him dead. Pecuniary assistance was immediately sent to him, and, unhappily, since my return home, intelligence had been received that it arrived only at the last moment when human aid could avail him, in time to smooth the pillow of death by the assurance that his friends had not forgotten him. And, perhaps, in his dying moments, he remembered me. At all events, it is some satisfaction, amid the recollections of an unprofitable life, to think that, when his chequered career was drawing to its close, I had been the means of gladdening for a moment the exile's heart.

The road from Moscow to St. Petersburg is now one of the best in Europe. It is Macadamised nearly the whole way, and a great part is bordered with trees; the post-houses are generally large and handsome, under the direction of government, where soup, cutlets, &c., are always ready at a moment's notice, at prices regulated by a tariff hanging up in the room, which, however, being written in Russian, was of no particular use to us. The country is comparatively thickly settled, and villages are numerous. Even on this road, however, the villages are forlorn things, being generally the property, and occupied by the serfs of the seigneurs, and consisting of a single long street, with houses on both sides built of logs, the better sort squared, with the gable end to the street, the roof projecting two or three feet from the houses, and sometimes ornamented with rude carving and small holes for windows. We passed several chateaux, large, imposing buildings, with parks and gardens, and a large church painted white, with a green dome surmounted by a cross.

At Tver we passed the Wolga on a bridge of boats. This noble river, the longest in Europe, navigable almost from its source for an extent of 4000 versts, dividing, for a great part of its course, Europe and Asia, runs majestically through the city, and rolls on, bathing the walls of the city of Astrachan, till it reaches the distant Caspian; its banks still inhabited by the same tribes of warlike Cossacks who hovered on the skirts of the French army during their invasions of Russia. By its junction with the Tverza, a communication is made between the Wolga and the Neva, or in other words,

between the Caspian and Baltic. The impetus of internal improvements has extended even to the north of Europe, and the Emperor Nicholas is now actively engaged in directing surveys of the great rivers of Russia, for the purpose of connecting them by canals and railroads, and opening steam communications throughout the whole interior of his empire.

About eighty versts from St. Petersburg, we came to the ancient city of Novogorod. In the words of an old traveller, "Next unto Moscow, the city of Novogorod is reputed the chiefest in Russia; for although it be in majestic inferior to it, yet in greatness it goeth beyond it. It is the chiefest and greatest mart-town of all Muscovy; and albeit the emperor's seat is not there but at Moscow, and yet the commodiousness of the river, falling into the gulf which is called Sinus Finuicus, whereby it is well frequented by merchants, makes it more famous than Moscow itself." Few of the cities of the Old World present so striking an appearance of fallen greatness, as this comparatively unknown place. There is an ancient saying, "Who can resist the gods and Novogorod the Great?" Three centuries ago it covered an area of sixty three versts in circumference, and contained a population of more than 400,000 inhabitants. Some parts of it are still in good condition, but the large portion has fallen to decay. Its streets presents marks of desolation, mouldering walls, and ruined churches, and its population has dwindled to a little more than 7000 inhabitants. The steeples in this ancient city bear the cross, unaccompanied by the crescent; this proud token shewed that the Tartars, in all their in-



vasions, never conquered it, while in the reconquered cities the steeples all exhibit the crescent surmounted by the cross.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day we were approaching St. Petersburg. The ground is low and flat, and I was disappointed in the first view of the capital of Russia; but passing the barrier, and riding up the Newski Perspective, the most magnificent street in that magnificent city, I felt that the stories of its splendour were not exaggerated, and that this was indeed entitled to the proud appellation of the "Palmyra of the North."

I took an apartment in an hotel in a broad street, with an unpronounceable Russian name, a little off the Newski Perspective. I was worn and fatigued with my journey, but I could not resist the inclination to take a gentle promenade along the Newski Perspective. While in the coffee-room refreshing myself with a cup of the best Russian tea, I heard some one outside the door giving directions to a tailor, and presently a man entered, whom, without looking at him, I knew he was just the person I wanted to see, as I had a pair of pantaloons to be mended. He made no answer, and, without being able to see distinctly, I told him to wait till I could go up stairs and change them, and that he must mend them strongly and bring them back in the morning. In all probability, the next moment I should have been sprawling on the floor; but the landlady, a clever Frenchwoman, who saw my error, stepped up, and crying out, "Ah, monsieur Colonel, attendez, attendez," explained my mistake as clearly as I could have done myself, and I followed closely with an apology, added that my re-

mark could not be intended as disrespectful to him, inasmuch as even then, with the windows closed, I could scarcely distinguish his person. He understood the thing at once, accepted my apology with great frankness, and, instead of knocking me down, or challenging me to fight with sabre or some other diabolical thing, finding I was a stranger just arrived from Moscow, sat down at the table, and before we rose offered to accompany me in my walk.

There could be no mistake as to the caste of my new friend. The landlady had called him colonel, and in repelling the imputation of his being a tailor, had spoken of him as a rich seigneur, who for ten years had occupied the front apartments *au premier* in her hotel. We walked out into the Newski Perspective, and strolled along that magnificent street down to the Admiralty, and along the noble quays of the Neva. I had reached the terminus of my journey; for many months I had been moving farther and farther away, and the next step I took would carry me towards home. It was the eve of the 4th of July; and as I strolled through the broad streets and looked up at the long ranges of magnificent buildings, I poured into the ears of my companion the recollection connected with this moment at home: in boyhood, crackers and fireworks in readiness for the great jubilee of the morrow; and, latterly, the excursion into the country to avoid the bustle and confusion of "the glorious fourth."

At Moscow, and during the journey, I had admired the exceeding beauty of the twilight in these northern latitudes, but this night in St. Petersburg

it was magnificent. I cannot describe the peculiar shades of this northern twilight. It is as if the glare and brilliancy of the sun were softened by the mellowing influence of the moon, and the city, with its superb ranges of palaces, its statues, its bridges, and its clear and rapid river seemed under the reflection of that northern light, of a brilliant and unearthly beauty. I felt like rambling all night. Even though worn with three days travel, it was with me as with a young lady at her first ball; the night was too short. I could not bear to throw it away in sleep. My companion was tough, and by no means sentimental, and the scene was familiar to him; but he told me, that, even in his eyes, it never lost its interest. Moonlight is something, but this glorious twilight is a thing to enjoy and to remember; and, as the colonel remarked when we sat down in his apartment, to a comfortable supper, it always gave him such an appetite. After supper I walked through a long corridor to my apartment, threw myself upon my bed and tried to sleep, but the mellow twilight poured through my window, and reproached me with the base attempt. I was not restless, but I could not sleep; lest, however, the reader should find himself of a different humour, I will consider myself asleep the first night in St. Petersburg.

## CHAPTER XX.

Police Requisites—The Russian Capital—Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great—The Alexandrine Column—Architectural Wonders—The Summer Islands—A Perilous Achievement—Origin of St. Petersburg—Tombs of Dead Monarchs—Origin of the Russian Navy.

*July 5th*—I had intended to pass this day at Moscow, and to commemorate it in Napoleon's style by issuing a bulletin from the Kremlin, but it was a long time since I heard from home. At Constantinople I had written to Paris, directing my letters to be sent to Petersburg; and notwithstanding my late hours the night before, I was at the post-office before the door was open. I had never been so long without hearing from home, and my lips quivered when I asked for letters, my hand shook when I received them, and I hardly drew breath until I had finished the last postscript.

My next business was at the bureau of general police for a *carte de sejour*, without which no stranger can remain in St. Petersburg. As usual, I was questioned as to my reasons for coming into Russia, age, time of sojourn, destination, &c.; and satisfied that I had no intention of preaching democratic doctrines or subverting the government of the autocrat, I received permission to remain two weeks, which, according to direction, I gave to my landlord, to be entered at the post-office of his district. As no stranger can stay in Petersburg with-

out permission, neither can he leave without it; and to obtain this, he must advertise three times in the government Gazette, stating his name, address, and intention of leaving the empire; and as the Gazette is only published twice a week, this formality occupies eight days. One of the objects of this is to apprise his creditors, and give them an opportunity of securing their debts; and few things show the barbarity and imperfect civilisation of the Russians more clearly than this; making it utterly impossible for a gentleman to spend a winter in St. Petersburg, and to go away without paying his landlord. This must prevent many a soaring spirit from wending its way hither, and keep the denizens from being enlivened by the flight of those birds of passage which dazzle the eyes of the residents of other cities. As there was no other way of getting out of the dominions of the Czar, I caused my name and intention to be advertised. It did not create much sensation; and though it was proclaimed in three different languages, no one except my landlord seemed to feel any interest in it. After all, to get in debt is the true way to make friends; a man's creditors always feel an interest in him—hope no misfortune may happen to him, and always wish him prosperity and success.

These formalities over, I turned to other things. Different from every other principal city I had visited, St. Petersburg had no storied associations to interest the traveller. There is no Colosseum, as at Rome; no Acropolis, as at Athens; no Rialto, as at Venice; and no Kremlin, as at Moscow; nothing identified with the men and scenes hallowed in our eyes, and nothing that can touch the heart. It de-

pende entirely upon itself for the interest it creates in the mind of the traveller.

St. Petersburg is situated at the mouth of the Neva, at the extremity of the Gulph of Finland. It is built partly on islands formed by the Neva, and partly on both sides of that river. But little more than a century ago, the ground now covered with stately palaces, consisted in wild morasses and primeval forests, and in a few huts tenanted by savage natives, who lived upon the fish of the sea. In 1703, Peter the Great appeared as a captain of grenadiers, under the orders of one of his own generals, on the wild and dreary banks of the Neva, drove the Swedes from the fortress at his mouth, cut down the forests on the rude islands of the river, and laid the foundation of a city which now surpasses in architectural magnificence every other in the world. I do not believe that Rome, when Adrian reared the mighty Colosseum, and the palace of the Cæsars covered the Capitoline Hills, exhibited such a range of noble structures as now exist in the Admiralty Quarter. The Admiralty itself is the central point, on one side fronting the Neva, and the other a large open square, and has a facade of marble, with ranges of columns, a quarter of a mile in length. A beautiful golden spire shoots up from the centre, towering above every other object, and seen from every part of the city glittering in the sun; and three principal streets, each two miles in length, radiate from this point. In front is a range of boulevards, ornamented with trees, and an open square, at one extremity of which stands the great church of St. Isaac, of marble, jasper, and porphyry, upon a fountain of granite;

it has been once destroyed, and reared again with increased splendour, enormous columns of a single block of red granite, already lifting their capitals in the air.

On the right of the facade, and near the Isaac Bridge, itself a magnificent structure, 1050 feet long and 60 feet wide, with two draw-bridges, stands the well-known equestrian statue of Peter the Great. The huge block of granite forming the pedestal is 1500 tons in weight. The height of the figure of the emperor is 11 feet, that of the horses 17 feet, and the weight of the metal in the group nearly 37,000 pounds. Both the idea and the execution of this superb monument are regarded as masterpieces of genius. To immortalise the enterprise and personal courage with which that extraordinary man conquered all difficulties, and converted a few fisherman's huts into palaces. Peter is represented on a fiery steed, rushing up a steep and precipitous rock to the very brink of a precipice; the horse rears with his fore feet in the air, and seems to be impatient of restraint, while the imperial rider, in an attitude of triumph, extends the hand of protection over his capital rising out of the waters. To aid the inspiration of the artist, a Russian officer, the boldest rider of his time, daily rode the wildest Arabian of Count Orloff's stud to the summit of a steep mound, where he halted him suddenly, with his fore-legs raised pawning the air over the brink of the precipice. The monument is surrounded by an iron railing, and the pedestal bears the simple inscription, "Petro Prima, Catharina Secunda, MDCCLXXII."

On the other side of the square, and in front of

the Winter Palace—raised within the last two years, and the most gigantic work of modern days, rivaling those magnificent monuments in the Old World, whose ruins now startle the wondering traveller, and towering to the heavens, as if to proclaim that the days of architectural greatness are not gone by for ever—is the great Alexandrine Column, a single shaft of red granite, exclusive of pedestal and capital, eighty-four feet high. On the summit stands an angel holding a cross with the left hand, and pointing to heaven with the right. The pedestal contains the simple inscription, “To Alexandria I. Grateful Russia.”

Surrounding this is a crescent of lofty buildings, denominated the Etat Major, its central portion having before it a majestic colonnade of the Corinthian order, placed on a high rustic basement, with a balustrade of solid bronze gilt between the columns. In the middle is a triumphal arch, which, with its frieze, reaches nearly to the upper part of the lofty building, having a span of seventy feet, the entablature sculptured with military trophies, allegorical figures, and groups in *alto relievo*. Next, on a line with the Admiralty, and fronting the quay, stands the first of a long range of imperial palaces, extending in the form of a crescent for more than a mile along the Neva. The Winter palace is a gigantic structure, built of marble, with a facade of 740 feet. Next are the two palaces of the Hermitage, connected with it and with each other by covered galleries on bold arches; the beautiful and tasteful fronts of these palaces are strangely in contrast with their simple and unpretending name. Next is the stately Grecian theatre of the Hermi-



tage. Beyond this are the barracks of the guards, then the palace of the French ambassador, then the marble palace built by Catherine II. for her favourite, Prince Orloff, with a basement of granite and superstructure of bluish marble, ornamented with marble columns and pillars. In this place died Stanislaus Poniatowsky, the last of the Polish sovereigns.\* This magnificent range, presenting an uninterrupted front of marble palaces, upwards of a mile in length, unequalled in any city in the world, is terminated by an open square, in which stands a colossal statue of Suwarrow; beyond this, still on the Neva, is the beautiful summer garden fronting the palace of Paul II.; and near it, and at the upper end of the square, is the palace of the Grand Duke Michael.

Opposite is the citadel, with its low bastions of solid granite, washed all round by the Neva; beautiful in its structure, and beautifully decorated by the tall, slender, and richly-gilded spire of its church. On the one side of the Admiralty is the senatorial palace, and beyond opens the English Quay, with a range of building that might well be called the residence of "merchant princes;" while the opposite bank is crowded with public buildings, among which the most conspicuous are the palace of the Academy of Fine Arts; the Obelisk, rising in the centre of a wide square, recording the glory of some long-named Russian hero; the building of the Naval Cadet Corps, with its handsome front, and the barracks of the Guard of Finland; finally, the great pile of palace-like buildings belonging to the Military Cadet Corps, reaching nearly to the palace of the Academy of Sciences, and terminating with

the magnificent Grecian front of the Exchange. I know that a verbal description can give but a faint idea of the character of this scene, nor would it help the understanding of it to say that it exhibits all that wealth and architectural skill can do, for few in our country know what even these powerful engines can effect; as for myself, hardly noting the details, it was my greatest delight to walk daily to the bridge across the Neva, at the summer gardens, the view from which more than realised all the crude and imperfect notions of architectural magnificence that ever floated through my mind: a result that I had never found in any other city I had yet seen, not excepting Venice the Rich, or Genoa the Proud, although the latter is designated in guide-books the city of palaces.

Next to the palaces in solidity and beauty of structure, are the bridges crossing the Neva, and the magnificent quays along its course, the last being embankments of solid granite, lining the stream on either side the whole length of its winding course through the city.

I was always at a loss whether to ride or walk in St. Petersburg; sometimes I mounted a drosky, and rode up and down the Newski Perspective, merely for the sake of rolling over the wooden pavement. The street is perhaps more than twice as wide as Broadway; the gutter is in the middle, and on each side are wooden pavements, wide enough for vehicles to pass each other freely. The experiment of wooden pavements was first made in this street, and found to answer so well, that it has since been introduced into many others; and as the frost is more severe than with us, and it has

stood the test of a Russian winter, if rightly constructed, it will, no doubt, prove equally successful in our own city. The road is first covered with broken stone, or macadamised; then logs are laid across it, the interstices being filled up with sand and stone, and upon this are placed hexagonal blocks of pine about eighteen inches long, fitted like joiner's work, fastened with long pegs, and covered with a preparation of melted lead.

Having made arrangements for the afternoon to visit the Summer Islands, I dined with my friend the colonel, in company with Prince——. (I have his name in my pocket-book, written by himself, and could give a *fac simile* of it, but I could not spell it. The prince was about forty-five, a high-toned gentleman, a nobleman in his feeling, and courtly in his manners, though, for a prince, rather out at elbows in fortune. The colonel and he had been fellow soldiers, had served in the guards during the whole of the French invasion, and entered Paris with the allied armies as officers in the same regiment. Like most of the Russian seigneurs, they had run through their fortunes in their military career. The colonel, however, had been set up again by an inheritance from a deceased relative, but the prince remained ruined. He was now living upon a fragment saved from the wreck of his estate, a pension for his military services, and the bitter experience caused by a course of youthful extravagance. Like many of the reduced Russian seigneurs, he was disaffected towards the government, and liberal in his politics; he was a warm admirer of liberal institutions, and speculated upon and studied them both in France and

America, and analysed understandingly the spirit of liberty as developed by the American and French revolutions; when he talked of Washington, he folded his hands and looked up to heaven, as if utterly unable to express the fulness of his emotions. With us, the story of our revolution is a hackneyed theme, and even the sacred name of Washington has almost become commonplace, but the freshness of feeling with which the prince spoke of him, invested him in my eyes with a new and holy character. After dinner, and while on our way to the Summer Islands, we stopped at his apartments, when he shewed me the picture of Washington conspicuous on the wall; under it, by way of contrast was that of Napoleon; and he summed up the characters of both in a few words, by saying that the one was all for himself, the other all for his country.

The Summer Islands on Sundays and fete-days are the great promenade of the residents of the capital, and the approach to them is either by land or water. We preferred the latter, and at the admiralty took a boat on the Neva. All along the quay are a flight of steps cut in the granite, and descending to a granite platform, where boats are constantly in attendance for passengers. These boats are fantastically painted, and have the stern raised some three or four feet; sometimes they are covered with an awning. The oar is of disproportionate thickness towards the handle, the blade very broad, always feathered in rowing, and the boatman in his calico or linen shirt and pantaloons, his long yellowish beard and mustaches, looks like any thing but the gondolier of Venice. In passing down the

Neva I noticed, about half way between low-water mark and the top of the quay, a ring which serves to fasten vessels, and is the mark to which, if the water rises, an inundation may be expected. The police are always on the watch, and the fearful moment is announced by the firing of cannon, by the display of white flags from the admiralty steeple by day, and lanterns and the tolling of the bells at night. In the last dreadful inundation of 1824, bridges were swept away, boats floated in some parts of the town above the tops of the houses, and many villages were entirely destroyed. At Cronstادت, a vessel of 100 tons was left in the middle of one of the principal streets; eight thousand dead bodies were found and buried, and probably many thousands more were hurried on to the waters of the Gulf of Finland.

It was a fete-day in honour of some church festival, and a great portion of the population of St. Peterburghs was bending its way towards the Summer-Islands. The emperor and empress were expected to honour the promenade with their presence, and all along the quay boats were shooting out loaded with gay parties, and, as they approached the islands, they formed into a fleet, almost covering the surface of the river. We were obliged to wait till perhaps a dozen boats had discharged their passengers, before we could land.

These islands are formed by the branches of the Neva, at about three versts from St. Petersburg. They are beautifully laid out in grass and gravel-walks, ornamented with trees, lakes, shrubs, and flowers, connected together by light and elegant bridges, and adorned with beautiful little summer-

houses. These summer-houses are captivating; light and airy in their construction, and completely buried among the trees. As we walked along, we heard music or gentle voices, and now and then came upon a charming cottage, with a beautiful lawn or garden, just enough exposed to let the passer-by imagine what he pleased; and on the lawn was a light fanciful tent, or an arbour hung with foliage, under which the occupants, with perhaps a party of rosy children were romping around them, while thousands were passing by and looking on, with as perfect an appearance of domestic *abandon* as if in the privacy of the fireside. I have sometimes reproached myself that my humour changed with every passing scene; but, inasmuch as it generally tended towards at least a momentary satisfaction, I did not seek to check it: and though, from habit and education, I would have shrunk from such a family exhibition, here it was perfectly delightful. It seemed like going back to a simpler and purer age. The gay and smiling faces seemed to indicate happy hearts; and when I saw a mother playing on the green with a little cherub daughter, I felt how I hung upon the community, a loose and disjointed member, and would fain have added myself to some cheerful family group. A little farther on, however, I saw a papa flogging a chubby urchin, who drowned with his bellowing the music from a neighbouring arbour, which somewhat broke the charm of this public exhibition of scenes of domestic life.

Besides these little retiring-places, or summer residences of citizens, restaurants, and houses of refreshments, were distributed in great abundance,

and numerous groups were sitting under the shade of trees or arbours, taking ice or refreshments ; and the grounds for promenade were so large and beautifully disposed, that although thousands were walking through them, there was no crowd, except before the door of a principal refectory, where a rope-dancer was flourishing in the air amongst the tops of the trees.

In addition to the many enchanting retreats and summer residences created by the taste, luxury, and wealth of private individuals, there are summer theatres and imperial villas. But the gem of the islands is the little imperial palace of Cammenoi. I have walked through royal palaces, and admired their state and magnificence without one wish to possess them, but I felt a strong yearning towards this imperial villa. It is not so grand and stately as to freeze and chill one, but a thing of extraordinary simplicity and elegance, in a beautifully picturesque situation, heightened by a charming disposition of lawn and trees, so elegant, and, if I may add such an unpoetical word in the description of this imperial residence, so comfortable, that I told the prince if I were a Rasselas escaped from the Happy Valley, I would look no farther for a resting place. The prince replied, that in the good old days of Russian barbarism, when a queen swayed the sceptre, Russia had been a great field for enterprising and adventurous young men, and in more than one instance a palace had been the reward of a favourite. We gave a sigh to the memory of those good old days, and at eleven o'clock returned to the city on the top of an omnibus. The whole road from the Summer Islands, and the great street lead-

ing to the admiralty, were lighted with little glass lamps, arranged on the side walks about six feet apart, but they almost realised the conceit of illuminating the sun by hanging candles around it, seeming ashamed of their own sickly glare, and struggling vainly with the glorious twilight.

The next morning, the valet who had taken me as his master, and who told others in the house that he could not attend to them, as he was in my service, informed me that a traveller, arrived from Warsaw the night before, had taken apartments in the same hotel, and could give me all necessary information in regard to the route; and after breakfast I sent him with my compliments, to ask the traveller if he would admit me, and shortly after called myself. He was a young man, under thirty, above the middle size, strong and robust of frame, with good features, light complexion, but very much freckled, a head of extraordinary red hair, and a mustache of the same brilliant colour; and he was dressed in a coloured morning gown, and smoking a pipe with an air of no small dignity and importance. I explained the purpose of my visit, and he gave me as precise information as could possibly be had; and the most gratifying part of the interview was, that before we separated, he told me that he intended returning to Warsaw in about ten days, and would be happy to have me bear him company. I gladly embraced his offer, and left him, better pleased with the result of my interview than I expected, from his rather unprepossessing appearance. He was a Frenchman by descent, born in Belgium, and educated and resident in Poland, and possessed in a striking degree the compound *amor patriæ* in-



cident to the relationship in which he stood to these three countries. "But as I shall be obliged to speak of him frequently hereafter, I will leave him for the present to his morning gown and pipe.

Well pleased with having my plans arranged, I went out without any specific object, and found myself on the banks of the Neva. Directly opposite the Winter Palace, and one of the most conspicuous objects on the whole line of the Neva, is the citadel or old fortress, and in reality, the foundation of the city. I looked long and intently on the golden spire of its church, shooting towards the sky, and glittering in the sun. This spire, which rises tapering till it seems almost to fade away into nothing, is surmounted by a large globe, on which stands an angel supporting a cross. This angel, being made of corruptible stuff, once manifested symptoms of decay, and fears were entertained that he would soon be numbered with the fallen. Government became perplexed how to repair it, to raise a scaffolding to such a height, would cost more than the angel was worth. Among the crowd which daily assembled to gaze at it from below, was a roofer of houses, who, after a long and silent examination, went to the government, and offered to repair it without any scaffolding or assistance of any kind. His offer was accepted; and on the day appointed for the attempt, provided with nothing but a coil of cords, he ascended inside to the highest window, and looking for a moment at the crowd below, and at the spire tapering away above him, stood out on the outer ledge of the window. The spire was covered with sheets of gilded copper, which, to beholders from below, presented only a

smooth surface of burnished gold ; but the sheets were roughly laid, and fastened with large nails, which projected from the sides of the spire. He cut two pieces of cord, and tied loops at each end of both, fastened the upper loops over two projecting nails, and stood with his feet in the lower ; then clenching the fingers of one hand over the rough edges of the sheets of copper, raised himself till he could hitch one of the loops on a higher nail with the other hand ; he did the same for the other loop, and so he raised one leg after the other, and at length ascended, nail by nail, and stirrup, till he clasped his arms around the spire directly under the ball. Here it seemed impossible to go any farther, for the ball was ten or twelve feet in circumference, with a smooth and glittering surface, and no projecting nails, and the angel was above the ball, as completely out of sight as if it were in the habitations of its prototypes. But the daring roofer was not disheartened. Raising himself in his stirrups, he encircled the spire with a cord, which he tied round his waist ; and, so supported, leaned gradually back until the soles of his feet were braced against the spire, and his body fixed almost horizontally in the air. In this position he threw a cord over the top of the ball, and threw it so coolly and skillfully, that at the first attempt it fell down on the other side, just as he wanted it ; then he threw himself up to his original position, and by means of his cord, climbed over the smooth sides of the globe, and in a few moments, amid thunders of applause from the crowd below, which at that great height sounded only like a faint murmur, he stood by the side of the angel. After attaching a

cord to it, he descended, and the next day carried up with him a ladder of ropes, and effected the necessary repairs.

But to return. With my eyes fixed upon the spire, I crossed the bridge, and entered the gate of the fortress. It was built on a small island, fortified by five bastions, which, on the land side, are mere ramparts connected with the St. Petersburg quarter by drawbridges, and on the river side it is surrounded by walls cased with granite, in the centre of which is a large gate or sallyport. As a fortress, it is now useless; but it is a striking object of embellishment to the river, and an interesting monument in the history of the city. At that time it contained two fishing huts in ruins, the only original habitation on the island. It was necessary to cut down the trees, and elevate the surface of the island with dirt and stone brought from other places, before he commenced building the fortress; and the labour of the work was immense, no less than 40,000 workmen being employed at the time. Soldiers, Swedish prisoners, Ingrians, Chrelians and Cossacks, Tartars and Calmucks, were brought from solitudes, to lay the foundation of this imperial city, labouring entirely destitute of all the comforts of life, sleeping on the damp ground, and in the open air, often without being able, in that wilderness, to procure their daily meal; and, moreover, without pickaxes, spades, or other instruments of labour, and using only their bare hands for digging; but in spite of all this, the work advanced with amazing rapidity, and in less than four months the fortress was completed. The principal objects of interest it now contains are the

Imperial Mint, and the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. Brought up in a community where "making money" is the grand business of life, I ought perhaps to have entered the former, but I turned away from the ingots of gold and silver, and entered the old church, the burial place of Peter the Great, and nearly all the czars and czarinas, emperors and empresses, since his time. Around the walls were arranged flags and banners, trophies taken in war, principally from the Turks, waving mournfully over the tombs of the dead. A sombre light broke through the lofty windows, and I moved directly to the tomb of Peter. It is near the great altar, of plain marble, in the shape of a square coffin, without any ornament but a gold plate, on one end of which are engraved his name and title; and at the moment of my entrance, an old Russian was dusting it with a brush. It was with a mingled feeling of veneration and awe that I stood by the tomb of Peter. I had always felt a profound admiration for this extraordinary man, one of those prodigies of nature which appear on the earth only once in many centuries; a combination of greatness and cruelty, the sternness of whose temper spared neither age or sex, nor the dearest ties of kindred; whose single mind changed the face of an immense empire, and character of millions, and yet who often remarked with compunction, "I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself."

By his side lies the body of his wife, Catherine I., the beautiful Livonian, the daughter of a peasant girl, and the wife of a common soldier, who, by a wonderful train of events was raised to wield the

sceptre of a gigantic empire. Her fascination soothed the savage Peter in his moodiest hours. She was the mediatrix between the stern monarch and his subjects; mercy was ever on her lips, and one who knew her well writes what might be inscribed in letters of gold upon her tomb:—"She was a pretty well-looking woman, but not of that sublimity of wit, or rather quickness of imagination, which some people have supposed. The great reason why the czar was so fond of her was her exceeding good temper; she never was seen peevish or out of humour; obliging and civil to all, and never forgetful of her former condition, and withal mighty grateful."

I strolled for a few moments among the other imperial sepulchres, and returned to the tomb of Peter's family. Separate monuments are erected over their bodies, all in the shape of large oblong tombstones, ornamented with gold, and enclosed by high iron railings. As I leaned against the railing of Peter's tomb, I missed one member of his imperial family. It was an awful chasm. Where was his first-born child and only son—the presumptive heir of his throne and empire? Early the object of his unnatural prejudice, excluded from the throne, imprisoned, tortured, tried, condemned, sentenced to death, by the stern decree of his offended father.

The ill-starred Alexius lies in the vaults of the church, in the imperial sepulchre, but without any tomb or inscription to perpetuate the recollection of his unhappy existence. And there is something awful in the juxtaposition of the dead; he lies by the side of his unhappy consort, the amiable Prin-

cess Charlotte, who died the victim of his brutal neglect; so subdued by affliction, that, in a most affecting farewell to Peter, unwilling to disturb the tranquillity of her last hour, she never mentioned his name, and welcomed death as a release from her sufferings.

Leaving the church, I went to a detached building within the fortress, where is preserved, in a separate building, a four-oared boat, as a memorial of the origin of the Russian navy. Its history is interesting. About the year 1691, Peter saw this boat at a village near Moscow; and inquiring the cause of its being built differently from those he was in the habit of seeing; learned that it was contrived to go against the wind. Under the direction of Brandt, the Dutch shipwright who built it, he acquired the art of managing it. He afterwards had a large pleasure yacht constructed after the same model; and from this beginning went on till he surprised all Europe by a large fleet on the Baltic and the Black Sea. Twenty years afterwards he had it brought up from Moscow, and gave a grand public entertainment, which he called the consecration of the "little grandsire." The fleet, consisting of twenty-seven men of-war, was arranged at Cronstadt in the shape of a half moon. Peter embarked in the little grandsire, himself steering, and three admirals and Prince Mendzikoff rowing, and made a circuit in the gulf, passing by the fleet, the ships striking their flags and saluting it with their guns, while the little grandsire returned each salute by a discharge of three small pieces. It was then towed up to St. Petersburg, where its arrival was celebrated by a masquerade upon

the waters, and, Peter again steering, the boat proceeded to the fortress, and under a discharge of all the artillery, it was deposited where it now lies.

Returning, I took a bath in the Neva. In bathing, as in every thing else, the Russians profit by the short breath of summer, and large public bathing-houses are stationed at intervals along the quay of the river, besides several smaller ones, tasteful and ornamental in appearance, being the private property of rich seigneurs. I went into one of the former, where a swimming-master was teaching a school of boys the art of swimming. The water of the Neva was the first thing I had found regularly Russian, that is, excessively cold; and though I bathed in it several times afterwards, I always found it the same.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

A new Friend—The Winter Palace—Importance of a hat—An Artificial Mine—Remains of a huge Monster—Peter the Great's Workshop—The Greek Religion—Tomb of a Hero—A Saint Militant—Another Love Affair—The Hermitage—The Winter and Summer Gardens.

EARLY in the morning, while at breakfast, I heard a loud knock at my door, which was opened without waiting for an answer, and in stalked a tall, stout, dashing young man, with a blue frock, white pantaloons, and a vest of many colours, a heavy gold chain around his neck, an enormous Indian cane in his hand, and a broad brimmed hat brought down

on one side, over his right eye in particular. He had a terrible scowl on his face, which seemed to be put on to sustain the dignity of his amazing costume, and he bowed on his entrance with as much *hauteur* as if he meant to turn me out of the room. I stared at him in unfeigned astonishment, when, putting his cane under his arm, and pulling off his hat, his intensely red head broke upon me with a blaze of beauty, and I recognised my friend and intended fellow traveller, the French Belgian Pole, whom I had seen in an old morning-gown and slippers. I saw through my man at once; and speedily knocking on the head his overwhelming formality, came upon him with the old college salutation, asking him to pull off his clothes and stay a week; and he complied almost literally, for in less than ten minutes he had off his coat and waistcoat, cravat and boots, and was kicking up his heels on my bed. I soon discovered that he was a capital fellow, a great beau in his little town on the frontiers of Poland, and one of a class by no means uncommon, that of the very ugly men who imagine themselves very handsome. While he was knocking his heels over the footboard, he asked me what we thought of red hair in America; and I told him that I could not undertake to speak the public voice, but, that for myself, I did not admire it as much as some people did, though, as to his, there was something striking about it, which was strictly true, for it was such an enormous mop, that as his head lay on the pillow, it looked like a bust set in a large red frame. All the time, he held in his hand a pocket looking-glass and a small brush, with which he kept brushing his mustaches, giving them a peculiar twirl to-



wards the ears. I told him he was wrong about the mustache; and, taking the brush, brought them out of their twist, and gave them an inclination *a la Turque*, recommending my own as a model; but he soon got them back to their place, and, rising, shook his gory locks, and began to dress himself, or, as he said, to put himself in parchment for a walk.

My new friend was for no small game, and proposed visiting some of the palaces. On the way he confided to me a conquest he had already made since his arrival; a beautiful young lady, of course, the daughter of an Italian music-master, who resided directly opposite to our hotel. He said he had applied for an apartment next to mine, which commanded a view of the window at which she sat, and asked me, as a friend, whether it would be interfering with me. Having received my assurance that I had no intentions in that quarter, he said he would order his effects to be removed the same day.

By this time we had arrived at the Winter Palace, presenting, as I have before mentioned, a marble front on the Neva of more than 700 feet, or as long as the side of Washington Square, and larger and more imposing than that of the Tuilleries, or any other royal palace in Europe. We approached the large door of the entrance to this stately pile, and, notwithstanding my modest application, backed by my companion's dashing exterior, we were turned away by the imperial footman because we had not on dress coats. We went home, and soon returned equipped as the law of etiquette requires, and were soon admitted to the imperial residence. We ascended the principal story by the large marble staircase, remarkable for its magnifi-

cence and the grandeur of its architecture. There are nearly one hundred principal rooms on the first floor, occupying an area of 400,000 square feet, and forming almost a labyrinth of splendour. The great banqueting hall is 189 feet by 110, encrusted with the finest marble, with a row of columns at each end, and the side decorated with attached columns, rich gilding, and splendid mirrors. The great Hall of St. George is one of the richest and most superb rooms on the Continent, not excepting the pride of the Tuilleries or Versailles. It is a parallelogram of 140 feet by 60, decorated with forty fluted Corinthian columns of porphyritic marble, with capitals and bases of bronze richly gilded, and supporting a gallery with a gilded bronze balustrade of exquisite workmanship. At one end, on a platform, is the throne, approached by a flight of eight steps covered with the richest Genoa velvet, embroidered with gold, with the double-headed eagle expanding his wings above it. The large windows on both sides are hung with the richest drapery, and the room is embellished by magnificent mirrors and colossal candelabra profusely gilded.

We passed on to the *sadle blanche*, which is nearly of the same dimensions, and beautifully chaste in design and finish. Its elevation is greater, and the sides are decorated with pilasters, columns, and bas-reliefs of a sort of white tint, without the least admixture of gaudy colours. The space between the Hall of St. George and the *sadle blanche*, is occupied as a gallery of national portraits, where the Russians who distinguished themselves during the French invasion are exhibited in

half-length portraits, as rewards for their military service. The three field marshals, Kutuzow, Barclay de Tolly, and the Duke of Wellington, are represented at full length. The symbol which accompanies the hero of Waterloo is that of imperishable strength, the British Oak, "the triumpher of many storms."

I will not carry the reader through all the magnificent apartments, but I cannot help mentioning the Diamond Room, containing the crowns and jewels of the imperial family. Diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, are arranged round the room in small cases, of such dazzling beauty that it is almost bewildering to look at them. I had already acquired almost a passion for gazing at precious stones. At Constantinople I had wandered through the bazaars, under the guidance of a Jew, and seen all the diamonds collected and for sale in the capital of the East; but I was astonished at the brilliancy of this little chamber, and, in my strongly awakened admiration, looked upon the miser, who, before the degrading days of bonds and mortgages, converted his wealth into jewels and precious stones, as a man of elegant and refined taste. The crown of the emperor is adorned with a chaplet of oak leaves made of the diamonds of an extraordinary size, and the imperial sceptre contains one supposed to be the largest in the world; being the celebrated stone purchased by the Empress Catherine II. from a Greek slave, for 450,000 rubles and a large pension for life. 80,000 persons were employed in the construction of this palace; upwards of 2000 habitually reside in it, and even a larger number when the emperor is in St. Petersburg. The imperial flag

was then floating from the top of the palace, as an indication to his subjects of his majesty's presence in the capital; and about the time that his majesty sat down to his royal dinner, we were working upon a *cotolette de mouton* and drinking in *vin ordinaire* health and long life to Nicholas I.; and afterwards, in talking of the splendour of the imperial palace and the courtesy of the imperial footmen, we added health and long life to the Lady Autocrat and all the little autocrats.

That night my new friend had his effects removed to a room adjoining mine, and the next morning I found him sitting in his window with a book in his hand, watching the young lady opposite. He was so pleased with his occupation that I could not get him away, and went off without him. Mr. Wilkins having offered to accompany me to some of the public institutions, I called for him and finding him disengaged, we took a boat on the Neva, and went first to the Academy of arts, standing conspicuously on the right bank opposite the English Quay, and, perhaps, the chasest and most classical structure in St. Petersburg. In the court are two noble Egyptian sphynxes. A magnificent staircase, with a flight of granite steps, leads to a grand landing-place with broad galleries around it, supporting, by means of Ionic columns, the cupola, which crowns the whole. The Rotunda is a fine apartment of exquisite proportions, decorated with statues and busts! and at the other end of the conference room, stands a large table, at the head of which is a full length portrait of Nicholas under a rich canopy. In one room are a collection of models from the antique, and another

of the paintings of native artists, some of which are considered as indicating extraordinary talent.

From hence we went to the *Hotel des Mines*, where the name of the American minister procured us admission without the usual permit. The *Hotel des Mines* was instituted by the great Peter for the purpose of training a mining engineer corps, to explore scientifically the vast mineral resources of the empire, and also engineers for the army. Like all the other public edifices, the building is grand and imposing, and the arrangement in the different rooms is admirable. In one room is a large collection of medals, and in another of coins. Besides general mineralogy of extraordinary beauty, there are native iron from the Lake Olonetz, silver ore from Tobolsk, and gold sand from the Oural Mountains; and in iron bound cases, beautifully ornamented, there is a rich collection of native gold, found either in the mines belonging to government, or in those of individuals, one piece of which was discovered at the depth of three and a half feet in the sand, weighing more than 24 pounds. The largest piece of platinum in existence, from the mines of Demidon, weighing 10 pounds, is here also; and, above all, a colossal specimen of amalachite weighing 2456 pounds, and at the common average price of this combination of copper and carbonic acid, worth £3750 sterling.

But the most curious part of this valuable repository is under ground, being a model of a mine in Siberia. Furnished with lighted tapers, we followed our guides through winding passages cut into the bowels of the earth, the sides of which represented, by the aggregation of real specimens, the various

stratifications with all the different ores, and minerals, and different species of earth, as they are found in their natural state ; the coal formation, veins of copper, and in one place of gold, being particularly well represented, forming an admirable practical school for the study of geology, though under a chilliness of atmosphere which would be likely to very soon put an end to studies of all kinds.

From here we passed to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, by far the most interesting part of our day's visiting. This, too, was founded by the great Peter. I hardly knew why, but I had already acquired a warm admiration for the stout old czar. There was nothing high or chivalric about him, but every step in Russia ; from the Black Sea to the Baltic, showed me what he had done to advance the condition of his people. I knew all this as matter of history, but here I felt it as fact. We strolled through the mineralogical and zoological repositories, and stopped before the skeleton of that stupendous inhabitant of a former world, denominated the mammoth, whose fame has been carried over the waste of waters even to our distant country, and beside which even the skeletons of elephants looked insignificant. What was he, where did he live, and is his race extinct ? It gave rise to a long train of interesting speculation, to endow him with life, and see him striding with gigantic steps, the living tenant of a former world ; and more interesting still to question, as others had done, whether he was not, after all, one of a race of animals not yet extinct, and perhaps wandering even now within a short distance of the Polar sea.

There is also in this part of the museum a col-

lection of anatomical specimens and of human monsters ; an unpleasing exhibition, though, no doubt, useful to medical science ; among them was a child with two heads from America. More interesting to me was a large collection of insects, of medals, and particularly the different objects in gold found in the tumuli of Siberia, consisting of bracelets, vases, crowns, bucklers, rings, sabres with golden hilts, Tartar idols, &c., many of them of great value, and of very elegant workmanship, which have given rise to much interesting speculation in regard to the character of the people who formerly inhabited the country. The Asiatic museum contains a library of Chinese, Japanese, Mongolese, and Tibetan books and manuscripts ; Mahomedan, Chinese, and Japanese coins, an interesting assemblage of Mongolese idols cut in bronze and gilded, and illustrating the religion of Budha. There is also an Egyptian museum, containing about a thousand articles. The cabinet of curiosities contains figures of all the different people conquered under the government of Russia, habited in their national costumes ; also of Chinese, Persians, Aleutans, Carelians, and the inhabitants of many of the Eastern, Pacific, or Northern Islands, discovered or visited by Russian travellers and navigators, as well as of the different nations inhabiting Siberia.

But by far the most interesting part of the museum is the cabinet of Peter himself, consisting of a suite of apartments, in which the old czar was in the habit of passing his leisure hours engaged in some mechanical employment. In one room are several brass cylinders turned by his own hands, and covered with battle-scenes of his own engrav-

ing. Also an iron bar forged by him; bas-reliefs executed in copper, representing his desperate battles in Livonia; an ivory chandelier of highly-wrought workmanship, and a group in ivory representing Abraham offering up his son Isaac, the ram and the angel Gabriel cut out entire. In another room is his workshop containing a variety of vessels and models etched in copper, and a copperplate with an unfinished battle-scene. His tools and implements are strewed about the room precisely in the same state he left them the last time he was there. In another chamber was the distended skin of his French body servant, seven feet high; the Arabian horse which he rode at the bloody battle of Pultowa, and the two favourite dogs which always accompanied him; and in another the figure of the old czar himself in wax, as large as life; the features, beyond doubt, bearing the exact resemblance of the original, being taken from a cast applied to his face when dead, and shaded in imitation of his real complexion. The eyebrows and hair are black, the eyes dark, the complexion swarthy, and aspect stern. This figure is surrounded by the portraits of his predecessors, in their barbarian costumes, himself rested in an arm-chair in the same splendid dress which he wore when with his own hands he placed the imperial crown on the head of his beloved Catherine. Here, also, are his uniform of the guards, gorget, scarf, and sword, and hat shot through at the battle of Pultowa; and the last thing which the guide put into my hands, was a long stick measuring his exact height, and showing him literally a great man, being six Russian feet. I must not forget a pair of shoes made by his own



hands ; but the old czar was no shoemaker. Nevertheless, these memorials were all deeply interesting, and though I had seen the fruits of his labours from the Black Sea to the Baltic, I never felt such a strong personal attraction to him as I did here.

I was obliged to decline dining with Mr. Wilkins in consequence of an engagement with my friend the Pole, and, returning, I found him at the window with a book in his hand, precisely in the same position which I had left him.

Sunday. Until the early part of the tenth century the religion of Russia was a gross idolatry. In 935, Olga, the widow of Igor, the son of Runic, sailed down the Dnieper from Kief, was baptised at Constantinople, and introduced Christianity into Russia, though her family and nation adhered for a long time to the idolatry of their fathers. The great schism between the Eastern and Western churches had already taken place, and the Christianity derived from Constantinople was of course of the Greek persuasion. The Greek Church believes in the doctrines of the Trinity, but differs from the Catholic in some refined and subtle distinction in regard to what is called the procession of the Holy Ghost. It enjoins the invocation of saints as mediators, and permits the use of pictures, as a means of inspiring and strengthening devotion. The well informed understand the use for which they are intended, but these form a very small portion of the community, and probably the great bulk of the people worship the pictures themselves. The clergy are, in general, very poor and very ignorant. The priests are not received at the tables of the upper classes, but

they exercise an almost controlling influence over the lower, and they exhibited this influence in rousing the serfs against the French, which may be ascribed partly to the certainty that Napoleon would strip their churches of their treasures, tread down their monasteries, and turn themselves out of doors. But of the population of 55,000,000, 15,000,000 are divided into Roman Catholics, Armenians, Protestants, Jews, and Mahommedans, and among the Caucasians, Georgians, Circassians, and Mongol tribes, nearly 2,000,000 are pagans or idolators, Brahmins, Lamists, and worshippers of the sun.

For a people so devout as the Russians, the utmost toleration prevails throughout the whole empire, and particularly in St. Petersburg. Churches of every denomination stand but a short distance apart on the Newski Perspective. The Russian cathedral is nearly opposite the great Catholic chapel; near them is the Armenian, then the Lutheran, two churches for Dissenters, and a mosque for the Mahommedans; and on Sundays thousands are seen bending their steps to their separate churches, to worship according to the faith handed down to them by their fathers.

Early in the morning, taking with me a valet, and joining the crowd that was already hurrying with devout and serious air along the Newski Perspective, I entered the Cathedral of our Lady of Cazan, a splendid monument of architecture, and more remarkable as the work of a native artist, with a semicircular colonade in front, consisting of 132 Corinthian columns thirty-five feet high, somewhat after the style of the great circular colonade of St. Peter's at Rome, and surmounted by

a dome crowned with a cross of exquisite workmanship, supported on a large gilded ball. Within fifty noble columns, each of one piece of solid granite from Finland, forty-eight feet high and four feet in diameter, surmounted by a rich capital of bronze, and resting on a massive bronze base, support an arched roof richly ornamented with flowers in bas relief. The decorations of the altar are rich and splendid, the doors leading to the *sanctum sanctorum*, with the railing front, being of silver. As in the Catholic churches, there are no pews, chairs, or benches, and all over the floor were the praying figures of the Russians. Around the walls were arranged military trophies, flags, banners, and the keys of the fortresses wrested from the enemies of Russia; but far more interesting than her columns and colossal statues, and military trophies, is the tomb of the warrior Kutuzow; simple and remarkable for the appropriate warlike trophy over it, formed of French flags and the eagles of Napoleon. Admiration for heroism owns no geographical or territorial limits, and I pity the man who could stand by the grave of Kutuzow without feeling it a sacred spot. The Emperor Alexander with his own hands took the most precious jewel from his crown and sent it to the warrior, with a letter announcing to him his elevation to the rank of Prince of Smolensko; but richer than jewels or principalities is the tribute which his countrymen pay at his tomb.

The church of our Lady of Cazan contains another monument of barbarian patriotism. The celebrated leader of the Cossacks, during the period of the French invasion, having intercepted a great

part of the booty which the French were carrying from Moscow, sent it to the Metropolitan head of the church, and with a characteristic letter, directing it to be "made into an image of the four Evangelists, and adorn the church of the Mother of God of Cazan." The concluding paragraph is:—  
"Hasten to erect in the temple of God this monument of battle and victory; and while you erect it say, with thankfulness to Providence, the enemies of Russia are no more; the vengeance of God has overtaken them on the soil of Russia; and the road they have gone has been strewed with their bones, to the utter confusion of their frantic and proud ambition.

(Signed)

PLATOFF."

From the church of our Lady of Cazan I went to the Protestant church, where I again joined in an orthodox service. The interior of the church is elegant, though externally it can scarcely be distinguished from a private building. The seats are free, the men sitting on one side, and the women on the other. Mr. Law, the clergyman, has been there many years, and is respected and loved by his congregation. After church I walked to the convent of Alexander Newski, the burial-place of Prince Alexander, who obtained in the thirteenth century a splendid victory over the allied forces of Sweden, Denmark, and Livonia, afterwards became a monk, and for his pure and holy life was canonised, and now ranks among the principal saints in the Russian calendar. The warrior was first buried at Moscow, but Peter the Great had his remains

transported with great ceremony to this place, a procession of 1000 priests walking barefoot all the way. The monastery stands at the extreme end of the Newski Perspective, and within its precincts are several churches and a large cemetery. It is the residence of the distinguished prelates of the Greek Church and a large fraternity of monks. The dress of the monks is a loose black cloak and round black cap, and no one can be admitted a member until the age of thirty. We entered a grand portal, walked up a long avenue, and, crossing a bridge over a stream, worked our way between lines of the carriages of nobles and ladies, and crowds of the people in their best bell-crowned hats; and amid a throng of miserable beggars, penetrated to the door of the principal church, a large and beautiful specimen of modern Corinthian architecture. I remarked the great entrance, the lofty dome, the fresco paintings on the ceilings, and the arabesque decorations on the walls; the altar piece of white Carrara marble, paintings by Rubens and Vandyck, the holy door in the *iconostas*, raised on a flight of steps of rich gilded bronze, and surmounted by the representation of a dazzling *aureola* of different coloured metals, and in the centre the initials of that awful name which none in Israel save the initiated were permitted to pronounce. I walked around, and paused before the tomb of the warrior saint.

A sarchophagus, or coffin of massive silver, standing on an elevated platform, ornamented in bas-relief, representing scenes of battles with the Swedes, contains his relics; a rich ermine lies upon the coffin, and above is a silver canopy. On

each side is a warrior clothed in armour, with his helmet, breastplate, shield, and spear, also of massive silver. The altar rises thirty feet in height, of solid silver, with groups of military figures and trophies of warriors, also of silver, as large as life; and over it hangs a golden lamp, with a magnificent candelabrum of silver, together with a vessel of curious workmanship holding the bones of several holy men, the whole of extraordinary magnificence and costliness of material, upwards of 400 pounds' weight of silver having been used in the construction of the chapel and shrine. The dead sleep the same whether in silver coffins or in the bare earth, but the stately character of the church, dimly lighted, and the splendour and richness of the material, gave a peculiar solemnity to the tomb of the warrior saint.

Leaving the churches, I strolled through the cloisters of the monastery, and entered the great cemetery. There, as in the great cemetery of Pere la Chaise at Paris, all that respect, and love, and affection can do to honour the memory of the dead, and all that vanity and folly can do to ridicule it, have been accomplished. There are seen epitaphs of affecting brevity and elaborate amplification; every design, every advice, figure, emblem, and decoration; every species of material, from native granite to Carrara marble and pure gold. Among the simpler tombs of poets, warriors, and statesmen, a monument of the most gigantic proportion, is erected to snatch from oblivion the name of a rich Russian merchant. The base is a solid cubic block of the most superb marble, on which is a solid pedestal of black marble ten feet square, bearing a

sarcophagus fourteen feet high, and of most elegant proportions, surmounted by a gold cross twenty feet in height. At each of the four corners is a colossal candelabrum of cast iron, with entwining serpents of bronze gilded. The ground alone cost £1000, and the whole monument cost 20,000 dollars. Near the centre of this asylum of the dead, a tetrastyle Ionic temple of the purest white marble records the virtues of an interesting lady, the Countess of Potemkin; and *alto relievos* of the most exquisite execution, on three sides of the temple, tell the melancholy story of a mother snatched from three lovely children. The countess prophetically conscious of her approaching fate, is looking up calmly and majestically to the figure of religion, and resting with confidence her left hand on the symbol of Christianity. In front are the inscription and arms of the family in solid gold.

But what are the Russian dead to me? The granite and marble monument of the merchant is a conglomeration of hides, hemp, and tallow; a man may be excused if he linger a moment at the tomb of an interesting woman, a mother cut off in her prime; but melancholy is infectious, and induces drowsiness and closing of the book.

In consideration for my valet, at the grand portal I took a drosky, rolled over the wooden pavement of the Newski Perspective, and, with hardly motion enough to disturb my reverie, was set down at the door of my hotel. My Pole was waiting to dine with me, and roused me from my dreams of the dead to recount the dreams of the living. All day he sat at his window, and a few straggling glances of the lady opposite had abundantly rewarded him.

and given him great spirits for his evening promenade on the Boulevard. I declined accompanying him, and he went alone, and returned in the evening almost in raptures. We strolled an hour by the twilight, and retired early.

It will hardly be believed, but early the next morning he came to my room with a letter on fine pink paper addressed to his fair enslaver. The reader may remember that this was not the first time I had been made a confidant in an *affaire du cœur*. To be sure, the missionary at Smyrna turned out to be crazy; and on this point at least, my Pole was a little touched; nevertheless, I listened to his epistle. It was the regular old-fashioned document, full of hanging, shooting, drowning, and other extravagances. He sealed it with an amatory device, and, calling up a servant in his confidence, told him to carry it over, and then took his place in my window to watch the result. In the mean time, finding it impossible to dislodge him, and that I could not count upon him to accompany me on my visit to the palaces as he had promised, I went to the Hermitage alone. The Great and Little Hermitages are connected with the Winter Palace, and with each other, by covered galleries, and the theatre is connected with the two Hermitages by means of another great arch thrown over a canal, so that the whole presents a continued line of imperial palaces, unequalled in extent in any part of Europe, measuring 1596 feet, or one third of an English mile. If I were to select a building designed to realise the most extravagant notions of grandeur and luxury, it would be the gorgeous palace known under the modest name of the Hermitage.



I shall not attempt any description of the interior of this splendid edifice, but confine myself to the brief enumeration of its contents. I ascended by a spacious staircase to the ante-room, where I gave, or rather, where my cane was demanded by the footman, and proceeded through a suit of magnificent rooms, every one surpassing the last, and richer in objects of the fine arts, science, and literature; embellished throughout by a profusion of the most splendid ornaments and furniture, and remarkable for beauty of proportion and variety of design. In rooms and galleries appropriated to the separate schools and masters, are upwards of 1300 paintings by Raphael, Titian, Guido, Andrea Sarto, Luca Giordano, the Caracci, Perugino, Corregio, and Leonardi Vinci; here is also the best collection in existence of pictures by Wouvermans and Teniers, with some of the master-pieces of Rubens and Vandyck, of the French Claude, Prussin, and Vernet. The celebrated Houghton collection is here, with a gallery of paintings of the Spanish schools, many of them Murillo's. In one room is a superb vase of Siberian jasper, of a lilac colour, five feet high, and of exquisite form and polish; in another are two magnificent candelabra, said to be valued at 220,000 roubles, or about 50,000 dollars; I must mention also the great musical clock, representing an antique Grecian temple, and containing within a combination of instruments, having the power of two orchestras, which accompany each other; two golden salvers on which salt and bread were exhibited to the Emperor Alexander on his triumphal return from Paris, as emblems of wisdom and plenty; a large musical and magical secretary, which opens

spontaneously in a hundred directions at the sound of music purchased by the late emperor for 800 guineas; a room surrounded with books, some of which were originals, placed there by Catherine for the use of domestics, as she said to keep the devil out of their heads; a saloon containing the largest collection of engravings and books of engravings in Europe, amounting to upwards of 30,000; a library of upwards of 113,000 volumes; an extensive cabinet of medals, and another of gems and pastes; a jewel cabinet, containing the rich ornaments which have served for the toilettes of succeeding emperors, innumerable precious stones and pearls, many of extraordinary magnitude; a superb collection of antiques and cameos, amounting to upwards of 15,000, the cameos alone affording employment for days. In one room are curious works of ivory and fish bones, by the inhabitants of Archangel, who are skilled in that species of workmanship; and in another is the celebrated clock, known by the name of *L'Horloge du Paon*. It is enclosed in a large glass case ten feet high, being the trunk of a golden tree, with its branches and leaves all of gold. On the top of the trunk sits a peacock, which, when the chimes begin, expands its brilliant tail, while an owl rolls its eyes with its own peculiar stare, and instead of a bell striking the hours, a golden cock flaps his wings, and crows. The clock is now out of order, and the machinery is so complicated that no artist has hitherto been able to repair it.

But perhaps the most extraordinary and interesting part of the wonders of the Hermitage, are the Winter and Summer Gardens. As I strolled through the suites of apartments, and looked out through

the windows of a long gallery, it was hardly possible to believe that the flourishing trees, shrubs, and flowers, stood upon artificial soil, raised nearly fifty feet above the surface of the earth. The winter Garden is a large quadrangular conservatory, planted with laurels and orange trees, in which linnets and Canary birds formerly flew about enjoying the freedom of nature; but the feathered tribe has since disappeared. The Summer Garden connected with it 400 feet long; and here, suspended, as it were, in the air, near the top of the palace, I strolled along gravel walks, and among parterres of shrubs and flowers growing in rich luxuriance, and under a thick foliage inhaled their delightful fragrance. It is idle to attempt a description of this scene.

I returned to my Pole, whom I found at his window with a melancholy and sentimental visage, his beautiful epistle returned upon his hands—having in sportsman's phrase entirely missed fire, and then lying with a most reprovèd look on his table. My friend had come up to St. Petersburg in consequence of a law-suit, and, as this occupied but a small portion of his time, he had involved himself in a love-suit, and, so far as I could see, with about an equal chance of success in both. *L'amour* was the great business of his life, and he could not be content unless he had what he called *une affaire de cœur* on hand.

## CHAPTER XXII.

**An Imperial Fete—Nicholas of Russia—Varied Splendours—A Soliloquy—Czarskoselo—The Amber Chamber—Catherine II—The Emperor Alexander.**

THE next day was that appointed for the great fete at Peterhoff. In spite of the confining nature of his two suits, my Pole had determined to accompany me thither, being prompted somewhat by the expectation of seeing his damsel; and, no way disheartened by the fate of his first letter, he had manufactured another, by comparison with which the first was an icicle. I admitted it to be a masterpiece, though when he gave it to a servant to carry over, as we were on the point of setting off, suggested that it might be worth while to wait and pick it up when she threw it out of the window. But he had great confidence, and thought better of her spirit for sending back his first letter.

The whole population of Petersburg was already in motion, and on the way to Peterhoff. It was expected that the fete would be more than usually splendid, on account of the presence of the queen of Holland, then on a visit to her sister the empress; and at an early hour the splendid equipages of the nobility, carriages, droskies, telegas, and carts, were hurrying along the banks of the Neva, while steam-boats, sail-boats, row-boats, and craft of every description, were gliding on the bosom of the river.

As the least trouble, we chose a steam-boat, and

at twelve o'clock embarked at the English Quay. The boat was crowded with passengers, and among them was an old English gentleman, a merchant of thirty years' standing in St. Petersburg. I soon became acquainted with him, how I do not know, and his lady told me that the first time I passed them she remarked to her husband that I was an American. The reader may remember that a lady made the same remark at Smyrna; without knowing exactly how to understand it, I mention it as a fact, showing the nice discrimination acquired by persons in the habit of seeing travellers from different countries. Before landing, the old gentleman told me that his boys had gone down in a pleasure-boat, abundantly provided with materials, and asked me to go on board and lunch with them, which, upon the invitation being extended to my friend, I accepted.

Peterhoff is about twenty-five versts from St. Petersburg, and the whole bank of the Neva on that side is adorned with palaces and beautiful summer residences of the Russian seigneurs. It stands at the mouth of the Neva, on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite the city of Cronstadt, the seaport of St. Petersburg, and the anchorage of the Russian fleet. It was then crowded with merchant ships of every nation, with flags of every colour streaming from their spars in honour of the day. On landing we accompanied our new friends, and found "the boys," three fine young fellows just growing up to manhood, in a handsome little pleasure-boat, with a sail arranged as an awning, waiting for their parents. We were introduced, and received with open arms, and sat down to a cold col-

lation in good old English style, at which, for the first time since I left home, I fastened upon an old-fashioned sirloin of roast beef. It was a delightful meeting for me. The old people talked to me about my travels; and the old lady particularly, with almost a motherly interest in a straggling young man, inquired about my parents, brothers, and sisters, &c.; and I made my way with the frank-hearted "boys" by talking "boat." Altogether it was a regular home family scene; and, after the lunch we left the old people under the awning, promising, to return at nine o'clock for tea, and with "the boys" set off to view the fete.

From the time when we entered the grounds until we left, at three o'clock the next morning, the whole was a fairy scene. The grounds extended some distance along the shore, and the palace stands on a embankment perhaps 150 feet high, commanding a full view of the Neva, Cronstadt with its shipping, and the Gulf of Finland. We followed along the banks of a canal 500 yards long, bordered by noble trees. On each side of the canal were large wooden frames about sixty feet high, filled with glass lamps for the illumination; and at the foot of each was another high framework with lamps, forming, among other things, the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, and under it a gigantic star thirty or forty feet in diameter. At the head of the canal was a large basin of water, and in the centre of the basin stood a colossal group in brass, of a man tearing open the jaws of a rampant lion; and out of the mouth of the lion rushed a *jet d'eau* perhaps 150 feet high. On each side of this basin, at a distance of about 300 feet, was a smaller basin,

with a *jet d'eau* in each about half its height, and all around were *jets d'eau* of various kinds, throwing water vertically and horizontally; among them I remember a figure larger than life, leaning forward in the attitude of a man throwing the discus, with a powerful stream of water running from the clenched fist. These basins were at the foot of the embankment on which stands the palace. In the centre was a broad flight of steps leading to the palace, and on each side was a continuous range of marble slabs to the top of the hill over which poured down a sheet of water, the slabs being placed so high and far apart as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water.

All over, along the public walks and in retired alcoves, where frames hung with lamps; and every where, under trees and on the open lawn, where tents of every size and fashion, beautifully decorated; many of them, oriental in style and elegance, were fitted up as places of refreshment. Thousands of people, dressed in their best attire, were promenading the grounds, but no vehicles were to be seen, until turning a point we espied at some distance up an avenue, and coming quietly towards us, a plain open carriage, with two horses and two English jockey outriders, in which were a gentleman and lady, whom, without the universal shaking off of hats around us, I recognised at once as the emperor and empress. I am not apt to be carried away by any profound admiration for royalty, but without consideration of their rank, I never saw a finer specimen of true gentility; in fact, he looked every inch a king, and she was my *beau ideal* of a queen in appearance and manners. They bowed

as they passed and as I thought, being outside of the line of Russians, and easily recognised as a stranger, their courtesy was directed particularly to me; but I found that my companion took it very much to himself, and no doubt every long-bearded Russian near us did the same. In justice to myself, however, I may almost say that I had a conversation with the emperor; for although his imperial highness did not speak to me, he spoke in a language which none but I (and the queen and his jockey outriders) understood; for waving his hand to them, I heard him say in English, "to the right." After this *interview* with his majesty, we walked up to the palace. The splendid regiments of cavalier guards were drawn up around it, every private carrying himself like a prince; and I did not admire all his palaces, nor hardly his queen, so much as this splendid body of armed followers. Behind the palace in a large plain cut up into gravel-walks, having in one place a basin of water, with waterworks of various kinds, among which were some of peculiar beauty falling in the form of a semi globe.

A little before dark, we retired to a refectory under a tent until the garden was completely lighted up, that we might have the full effect of the illumination at one *coup d'œil*, and, when we went out, the dazzling brilliancy of the scene within the semicircular illumination around the waterworks was beyond description. This semicircular framework enclosed in a large sweep three basins, and terminated at the embankment of which the palace stands, presenting all around an immense fiery scroll of the air, sixty or eighty feet high, and filled



with all manner of devices; and for its background a broad sheet of water falling over a range of steps, with lighted lamps behind it, forming an illuminated cascade, while the basins were blazing with the light thrown upon them from the myriads of lamps, and the colossal figures of a reddened and unearthly hue were spouting columns of water into the air. More than twenty thousand people were supposed to be assembled in the garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and extraordinary costume. St. Petersburg was half depopulated, and thousands of peasants were assembled from the neighbouring provinces. I was accidentally separated from all my companions; and, alone among thousands, sat down on the grass, and an hour watched the throng passing through the illuminated circle, and ascending the broad steps leading towards the palace. Among all this immense crowd, there was no rabble; not a dress that could offend the eye; but intermingled with the ordinary costumes of Europeans, were the Russian shopkeeper, with his long surtout, his bell-crowned hat, solemn beard; Cossack, and Circassian soldiers, and Calmuc Tartars, and cavalier guards; hussars, with the sleeves of their rich jackets dangling loose over their shoulders, tossing plumés, and helmets glittering with steel, intermingled throughout with the gay dresses of ladies; while near me, and like me, carelessly stretched on the grass, under the light of thousands of lamps, was a group of peasants from Finland fiddling and dancing; the women with light hair, bands around their heads, and long jackets enwrapping their square forms, and the men with long

great coats, broad-brimmed hats, and a bundle of shells in front.

At two o'clock in the morning twilight was like that of day; at three o'clock I was at my hotel, and probably, at ten minutes past, asleep.

About eight o'clock the next morning, my Pole came into my room. He had returned from Peterhoff before me, and found waiting for him his second epistle, with a note from the mother of the young lady, which he read to me as I lay in my bed. Though more than half asleep I was rather roused by the strange effect this letter had upon him, for he was now encouraged to go on with his suit, since he found that the backwardness of the young lady was to be ascribed to the influence of the mother, end not to any indifference on her part.

The next morning, in company with a Frenchman lately arrived at our hotel, I set out for the imperial palace of Czarskoselo, about seventeen versts from St. Petersburg. About seven versts from the city we passed the imperial seat of Zechenne, built by the Empress Catharine to commemorate the victory obtained by Orloff over the Turks on the coast of Anatolia. The edifice is in the form of a Turkish pavilion, with a central rotunda containing the full length portraits of the sovereigns contemporary with Catherine. Since her death, this palace has been deserted. In 1825, Alexander and the empress passed it on their way to the south of Russia, and about eight months after their mortal remains found shelter in it for a night, on their way to the imperial sepulchre. There was no other object of interest on the road, until we approached Czarskoselo. Opposite the "Caprice Gate" is a

cluster of white houses, in two rows, of different sizes, diminishing as they recede from the road, and converging at the farthest extremity; altogether a bizarre arrangement, and showed the magnificence of Russian gallantry. The empress Catherine, at the theatre one night, happened to express her pleasure at the perspective view of a small town, and the next time she visited Czarskoselo, she saw the scene realised in a town erected by Count Orloff, at immense expence, before the gate of the place. The facade of the palace is unequalled by any royal residence in the world, being 1200 feet in length. Originally, every statue, pedestal, and capital, of the numerous columus, and vases, carvings and other ornaments in front, were covered with gold leaf, the gold used for that purpose amounting to more than a million of ducats. In a few years the gilding wore off, and the contractors engaged in repairing it offered the empress nearly half a million of rubles (silver? for the fragments of gold; but the empress scornfully refused, saying, "*Je ne suis pas dans l'usage de vendre mes vieilles hardes.*"

I shall not attempt to carry the reader through the magnificent apartments of this palace. But I must not forget the famed amber chamber, the whole walls and ceilings being of amber, some of the pieces of great size, neatly fitted together, and even the frames of the pictures an elaborate workmanship of the same precious material. But even this did not strike me so forcibly, as when, conducted through a magnificent apartment, the walls covered with black paper shining like ebony, and ornamented with gold and immense looking-glasses, the footman opened a window at the other end and,

and we looked down into the chapel, an Asiatic structure, presenting an *ensemble* of rich gilding of surpassing beauty, every part of it, the groups of columns, the *iconastos*, and the gallery for the imperial family resplendent with gold. In one of the state rooms, where the empress's mother resides, the floor consists of a parquet of fine wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the panels of the room were encrusted with *lapis lazuli*.

But to me all these magnificent chambers were as nothing, compared with those which were associated with the memory of the late occupant. "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown;" and perhaps it is for this reason that I like to look upon the pillow of a king, far more on that of a queen. The bed-chamber of Catherine II. is adorned with walls of porcelain and pillars of purple glass; the bedclothes are those under which she slept the last time she was at the palace, and in one place was a concealed door, by which, as the unmannerly footman, without any respect to her memory, told us, her imperial highness admitted her six feet paramours.

We wandered through the grounds without any plan, taking any path that offered, and at every step some new beauty broke upon us; a theatre; Turkish kiosk or Chinese pagado; splendid bridges, arches, and columns; and an Egyptian gate; a summer-house in the form of an Ionic colonnade, a masterpiece of taste and elegance, supporting an aerial garden crowded with flowers; and a Gothic building called the Admiralty, on the borders of an extensive lake, on which lay several boats rigged as frigates, elegant barges and pleasure-boats, and

beautiful white swans floating majestically upon its surface; on the islands and the shores of the lake were little summer-houses; at the other end was a magnificent stone landing, and in full view a marble bridge; with Corinthian columns of polished marble; an arsenal, with many curious and interesting objects, antique suits of armour, and two splendid sets of horse trappings, holsters, pistols, and bridles, all studded with diamonds, presented by the sultan on occasion of the peace of Adrianople. Nor must I forget the dairy, and a superb collection of goats and lambs from Siberia. Amid this congregation of beauties, one thing offended me; a Gothic tower, built as ruin for the sake of the picturesque, which, wanting the associations connected with monuments ruined by time, struck me as a downright mockery. We had intended to visit the palace of Paulowsky, but time slipped away, and it was six o'clock before we started to return to St. Petersburg.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

**The Soldier's Reward. Review of the Russian Army. American Cannibals. Palace of Potemkin. Palace of the Grand-duke Michael. Equipments for Travelling Rough Riding. Poland. Vitepsk. Napoleon in Poland. The Disastrous Retreat. Passage of the Berezina.**

**EARLY** the next morning I went out about twelve versts from the city to attend a grand military review by the emperor in person. The government

of Russia is a military despotism, and her immense army, nominally amounting to 1,000,000 even on the peace establishment numbers actually 600,000, of which 60,000 follow the person of the emperor, and were at that time under arms at St. Petersburg. When I rode on the parade-ground, the spectacle of this great army, combining the *elite* of barbaric chivalry, with soldiers trained in the best schools of European discipline, drawn up in battle's stern array, and glittering with steel, was brilliant, and almost sublime; in numbers and military bearing, in costliness of armour and equipment, far surpassing any martial parade that I had seen, not excepting a grand review of French troops at Paris, or even a *fourth of July parade at home*. I once had the honour to be a paymaster in the valiant 197th regiment of New York State Militia; and I can say what, perhaps, no other man who ever served in our *army* can say, that I served out my whole term without being once promoted. Men came in below, and went out above me; ensigns became nearly colonels, and lieutenants generals, but I remained the same; it was hard work to escape promotion, but I was resolute. Associated with me was a friend as quarter-master, with as little of the spirit of a soldier in him as myself, for which we were rather looked down upon by the warriors of our day; and, when at the end of our term, in company with several other officers, we resigned, the next regimental orders were filled with military panegyrics, such as, "the colonel has received, with the greatest regret, the resignation of Lieutenant A.;" "the country has reason to deplore the loss of the services of Captain B.;"

and wound up with "Quarter-master G. and Paymaster S. having tendered their resignations, *both of which are hereby accepted.*" But when strains of martial music burst from a hundred bands, and companies, and regiments, and brigades, wheeled and manœuvred before me, and the emperor rode by, escorted by general and field officers, and the most magnificent staff in Europe, and the earth shook under the charge of the cavalry, I felt a strong martial spirit roused within me, perhaps I was excited by the reflection that these soldiers had been in battles, and that the stars and medals glittering on their breasts were not mere holiday ornaments, but the tokens of desperate service on bloody battle fields.

In a body the Russian soldiers present an exceedingly fine appearance. When the serf is enrolled, his hair and beard are cut off, except on the upper lip; his uniform is simple and graceful; a belt is worn tightly round the waist, and the breast of the coat is thickly padded, increasing the manliness of the figure, though sometimes at the expense of health. In evolutions they move like a great machine, as if all the arms and legs were governed by a single impulse.

The army under review was composed of representatives from all nations under the sway of Russia; Cossacks of the Don, and the Wolga, and the Black Sea, in jackets and wide pantaloons of blue cloth, riding on small horses, with high peaked saddles, and carrying spears eight or ten feet in length. One regiment had the privilege of wearing a ragged flag and caps full of holes, as proofs of their gallant service, being the only regi-

ment that fought at Pultowa. And there were Calmucs in their extraordinary war-dress ; a helmet with a gilded crest, or a chain cap with a network of iron rings falling over the head and shoulders, and hanging as low as the eyebrows in front ; a shirt of mail, composed of steel rings matted together and yielding to the body, the arms protected by plates, and the back of the land by steel network fastened to the plates on each side ; their offensive weapons were bows and arrows, silver-mounted pistols peeping out of their holsters, cartridge-boxes on each side of the breast, and a dagger, sword, a gun.

The Kirguish, a noble-looking race, came from the steppes of Siberia. Their uniform is magnificent, consisting of a blue frock coat and pantaloons covered with silver lace, a Grecian helmet, and a great variety of splendid arms, the yataghan alone costing one thousand rubles. They are all noble, and have no regular duty, except to attend the imperial family on extraordinary occasions. At home they are always at war among themselves. They are Mahomedans ; and one of them said to an American friend who had a long conversation with him, that he had four wives at home ; that some had more, but it was not considered becoming to exceed that number. A bearded Russian came up, and said that these Kirguish eat dogs and cats, against which the Kirguish protested. The Russian afterwards observed that the Americans were worse than the Kirguish, for that a patriarch of the church had written, and therefore it must be true, that the number of human beings eaten by Americans could not be counted ; adding with emphasis,



"Sir, you were created in the likeness of your maker, and you should endeavour to keep yourself so." He continued that the Russians were the first Christians, and he felt much disposed to send missionaries among the Americans to meliorate their condition.

The Imperial Guards are the finest looking set of men I ever saw. The standard is six feet, and none are admitted below that height. Their uniform is a white cloth coat, and buckskin breeches, boots reaching up to their hips, and swords that Wallace himself would not be ashamed to wield. But perhaps the most striking in that brilliant army was the emperor himself; seeming its natural head, towering even above his gigantic guards, and looking, as Mr. Wilkins once said of him, like one who, among savages, would have been chosen for a chief. In the midst of this martial spectacle, the thought came over me of militia musters at home; and though smiling at the insignificance of our military array as I rode back in my drosky, I could not but think of the happiness of our isolated position, which spares us the necessity of keeping a large portion of our countrymen constantly in arms, to preserve the rest in the enjoyment of life and fortune.

The next morning my Polish friend, hopeless of success either in his law suit or his love suit, fixed a day for our departure; and, with the suggestion that I am about leaving St. Petersburg, I turn once more, and for the last time, to the imperial palaces. Not far from the Hermitage is the marble palace; a colossal pile, built by the Empress Catherine, for her favourite Orloff, presenting one of

its fronts to the Neva. All the decorations are of marble and gilded bronze, and the capitals and bases of the columns and pilasters, and the window-frames and balustrades of the balconies, of cast bronze richly gilded. The effect is heightened by the unusually large dimensions of the squares of fine plate glass. A traveller in 1759, says, "that prodigies of enchantment which we read in the tales of the genii are here called forth in reality; and the temples reared by the luxuriant fancy of our poets may be considered as a picture of the marble palace, which Jupiter, when the burden of cares drives him from heaven, might make his delightful abode." At present, however, there are but few remains of this Olympian magnificence, and I think Jupiter at the same expense, would prefer the Winter Palace or the Hermitage-

The Taurida Palace, erected by Catherine II. for her lover Potemkin, in general effect realises the exaggerated accounts of travellers. The entrance is into a spacious hall, which leads to a circular vestibule of extraordinary magnitude, decorated with busts and statues in marble, with a dome supported by white columns. From thence you pass between the columns into an immense hall or ball room, 280 feet long and 80 wide, with double colonnades of lofty Ionic pillars decorated with gold and silver festoons, 35 feet high, and ten feet in circumference. From the colonnade running the whole length of the ball-room, you enter the Winter Garden, which concealed flues and stoves keep always in the temperature of summer; and here, upon great occasions, under the light of magnificent lustres and the reflection of numerous mirrors,

during the fierceness of a Russian winter, when the whole earth is covered with snow, and "water tossed in the air drops down in ice," the imperial visitor may stroll through gravel-walks bordered with the choicest plants and flowers, blooming hedges and groves of orange, and inhale the fragrance of an Arabian garden. Paul, in one of his "darkened hours," converted this palace into barracks and a riding-school, but it has since been restored, in some degree, to its ancient splendour.

The palace of Paul, in which he was assassinated, has been uninhabited since his death. But the triumph of modern architecture in St. Petersburg is the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. I shall not give a description of this palace: but to give a notion of its splendour to my calculating countrymen, I shall merely remark that it cost upwards of 17,000,000 of roubles.

But I am weary of palaces; of wandering through magnificent apartments, where scene after scene bursts upon my eyes, and, before I begin to feel at home in them, I find myself ordered out by the footman. Will the reader believe? On the opposite side of the river is a little wooden house, more interesting in my eyes than all the palaces in St. Petersburg. It is the humble residence of Peter the Great. I visited it for the last time after rambling through the gorgeous palace of the Grand Duke Michael. It is one story high, low-roofed, with a little piazza around it, and contains a sitting-room, bed-room, and dining-parlours, and Peter himself, with his own axe, assisted in its construction. The rooms are only 8 feet in height, the sitting-room is 15 feet square, the dining-room 15 by 12, and the

bed-chamber 10 feet square. In the first there is a chapel and shrine, where the Russian visitor performs his orisons and prays for the soul of Peter. Around the cottage is a neat garden, and a boat made by Peter himself is suspended to one of the walls. I walked round the cottage, inside and out; listened attentively, without understanding a word he said, to the garrulous Russian cicerone, and sat down on the step of the front piazza. Opposite was that long range of imperial palaces extending for more than a mile on the Neva, and surpassing all other royal residences in Europe and the world. When Peter sat in the door of this humble residence, the ground where they stood was all morass and forest. Where I saw the lofty spires of magnificent churches, he looked out upon fishermen's huts. My eyes fell upon the golden spire of the citadel glittering in the sun beams, and reminding me that in its dismal charnel house slept the tenant of the humble cottage, the master spirit which had almost created out of nothing all this splendour. I saw at the same time the beginning and the end of greatness. The humble dwelling is preserved with religious reverence, and even now is the most interesting monument which the imperial city can show.

And here, at this starting-point in her career, I take my leave of the Palmyra of the North. I am compelled to omit many things which he who speaks of St. Petersburg at all ought not to omit; her magnificent churches; her gigantic and splendid theatres; her literary, scientific, and eleemosynary institutions, and that which might form the subject of a chapter in her capital, her government and laws.

In the morning my passport was not ready. I went off to the police office for it, and when I returned the horses had not come, and the valet brought me the usual answer, that there were none. My Pole was glad to linger another day, in flirtation with the little girl opposite, and so we lounged through the day, part of the time in the bazaar of a Persian, where I came near ruining myself by an offer I made for a beautiful emerald; and after one more and the last twilight stroll on the banks of the Neva and up the Newski Perspective, we returned at an early hour, and for the last time in Russia, slept in a bed.

I left St. Petersburg, as I did every other city, with a certain feeling of regret that, in all probability, I should never see it more; still the cracking of the postilion's whip and the galloping of the horses created in me that high excitement which I always felt in setting out for a new region. Our first stage was Czarskoselo, our second to Cazena, where there was another palace. It was dark when we reached the third, a small village, of which I did not even note the name. I shall not linger on this road, for it was barren of interests and incident, and through a continued succession of swamps and forests.

Notwithstanding this, however, I ought not to omit remarking the general security of travelling in Russia and Poland. The immense plains; the distance of habitations; the number of forests; the custom of travelling by night as well as by day; the negligence of measures to insure the safety of the roads, all contribute to favour robbery and murders; and yet an instance of either is scarcely known in years. It was difficult, on those immense levels,

which seemed independent of either general or individual proprietors, to recognise even the bounds of empires. The Dwina, however, a natural boundary, rolls between Russia and Poland; and at Vitepsk we entered the territories of what was once another kingdom. The surface of Poland forms part of that immense and unvaried plain which constitutes the northern portion of all the central European countries. A great portion of this plain is over-spread with a deep layer of sand, alternately, however, with large clayey tracts and extensive marshes; a winter nearly as severe as that of Sweden, and violent winds blowing uninterruptedly over this wide open region, are consequences of its physical structure and position.

In the tenth century the Poles were a powerful and warlike nation. In the fourteenth Lithuania was incorporated with it, and Poland became one of the most powerful monarchies in Europe. For two centuries it was the bulwark of Christendom against the alarming invasions of the Turks; the reigns of Sigismund and Sobieski hold a high place in military history; and until the beginning of the last century, its martial influence gave it a commanding influence in Europe.

It is necessary to trace the rapid and irrecoverable fall of Poland. On the second partition, Kosiusko, animated by his recent struggle for liberty in America, roused his countrymen to arms. But the feet of three giants were upon her breast; and Suwarrow, marching upon the capital, storming the fortress of Praga, and butchering in cold blood 30,000 inhabitants, extinguished, apparently for ever, the rights and glories of Poland.

We left Vitepsk with a set of miserable horses, rode all night and at noon of the next day were approaching the banks of the Berezina, memorable for the dreadful passage which almost annihilated the wretched remnant of Napoleon's army.

About noon we drove into the town of Borizoff. It stands on the banks of Berezina, and is an old, irregular-looking place, with a heavy wooden church in the centre of an open square. As usual, at the door of the post-house a group of Jews gathered around us. When Napoleon took possession of Borizoff, the Jews were the only inhabitants who remained; and they, a scattered, wandering, and migratory people, without any attachment of soil or country, were ready to serve either the French or Russians, according to the inducements held out to them. A few noble instances are recorded where this persecuted and degraded people exhibited a devotion to the land that sheltered them, honourable to their race and to the character of man; but in general they were false and faithless. Those who gathered around us in Borizoff, looked as though they might be the very people who betrayed the Russians.

Besides the sanguinary contest of the French and Russians, this river is also memorable for a great battle between my companion and our postilion. In the middle of the bridge the postilion stopped, and waited till we came up: he grumbled at being detained, to which my companion replied in his usual conciliatory and insinuating manner, by laying his cane over the fellow's shoulders; but on the bridge of Borizoff the blood of the Lithuanian was, and perhaps urged on by the memory of the

deeds done there by his fathers, he sprang out of the waggon, and with a war-cry that would not have disgraced a Cossack of the Don, rushed furiously upon my friend. Oh, for a Homer to celebrate that fight on the bridge of Borizoff! The warriors met, not like Grecian heroes, with spear and shield, and clad in steel, but with their naked fists and faces bare to take the blows. My friend was a sublime spectacle. Like a rock, firm and immoveable, he stood and met the charge of the postilion; in short in the twinkling of an eye, he knocked the postilion down. Those who know, say that it is more trying to walk over a field of battle after all is over than to be in the fight; and I believe it from my experience in our trying passage to Berezina; for when I picked up the discomfitted postilion, whose face was covered with blood, I believe I had the worst of it. All great victories are tested by their results, and nothing could be more decisive than that over the postilion. He arose a wiser and much more tractable man. At first he looked very stupid when he saw me leaning over him, and very startled when he rubbed his hand over his face and saw it stained with blood; but, raising himself, he caught sight of his victor, and without a word got into the waggon, walked the horses over the bridge, and at the other end got out and threw himself on the ground.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and we lingered on the bridge. Crossing it, we walked up the bank on the opposite side towards the palace where Napoleon erected his bridges for the passage of his army.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

Travel by night—A Rencontre—A Traveller's Message—Lithuania—Poverty of the country—Agricultural Implements—Minsk—Polish Jews—A coin of Freedom—Biding in a Basket—Breeze—The Bug—A Searching Operation—Women Labourers.. Warsaw.

It was after dark when we returned to our waggon, still standing at the end of the bridge opposite Borizoff. Our postilion, like a sensible man, had lain down to sleep at the head of his horses, so they could not move without treading on him and waking him; and when we roused him, the pain of his beating was over, and with it all sense of the indignity; and, in fact, we made him very grateful for the flogging by promising him a few additional kopeks.

We hauled up the straw, and seated ourselves in the bottom of our kibitka. Night closed upon us amid the gloomy forests bordering the banks of the Berezina. We talked for a little while, and by degrees, drawing our cloaks around us each fell into a reverie. The continued tinkling of the bell, which on my first entering Russia grated on my ear, had become agreeable to me, and, in a dark night particularly, was a pleasing sound. The song of the postilion, too, harmonised with the repose of spirit at that moment most grateful to us; that too, died away, the bell almost ceased its tinkling, and, in spite of the alarum of war which we had all day been ringing in our own ears, we

should probably soon have fallen into a sleep as sound, for a little while at least, as that of them who slept under the waters of the Berezine, but we were suddenly roused by a shock as alarming to quiet travellers as the *hourra* of the Cossack in the ears of the flying Frenchmen. Our horses sprang out of the road, but not in time to avoid a concussion with another waggon going towards Borizoff. Both postilions were thrown off their seats; and the stranger, picking himself up, came at us with a stream of Luthuanian Russian almost harsh enough to frighten the horses. I will not suggest what its effect was upon us, but only that, as to myself, it seemed at first equal to the voice of at least a dozen freebooters and marauders; and if the English of it had been "stand and deliver," I should probably have given up my carpet bag without asking to reserve a charge of linen. But I was restored by the return fire of our psstilion, who drowned completely the attack of his adversary by his outrageous clamour; and when he stopped to take breath, my companion followed up the defence, and this brought out a fourth voice from the bottom of the opposite waggon. A truce was called, and waiving the question on which side the fault lay, we all got out to ascertain the damage. Our antagonist passenger was a German merchant, used to roughing it twice every year between Berlin, Warsaw, Petersburg, and Moscow, and took our smashing together at night in the desolate forest as coolly as a rub of the shoulders in the streets; and when satisfied that his waggon was not injured, kindly asked us if we had any bones broken. We returned his kind inquiries; and after further interchanges

of politeness, he said that he was happy to make our acquaintance, and invited us to come and see him at Berlin. We wanted him to go back and let us have a look at him by torchlight, but he declined; and, after seeing him stretched out in his bed in the bottom of his waggon, we started him on his way.

We resumed our own places, and, without dozing again, arrived at the post-house, where, first of all, we made ourselves agreeable to the post-master by delivering our German friend's message to him, that he ought to be whipt and condemned to live where he was till he was a hundred years old for putting the neck of a traveller at the mercy of a sleepy postilion; but the post-master was a Jew, and thought the vile place where he lived equal to any on earth. He was a miserable, squalid-looking object, with a pine-torch in his hand, lighting up the poverty and filthiness of his wretched habitation, and confessed that he should be too happy to enjoy the fortune the German had entailed upon him as a curse. He offered to make us a bed of some dirty straw which had often been slept on before; but we shrank from it; and as soon as we could get horses, returned to our kibitka, and resumed our journey.

All the way from Borizoff the road passes through a country but little cultivated, dreary, and covered with forests. When Napoleon entered the province of Lithuania, his first bulletins proclaimed, "Here, then, is that Russia so formidable at a distance; It is a desert for which its scattered population is wholly insufficient. They will be vanquished by the very extent of territory which ought to defend them;" and before I had travelled in it a day, I

could appreciate the feeling of the soldier from La Belle France, who, hearing his Polish comrades boast of their country, exclaimed, "*Et ces queux la appellent cette pays une patrie !*"

As we approached Minsk, the road was sandy, and we entered by a wooden bridge over a small stream, and along an avenue of trees.

Minsk is one of the better class of Lithuanian towns, being the chief town of the government of Minsk, but very dirty and irregular. The principal street terminates in a large open square of grass and mean wooden huts. From this another street goes off at right angles, containing large houses, and joining with a second square, where some of the principal buildings are of brick. From this square several streets branch off, and enter a crowd of wooden hovels irregularly huddled together, and covering a large space of ground. The churches are heavily constructed, and in a style peculiar to Lithuania; their gable ends fronting the street, and terminated at each corner by a square spire, with a low dome between them. The population is half Catholic and half Jewish, and the Jews are of the most filthy and abject class.

I will not inflict upon the reader the particulars of our journey through this dreary uninteresting country. We travelled constantly, except when we were detained for horses. We never stopped at night, for there seldom was any shelter on the road better than Jews' inns, and even in our kибитка we were better than there. But, unluckily, on the seventh day, our kибитка broke down; the off hind wheel snapped in pieces, and let us down rather suddenly in one of the autocrat's forests. Our first

impulse was to congratulate ourselves that this accident happened in daylight; and we had a narrow escape, for the sun hardly begun to find its way into the dark forest. Fortunately, too, we were but two or three versts from a post house. I had met with such accidents at home, and rigged a small tree (there being no such things as rails, property there not being divided by rail fences). under the hind axle, supporting it on the front. We lighted our pipes and escorted our crippled vehicle to the post house, where we bought a wheel of another waggon much better than the old one, only about two inch lower. This, however, was not so bad as might be supposed, at least for me, who sat on the upper side, and had the stout figure of my companion as a leaning post.

At Sloghan, about 200 versts from Breze, the frontier town of Poland, we sold our kibitka for a breakfast, and took the *char de post*, or regular *troika*. This is the postboy's favourite vehicle; the body being made of twigs interlaced like a long basket, without a particle of iron, and so light that a man can lift up either end with one hand. Our speed was increased wonderfully by the change! the horses fairly played with the little car at their heels; the drivers vied with each other, and several posts in succession we made nearly twenty versts in an hour. It will probably be difficult to throw the charm of romance around the troika driver; but he comes from the flower of the peasantry; his life, passed on the wild highways, is not without its vicissitudes, and he is made the hero of the Russian's favourite popular ballads

“ Away, way, along the road  
The gallant troika bounds ;  
While 'neath the douga, sadly sweet,  
Their Valdai bell resounds.”

We passed the house of a *very respectable* seigneur who had married his own sister. We stopped at his village and talked of him with the postmasters, by whom he was considered a model of the domestic virtues. The same day we passed the chateau of a nobleman who wrote himself cousin to the Emperor of Russia and Austria, confiscated for the part he took in the late Polish revolution, a melancholy-looking object, deserted and falling to ruins, its owner wandering in exile with a price upon his head. It rained hard during the day, for the first time since we left Petersburg ; at night the rain ceased, but the sky was overcast. For a long distance, and, in fact, a great part of the way from Petersburg, the road was bordered with trees. At eleven o'clock we stopped at a wretched post house, boiled water, and refreshed ourselves with deep potations of hot tea. We mounted our troika, the postilion shouted, and set off at a run. Heavy clouds were hanging in the sky, it was so dark that we could not see the horses, and there was some little danger of a breakdown ; but there was a high and wild excitement in hurrying swiftly through the darkness on a run, hearing the quick tinkling of the bell and the regular fall of the horses hoofs, and seeing only the dark outline of the trees. We continued this way all night, and towards morning we were rattling on a full gallop through the streets of Breze. We drove into a large stable-yard filled with kibitkas, troikas, and all kinds of Rus-

sian vehicles, at one end of which was a long low building kept by a Jew. We dismounted, and so ended nearly 3000 miles of posting in Russia. The Jew, roused by our noise, was already at the door with a lighted taper in his hand, and gave us a room with a leather-covered sofa and a leather cushion for a pillow, where we slept till eleven o'clock the next day.

We breathed, and in the midst of a violent rain crossed the Bug, and entered the territory of Poland Proper. For many centuries the banks of the Bug have been the battle-ground of the Russians and Poles. In the time of Boleslaus the Terrible, the Russians were defeated there with great slaughter, and the river was so stained with blood that it has retained ever since the name of the *Horrid*. Before crossing, we were obliged to exchange our Russian money for Polish, rubles for florins, losing, of course, heavily by the operation, besides being subjected to the bore of studying a new currency; and the moment we planted our feet on the conquered territory, though now nominally under the same government, we were obliged to submit to a most vexatious process. The custom-house stood at the end of the bridge, and, as a matter of course, our postilion stopped there. Our luggage was taken off the waggon, carried inside, every article taken out and laid on the floor, and a Russian soldier stood over, comparing them with a list of prohibited articles as long as my arm. Fortunately for me, the Russian government had not prohibited travellers from wearing pantaloons and shirts in Poland, though it came near faring hard with a morning-gown. My companion, however suffered terribly;

his wearing apparel was laid out on one side, while the large collection of curious and pretty nothings, which he had got together with great affection at the capital, as memorials for his friends at home, were laid out separately, boxes opened, papers unrolled, and, with provoking deliberation, examined according to the list of prohibited things. It was a new and despotic regulation unknown to him, and he looked on in agony, every condemned article being just the one above all others which he would have saved and when they had finished, a large pile was retained for the examination of another officer, to be sent on to Warsaw, in case of their being allowed to pass at all. I had frequently regretted having allowed the trouble and inconvenience to prevent my picking up curiosities; but when I saw the treasures of my friend taken from him, or, at least, detained for an uncertain time, I congratulated myself upon my good fortune. My friend was a man not easily disheartened; he had even got over the loss of his love at St. Petersburg; but he would rather have been turned adrift in Poland without his pantaloons, than be stripped of his precious baubles. I had seen him roused several times on the road, quarrelling with postmasters, and thumping postillions, but I had never before seen the full development of that extraordinary head of hair. He ground his teeth, and cursed the whole Russian nation, from the Emperor Nicholas down to the soldier at the custom-house. He was ripe for revolution, and if a new standard of rebellion had been set up in Poland, he would have hurried to range himself under its folds. I soothed him by striking the keynote of his heart. All the way from Petersburg



he had sat mechanically, with his pocket-glass and brush, dressing his mustaches; but his heart was not in the work, until, as we approached the borders of Poland, he began to recover from his Petersburg affair, and talk of the beauty of the Polish women. I turned him to this now.

It is a fact, that while for ages a deadly hatred has existed between the Russians and the Poles, and while the Russians are at this day lording it over the Poles with the most arbitrary insolence and tyranny, beauty still asserts its lawful supremacy, and the Polish women bring to their feet the conquerors of their fathers, and husbands, and brothers. The first post-house at which we stopped confirmed all that my companion had said; for the postmaster's daughter was brilliantly beautiful, particularly in the melting wildness of a dark eye, indicating an Asiatic or Tartar origin; and her gentle influence was exerted in soothing the savage humour of my friend, for she sympathised in his misfortunes, and the more sincerely when she heard of the combs, and rings, and slippers, and other pretty little ornaments for sisters and female friends at home; and my Pole could not resist the sympathy of a pretty woman.

We had scarcely left the postmaster's daughter, on the threshold of Poland, almost throwing a romance about the Polish women, before I saw the most degrading spectacle I ever beheld in Europe, or even in the barbarous countries of the East. Forty or fifty women were at work in the fields, and a large, well-dressed man, with a pipe in his mouth and a long stick in his hand, was walking among them as overseer. In our country the most com-

man labouring man would revolt at the idea of his wife or daughter working in the open fields. I had seen it, however, in gallant France and beautiful Italy; but I never saw, even in the barbarous countries of the East, so degrading a spectacle as this; and I could have borne it almost any where better than in chivalric Poland.

We were now in the territory called Poland Proper; that is, that part which, after the other provinces had been wrested sway and attached to the dominions of the colossal powers around, until the revolution and conquest of 1830 had retained the cherished name of the kingdom of Poland. The whole road is Macadamised, smooth and level as a floor, from the banks of the Bug to Warsaw; and post-houses and post-masters are much better regulated, though much more expensive. The road lay through that rich agricultural district which had for ages made Poland celebrated as the granary of Europe; and though the face of the country was perfectly flat, and the scenery tame and uninteresting, the soil was rich, and, at that time, in many places teeming with heavy crops. As yet, it had not recovered from the desolating effects of the war of the revolution. The whole road has been a battleground, over which the Poles had chased the Russians to the frontier, and been driven back to Warsaw; time after time it had been drenched with Russian and Polish blood, the houses and villages sacked and burned, and their blackened ruins still cumbered the ground, nursing in the conquered but unsubdued Pole his deep, undying hatred of the Russians.

On this road Diebitsch, the crosser of the Bal-

kan, at the head of 80,000 men, advanced to Warsaw. His right and left wing manœuvred to join him at Seidler, the principal town, through which we passed. We changed horses three times, and rolled on all night without stopping. In the morning my companion pointed out an old oak, where a distinguished colonel of the revolution, drawing up the fourth Polish regiment against the Imperial Guards, with a feeling of mortal hate, commanded them to throw away their primings, and charge with the bayonet, "*cœur e cœur*." In another place 500 gentlemen, all dressed in black, with pumps, and silk stockings, and small swords, in perfect wantonness of pleasure at fighting with the Russians, and, as they said, in the same spirit with which they would go to a ball, threw themselves upon a body of the guards, and after the most desperate fighting, were cut to pieces to a man. Farther on, a little off from the road, on the borders of the field of Grokow, was a large mound covered with black crosses, thrown up over the graves of the Poles who had fallen there. About eleven o'clock we approached the banks of the Vistula. We passed the suburbs of Praga, the last battle-ground of Kosciusko, where the blood-stained Suwarrow butchered in cold blood 30,000 Poles. Warsaw lay spread out on the opposite bank of the river, the heroic but fallen capital of Poland, the city of brave men, and beautiful women; of Stanislaus, and Sobieski, and Poniatowski, and Kosciusko, and, I will not withhold it, possessing, in my eyes, a romantic interest from its associations with the hero of my schoolboy days, Thaddeus of Warsaw. On the right is the chateau of the old kings of Poland, now occupied by

a Russian viceroy, with the banner of Russia waving over its walls. We rode over the bridge, and entered the city. Martial music was sounding, and Russian soldiers, Cossacks, and Circassians, were filing through its streets. We held up to let them pass, and they moved like the keepers of a conquered city, with bent brows and stern faces, while the citizens looked at them in gloomy silence. We drove up to the Hotel de Leipsic (which, however, I do not recommend), where I took a bath and a doctor.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

**Warsaw.** A Polish doctor. Battle of Grokow. The outbreak. The fatal Issue. Present condition of Poland. Polish Exiles. Aspect of Warsaw. Traits of the Poles.

A LETTER dated at Warsaw to my friend at home begins thus:—"I have reached this place to be put on my back by a Polish doctor. How long he will keep me here, I do not know. He promises to set me going again in a week; and as he has plenty of patients without keeping me down, I have great confidence in him. Besides, having weathered a Greek, an American, and a Russian, I think I shall be too much for a Pole." There was not a servant in the house who understood any language I spoke, and my friend kindly proposed my taking a room with him; and as he had many acquaintances in Warsaw, who thronged to see him, he had to tell them all the history of the American in the bed in

one corner. All the next day I lay in the room alone on a low bedstead, looking at the ceiling, and counting the cracks in the wall. I was saved from a fit of the blues by falling into a passion, and throwing my boots at the servant because he could not understand me. Late in the evening my friend returned from the theatre with three or four companions, and we made a night of it, I taking medicine and they smoking pipes. They were all excellent fellows, and, as soon as they heard me moving, came over to me, and, when I fell back on my pillow, covered me up, and went back, and talked till I wanted them again. Towards daylight I fell asleep, and when the doctor came in the morning, felt myself a new man. My doctor, by the way, was not a Pole, but a German, a physician to the court, and the first in Warsaw; he occupied a little country-seat a few miles from Warsaw belonging to Count Nympsiowitch, the poet and patriot, who accompanied Kosciusko to this country, and married a lady of New Jersey; returned with him to Poland, was with him on his last battle-field, and almost cut to pieces by his side.

In the afternoon one of my companions of the night came to see me. He had been in Warsaw during the revolution, and talked with enthusiasm of their brief but gallant struggle; and, as it was a beautiful afternoon, proposed strolling to a little eminence near at hand, commanding a view of the first battle-ground. I went immediately with him, and he pointed out on the other side of the Vistula the field of Grokow. Below it was the bridge over which General Romarino carried his little army during the night, having covered the bridge, the horses'

hoofs, and the wheels of the carriages with straw. This general is now in France under sentence of death, with a price set upon his head.

The battle of Gorkow, the greatest in Europe since that of Waterloo, was fought on the 25th of February, 1831, and the place where I stood commanded a view of the whole ground. The Russian army was under the command of Diebitch, and consisted of 142,000 infantry, 40,000 cavalry, and 312 pieces of cannon. This enormous force was arranged in two lines of combatants, and a third of reserve. Its left wing, between Wavre and the marshes of the Vistula, consisted of four divisions of infantry of 47,000 men, three of cavalry of 10,500, and 138 pieces of cannon; the right consisted of three and a half divisions of infantry of 31,000 men, four divisions of cavalry of 15,750 men, and 52 pieces of cannon. Upon the borders of the great forest opposite the Forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood, was placed the reserve, commanded by the Grand-duke Constantine. The Poles opposed against this immense army less than 50,000 men and 100 pieces of cannon, under the command of General Skrzynecki.

At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left, with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with 5,500 men and 12 pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no succour, resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock the plain was suddenly covered with the

Russian forces issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. 200 pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing; but foiled in this as upon the left, Diebitsch directed the strength of his army against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. 120 pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer, who was in the battle, told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with the dead that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. The heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably executed manœuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's column, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

At three o'clock, the generals, many of whom were wounded, and most of them had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over

to the city and exclaimed, "Well, then, it appears that, after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace." The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Pientka, who had kept up an unremitting fire from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect *sang froid* upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon a line of battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated, that, of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets the "Invincibles," not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry; a general retreat commenced, and the cry of "Poland for ever!" reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day, that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two-thirds of the officers, and, perhaps of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded.



30,000 Russians and 10,000 Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewn with bodies that it received from that day the name of the "Forest of the dead." The czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balkan had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw.

All day, my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of Citizens, of both sexes and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle, sharing in all its vicissitudes, in the highest state of excitement as the clearing up of the columns of smoke showed them when the Russians or the Poles had fled; and he described the entry of the remnant of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible. Their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armour shattered and broken, and all, even dying men, were singing patriotic songs; and when the fourth regiment, among whom was a brother of my companion, and who had particularly distinguished themselves in the battle, crossed the bridge and filed slowly through the streets, their lances shivered against the cuirasses of the guards, their helmets broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves in the saddle, above the stern chorus of their patriotic songs rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters, and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life, many of whom were then sleeping on the battle-field. My companion told me that he

was then a lad of seventeen, and had begged with tears to be allowed to accompany his brother; but his widowed mother extorted from him a promise that he would not attempt it. All day he had stood with his mother on the very spot where we did, his hand in hers, which she grasped convulsively, as every peal of cannon seemed the knell of her son; and when the lancers passed, she sprang from his as she recognised in the drooping figure of an officer, with his spear broken in his hand, the form of her gallant boy. He was then reeling in his saddle, his eye was glazed and vacant, and he died that night in their arms.

The tyranny of the Grand-duke Constantine, the imperial viceroy, added to the hatred of the Russians, which is the birthright of every Pole, induced the unhappy revolution of 1830. Although, on the death of Alexander, Constantine, waived in favour of his brother Nicholas his claim to the throne of Russia, his rule in Poland shows that it was not from any aversion to the exercise of power.

The fatal issue of this revolution is well known. The Polish nation exerted and exhausted its utmost strength, and the whole force of the colossal empire was brought against it, and in spite of prodigies of valour, crushed it. The moment, the only moment, when gallant, chivalric, and heroic Poland could have been saved and restored to its rank and among nations, and was suffered to pass by, and no one came to her aid. The minister of France threw out the bold boast that 100,000 men stood ready to march to her assistance; but France and all Europe looked on and saw her fall. Her expir-

ing diet ordered a levy in mass, and made a last appeal "In the name of God ; in the name of liberty ; of a nation between life and death ; in the name of kings and heroes who have fought for religion and humanity ; in the name of future generations ; in the name of justice and the deliverance of Europe ;" but her dying appeal was unheard, Her last battle was under the walls of Warsaw ; and then she would not have fallen, but even in Poland there were traitors. The governor of Warsaw blasted the laurels won in the early battles of the revolution by the blackest treason. He ordered General Romarino to withdraw 8000 soldiers, and chase the Russians beyond the frontier at Breze. While he was gone, the Russians pressed Warsaw ; he could have returned in time to save it, but was stopped with directions not to advance until further orders. In the meantime Warsaw fell, with the curse of every Pole upon the head of its governor. The traitor now lives ingloriously in Russia, disgraced and despised, while the young lieutenant is in unhappy but not unhonoured exile in Siberia.

So ended the last heroic struggle of Poland. It is dreadful to think so, but it is greatly to be feared that Poland is blotted for ever from the list of nations. Indeed, by a late imperial ukase, Poland is expunged from the map of Europe ; her old and noble families are murdered, imprisoned, or in exile ; her own language is excluded from the officer of government, and even from the public schools ; her national character destroyed ; her national dress proscribed ; her national colours trampled underfoot ; her national banner, the white eagle of Poland, is in the dust. Warsaw is abandoned, and become a

Russian city; her best citizens are wandering in exile in foreign lands, while Cassocks and Circassian soldiers are filing through her streets, and the banner of Russia is waving over her walls.

The general appearance of Warsaw is imposing. It stands on a hill of considerable elevation on the left bank of the Vistula; the Zamech, or Chateau of the kings of Poland, spreads its wings midway between the river and the summit of the hill, and churches and towering spires chequer at different heights the distant horizon. Most of the houses are built of stone, or brick stuccoed; they are numbered in one continued series through the city, beginning from the royal palace (occupied by Paskiewitch), which is numbered *one*, and rising above number five thousand. The churches were numerous and magnificent; the palaces, public-buildings, and many of the mansions of noblemen, are on a very large scale, very showy, and, in general, striking for their architectural designs. One great street runs irregularly through the whole city, of which Miodowa, or Honey Street, and the Nova Swiat, or New World, are the principal and most modern portions. As in all aristocratic cities, the streets are badly paved, and have no *trottoirs* for the foot-passengers. The Russian drosky is in common use; the public carriages are like those in western Europe, though of a low form; the linings generally painted red; the horses large and handsome, with large collars of red or green, covered with small brass rings, which sound like tinkling bells; and the carts are like those of our own city, only longer and lower, and more like our brewer's drays. The hotels are numerous, generally kept in some of the

old palaces, and at the entrance of each stands a large porter, with a cocked hat and silver-headed cane, to show travellers to their apartments, and receive the names of visitors. There are two principal *kukiernia*, something like the French Cafes, where many of the Varsovians breakfast and lounge in the mornings.

The Poles, in their features, looks, customs, and manners, resemble Asiatics rather than Europeans ; and they are no doubt descended from Tartar ancestors. Though belonging to the Slavonic race, which occupies nearly the whole extent of the vast plains of western Europe, they have advanced more than the others from the rude and barbarous state which characterises this race ; and this is particularly manifest at Warsaw. An eyewitness, describing the appearance of the Polish deputies at Paris sent to announce the Election of Henry of Anjou as successor of Sigismund, says, "It is impossible to describe the general astonishment when we saw these ambassadors in long robes, fur caps, sabres, arrows, and quivers ; but our admiration was excessive when we saw the sumptuousness of their equipages ; the scabbards of their swords adorned with jewels ; their bridles, saddles, and horse-cloths decked in the same way," &c.

But none of this barbaric display is now seen in the streets of Warsaw. Indeed, immediately on entering it, I was struck with the European aspect of things. It seemed almost, though not quite, like a city of western Europe, which may perhaps be ascribed, in a great measure, to the entire absence of the semi-Asiatic costumes so prevalent in all the cities of Russia, and even at St. Petersburg ; and

the only thing I remarked peculiar in the dress of the inhabitants was the remnant of a barbarous taste for show, exhibiting itself in large breastpins, shirt-buttons, and gold chains over the vest; the mustache is universally worn. During the war of the revolution immediately succeeding our own, Warsaw stood the heaviest brunt; and when Kosciuszko fell fighting before it, its population was reduced to 75,000. Since that time it has increased, and is supposed now to be 140,000, 30,000 of whom are Jews, who form a large item in her population, and whose long beards, thin and anxious faces, and piercing eyes, met me at every corner of Warsaw. The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the country of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable, and, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungeur in the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg, and particularly French in the political feelings, the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They regard the Germans with mingled contempt and aversion, calling them "dumb" in contrast with their own fluency and loquacity; and before their fall were called by their neighbours the "proud Poles." They consider it the deepest disgrace to practice any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of the utmost necessity prefer the plough. A Sicilian a fellow-passenger from Palermo to Naples, who one moment was groaning in the agony of sea sickness,

and the next playing on his violin, said to me, "Canta il signore?"—"Do you sing?" I answered "No;" and he continued, "Suonate?"—"Do you play?" I again answered "No;" and he asked me with great simplicity, "Cosa fatte? Nente?"—"What do you do? Nothing?" and I might have addressed the same question to every Pole in Warsaw.

The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful and mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses are strangers, principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoemaker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan. But though this entire absence of all useful employment is, on grounds of public policy, a blot on their national character, as a matter of feeling it rather added to the interest with which I regarded the "proud Poles;" and perhaps it was imaginary, but I felt all the time I was in Warsaw, that though the shops and coffee-houses were open, and crowds thronged the streets, a sombre air hung over the whole city; and if for a moment this impression left it, a company of Cossacks, with their wild music, moving to another station, or a single Russian officer riding by in a drosky, wrapped in his military cloak, reminded me that the foot of a conqueror was upon the necks of the inhabitants of Warsaw. This was my feeling after a long summer day's stroll through the streets; and in the evening I went to the theatre, which was a neat building, well filled, and brilliantly lighted; but the idea of a pervading

and gloomy spirit so haunted me that in a few moments I left what seemed a heartless mockery of pleasure. I ought to add that I did not understand a word of the piece; the *triste* air which touched me may have been induced by the misfortunes of the stage hero; and, in all probability, I should have astonished a melancholy-looking neighbour if, acting under my interpretation of his visage, I had expressed to him my sympathy in the sufferings of his country.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

Religion of Poland—Sunday in Warsaw—Baptised Jews—Field of Vola—Wreck of a Warrior—The Poles in America—A Polish Lady—Troubles of a Passport—Departure from Warsaw—An official Rachael—A mysterious Visitor.

SUNDAY at Warsaw. Poland is distinguished above the other nations of Europe as a land of religious toleration. So late as the latter part of the tenth century, the religion of Poland was a gross idolatry; and, mingled with the rites of their own country, they worshipped, under other names, Jupiter, Plato, Mars, Venus, Diana, and others of the pagan deities. During the reign of Mieczylaus I. of the Piast dynasty, the monks introduced Christianity. The prince himself was proof against the monks, but received from woman's lips the principles of the Christian religion. Enamoured of Dombrowska, the daughter of the Duke of Bohemia, a country which had then lately embraced Christianity,



who refused to accept his suit unless he was baptised, Mieczylaus sacrificed the superstitions and prejudices of his fathers on the altar of love. But the religion which he embraced for the sake of Dombrowska he afterwards propagated for its own; he became an ardent champion of the cross; broke down with his own hands the idols of his country; built Christian churches on the ruins of pagan temples: and, in the ardour of his new faith, issued an edict that, when any portion of the Gospel was read, the hearers should half draw their swords to testify their readiness to defend its truth.

In the reign of the "famous" John Sobieski, the annals of Poland, till that time free from this disgrace, were stained by one of the most atrocious acts of barbarity recorded in the history of religious persecution. A Lithuanian nobleman, a religious and benevolent man, but sufficiently intelligent to ridicule some of the current superstitions, and very rich, on account of a note made in the margin of a book, written by a stupid German, was tried for atheism by a council of bigoted Catholic bishops, and found guilty, not only of "having denied the existence of a God, but the doctrine of the Trinity and the divine maternity of the Virgin Mary." Zaluski, one of the villains concerned in the torment, writes, "The convict was led to the scaffold, where the executioner, with a red hot iron, tore his tongue out of his mouth, *with which he had been cruel towards God*; then they burned his hands, instruments of the abominable production, at a slow fire. The sacrilegious paper was thrown into the flame; himself last; that monster of the age, that

deicide, was cast into the flames of expiation, if such a crime could be atoned."

In 1726, the Jesuits, making a public procession with the Host in the streets of Thorn, the young scholars of the order insisted that some Lutheran children should kneel; and on their refusal a scuffle ensued between the Jesuits and townspeople, most of whom were Lutherans, in which the enraged townspeople broke open the Jesuits' college, profaned all the objects of worship, and, among others, an image of the Virgin. The Catholics of Poland, assembled in the diet, almost infuriated with fanatic zeal, condemned to death the magistrates of Thorn for not exercising their authority. Seven of the principal citizens were also condemned to death; many were imprisoned or banished; three persons accused of throwing the Virgin's image into the fire, lost their right arms, and the whole city was deprived of the freedom of public worship.

This was the last act of religious persecution in Poland; but even yet the spirit of the reformation has made but little progress, and the great bulk of the people are still groping in the darkness of Catholicism. On every public road, and in all the streets of Warsaw, stand crosses, sometimes thirty feet high, with a figure of the saviour large as life, sometimes adorned with flowers, and sometimes covered with rags.

As in all Catholic cities, a Sunday in Warsaw is a *fete* day. I passed the morning in strolling through the churches, which are very numerous, and some of them, particularly the cathedral church of St. John and that of the Holy Cross of colossal dimensions. The scene was the same as in the

Catholic churches in Italy ; at every door crowds were entering and passing out, nobles, peasants, shopmen, drosky boys, and beggars ; the high-born lady descended from her carriage, dipped her fingers in the same consecrated water, and kneeled on the pavement, side by side the beggar ; alike equal in God's house, and outside the door again made an immeasurable distance between them.

At twelve o'clock, by appointment, I met my travelling companion and another of his friends, in the Jardin de Saxe, the principal public garden in Warsaw. It stands in the very heart of the city, in the rear of the Palais de Saxe, built by the Elestor of Saxony when called to the throne of Poland. It is enclosed all around by high brick walls, screened by shrubs and vines, and trees rising above, so as to exclude the view of the houses facing it. It is handsomely laid out with lawns and gravel walks, and adorned with trees ; and as the grounds are exceedingly rural and picturesque, and the high walls and trees completely shut out the view of all surrounding objects, I could hardly realise that I was in the centre of a populous city. It was then the fashionable hour for promenade, and all the *elite* of Warsaw society was there. I had heard of this Sunday promenade ; and after making one or two turns on the principal walk, I remarked to my companions that I was disappointed in not seeing, as I had expected, a collection of the high-born and aristocratic Poles ; but they told me that, changed as Warsaw was in every particular, in nothing was this change more manifest than in the character of this favourite resort. From boyhood, one of them had been in the habit of walking there

regularly on the same day and at the same hour; and he told me that, before the revolution, it had always been thronged by a gay and brilliant collection of the nobility of Warsaw; and he enumerated several families whose names were identified with the history of Poland, who were in the habit of being there at a certain time, as regularly as the trees which the shaded our walk; but since the revolution these families were broken up and dispersed, and their principal members dead or in exile, or else lived retired, too proud in their fallen state to exhibit themselves in public places, where they were liable to be insulted by the presence of their Russian conquerors: and I could well appreciate the feeling which kept them away, for Russian officers, with their rattling swords and nodding plumes, and carrying themselves with a proud and lordly air, were the most conspicuous persons present. I had noticed one party, a dark, pale, and interesting looking man, with an elegant lady and several children and servants, as possessing altogether, a singularly melancholy and aristocratic appearance; but the interest I was disposed to take in them was speedily dispelled by hearing that he was a baptised Jew, a money broker, who had accumulated a fortune by taking advantage of the necessities of the distressed nobles. Indeed, next to the Russian officers, the baptised Jews were the most prominent persons on the promenade. These persons form a peculiar class in Warsaw, occupying a position between the Israelites and Christians, and amalgamating with neither. Many of them are rich, well educated, and accomplished, and possess great elegance of appearance and manner. They hate most cordi-

ally their unregenerated brethren, and it is unnecessary to state that this hate is abundantly reciprocated. It was with a feeling of painful interest that I strolled through this once favourite resort of Warsaw; and my companions added to this melancholy feeling by talking in a low tone, almost in whispers, and telling me that the promenade was always *triste* and dull; and in going out they led me through a private walk, where an old noble, unable to tear himself from a place consecrated by the recollections of his whole life, still continued to take his daily walk apart from the crowd, wearing out the evening of his days in bitter reflections on the fallen condition of his kindred and country.

We dined, as usual, at a restaurant, where at one table was a party of Swiss, here, as at Moscow, exercising that skill, talent, and industry, which they exhibit all over the world, and consoling themselves in the privation of exile, with the hope of one day being able to return to their native mountains, never to leave them again.

After dinner we took an open carriage, and at the barrier entered one of the numerous avenues of the Ujazdow, leading to Belvidere, the country palace of the late Grand duke Constantine. The avenue is divided by old stately trees, terminating in a large circular octagon, from which branch off eighteen other avenues, each at a short distance crossed by others, and forming a sort of labyrinth, said to be one of the finest drives and promenades in Europe, and on Sunday the rendezvous of nearly the entire population of Warsaw. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the throng of carriages and horsemen, and thousands of pedestrians, and the sun, occasion-

ally obscured, and then breaking through the thick foliage, darkening and again lighting up the vista through the trees, gave a beauty to the landscape, and a variety and animation to the scene, that I had not yet found in Warsaw. Passing the Belvidere Palace, my companions described the manner in which the students had made their attack upon it, and pointed out the window by which Constantine escaped. Turning from one of the splendid avenues of the Ujazdow, we crossed a stone bridge, on which stands the equestrian statue of John Sobieski, his horse rearing over the body of a prostrate Turk; it was erected to him as the saviour of Christendom, after he had driven the Turks from the walls of Vienna. Beyond this we entered the grounds and park of Lazienki, formerly the country residence of Stanislaus Augustus, situated in a most delightful spot on the banks of the Vistula.

The next day I visited the field of Vola, celebrated as the place of election of the kings of Poland. It is about five miles from Warsaw, and was formerly surrounded by a ditch with three gates, one for great Poland, and one for little Poland, and one for Lithuania. In the middle were two enclosures, one of an oblong shape, surrounded by a kind of rampart or ditch, in the centre of which was erected, at the time of election, a vast temporary building of wood, covered at the top and open at the sides, which was called the *xopa*, and occupied by the senate; and the other of a circular shape called the *kola*, in which the nuncois assembled in the open air. The nobles, from 150,000 to 200,000 in number encamped on the plain in separate bodies under the banners of their respective palatinates, with

their principal officers in front on horseback. The primate, having declared the names of the candidates, kneeled down and chaunted a hymn; and then, mounted on horseback, went round the plain and collected the votes, the nobles not voting individually, but each palatinate in a body. It was necessary that the election should be unanimous, and a single nobleman peremptorily stopped the election of Ladislaus VII. Being asked what objection he had to him, he answered, "None at all; but I will not suffer him to be king." After being by some means brought over, he gave the king as the reason for his opposition, "I had a mind to see whether our liberty was still in being or not. I am satisfied that it is, and your majesty shall not have a better subject than myself." If the palatinates agreed, the primate asked again, and yet a third time, if all were satisfied; and after a general approbation, three times proclaimed the king; and the grand-marshal of the crown repeated the proclamation three times at the gates of the camp. It was the exercise of this high privilege of electing their own king which created and sustained the lofty bearing of the Polish nobles, inducing the proud boast which, in a moment of extremity, an intrepid band made to their king "What hast thou to fear with 20,000 lances? If the sky should fall, we would keep it up with their points." But, unhappily, although the exercise of this privilege was confined only to the nobles, the election of a king often exhibited a worse picture than all the evils of universal suffrage with us. The throne was open to the whole world; the nobles were split into contending factions; foreign gold found its way among

them; and sometimes they deliberated under the bayonets of foreign troops. Warsaw and its environs were a scene of violence and confusion, and sometimes the field of Vola was stained with blood. Still no man can ride over that plain without recurring to the glorious hour when Sobieski, covered with laurels won in fighting the battles of his country, amid the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the senate, the nobles, and the army, was hailed the chosen king of a free people.

I had enough of travelling post, and was looking out for some quiet conveyance to Cracow. A Jew applied to me, and I went with him to look at his carriage, which I found at a sort of "Bull's-head" stopping-place, an enormous vehicle without either bottom or top, being a species of framework like our hay-waggon, filled with straw to prevent goods and passengers from spilling out. He showed me a couple of rough-looking fellows, who would be my *compagnons de voyage*, and who said that we could all three lie very comfortably at the bottom of the vehicle. Their appearance did not add to the recommendation of the waggon; nevertheless, if I had understood the language and been strong enough for the rough work, I should perhaps have taken that conveyance, as, besides the probable incidents of the journey, it would give me more insight into the character of the people, than a year's residence in the capital.

I spent my last evening in Warsaw with my Pole and several of his friends at a *herbata*, that is, a sort of confectioner's shop, like a *cafe* in the south of Europe, where, as in Russia, tea is the popular drink. The next morning, as usual, my



passport was not ready. My valet had been for it several times, and could not get it. I had been myself to the police-office, and waited until dark, when I was directed to call the next morning. I went at a little after eight, but I will not obtrude upon the reader the details of my vexation, nor the amiable feelings that passed in my mind in waiting till twelve o'clock in a large ante-room. In my after wanderings I sometimes sat down upon a stump, or on the sands of the desert, and meditated upon my folly in undergoing all manner of hardships when I might be sitting quietly at home; but when I thought of passports in Russia and Poland, I shook myself with the freedom of a son of the desert—and with the thought that I could turn my dromedary's head which way I pleased, other difficulties seemed light. Ancient philosophers extolled uniformity as a great virtue in a young man's character; and, if so, I was entitled to the highest praise, for in the matter of arranging my passport I was always in a passion. And if there was one thing more vexatious than another it was in the case at Warsaw, where, after having been handied from office to office, I received my passport, still requiring the signature of the governor, and walked up to the palace, nursing my indignation, and expecting an accumulation. I was ushered in by guards and soldiers, and at once disarmed of all animosity by the politeness and civility of the principal officers of government. I was almost sorry to be obliged to withhold my intended malediction. I hurried back to my hotel.

My friend, with three or four of his Warsaw acquaintances, was waiting to see the last of me; my

*caleche* was at the door, and I was already late for a start. I took my seat, and bade them farewell. I promised to write to him on my arrival in Paris, and to continue a correspondence on my return home. Most unfortunately I lost his address. He lived in some town in Poland, near the frontiers of Prussia, and probably at this time thinks unkindly of me for apparent neglect. Possibly we may meet again, though probably never; but if we do, though it do not happen till our heads are grey, we will have a rich fund of satisfaction in the recollection of our long journey to Warsaw.

I was again setting out alone. My guide or *conducteur* was a Polish peasant. Without having seen him, I had calculated upon making ordinary human intelligence, to some extent, a medium of communication; but I found that I had been too soaring in my ideas of the divinity of human nature. When I returned to the hotel, I found him laying on the side-walk asleep; a servant picked him up, and pointed me out as his master for the journey. He ran up and kissed my hand, and, before I was aware of his intention, stooped down and repeated the same salutation to my boot. An American, perhaps, more than any other, scorns the idea of man's debasing himself to his fellow-man; and so powerful was this feeling in me, that before I went abroad I almost despised a white man whom I saw engaged in a menial office. I had outlived this feeling; but when I saw a tall, strong, athletic white man kneel down and kiss my foot, I could almost have spurned him from me. His whole dress was a long shirt coming down to his feet, supported by a broad belt, eight inches wide, which

he used as a pocket, and a low, broad-brimmed hat, turned up all round, particularly at the sides, and not unlike the head-gear of the Lebanon Shakers.

Before putting myself out of the reach of aid, I held a conversation with him through an interpreter. The lady of the major had made out a chart for me, specifying each day's journey, which he promised to observe, and added, that he would be my slave if I would give him plenty to drink. With such a companion, then, I may say emphatically that I was again setting out alone; but my *caleche* was even better than the Polish officer represented it, abundantly provided with provisions, books, &c., and altogether so much more comfortable than any thing I was used to, that I threw myself back in it with a feeling of great satisfaction. I rolled for the last time through the streets of Warsaw; looked out upon the busy throng; and though, in the perfectly indifferent air with which they turned to me, I felt how small a space I occupied in the world, I lighted my pipe and smoked in their faces, and with a perfect feeling of independence towards all the world, at one o'clock I arrived at the barrier.

Here I found to my great vexation, that I was an object of special consideration to the Emperor of Russia. A soldier came out for my passport, with which he went inside the guard-house, and in a few minutes returned with the paper in his hands to ask me some question. I could not answer him. He talked to me a little while, and again went within doors. After sitting for a few moments, vexed at the detention, but congratulating myself that if there was any irregularity it had

been discovered before I had advanced far on my journey, I dismounted and went inside, where, after detaining me long enough to make me feel very uncomfortable, they endorsed the *visa*, and let me go. I again lighted my pipe and in the mildness and beauty of the day, the comfort of my *caleche*, and the docility and accommodating spirit of my peasant, forgot the past, and even the chance of future difficulties. There was nothing particularly attractive in the road; the country was generally fertile, though tame and uninteresting. Late in the afternoon we stopped at a little town, of which I cannot make out the name. Like all other towns on this side of Warsaw, in the centre was a square with a range of wooden houses built all around fronting the square, and the inhabitants were principally Jews. My peasant took off his horses and fed them in the square, and I went into a little *kukernia*, much cleaner and better than the town promised, where I had a cup of coffee and a roll of bread, and then strolled round the town, which, at this moment, presented a singular spectacle. The women and children were driving into the square herds of cows from the pasture grounds in the then unenclosed plains around; and when all were brought in, each proprietor picked out his own cow and drove her home, and in a few moments, opposite almost every house stood the family cow, with a woman or child milking her. After this the cows strolled back into the square to sleep till morning.

A little before dark we started, and after a fine moonlight ride, at about ten o'clock drove into a sort of caravanserai, being simply a large shed or

covered place for waggons and horses, with a room partitioned off in one corner for eating and sleeping. There were, perhaps, fifteen or twenty waggons under the shed, and their waggoners were all assembled in this room, some standing up and eating off a board stretched along the wall, some drinking, some smoking, and some already asleep on the floor. In one corner was a party of Jews, with the contents of a purse emptied before them, which they were dividing into separate parcels. The place was kept by a Jew, who, with his wife, or some woman belonging to the establishment, old and weather-beaten, was running about serving, and apparently quarrelling with all the waggoners. She seemed particularly disposed to quarrel with me, I believe because I could not talk to her, this being, in her eyes, an unpardonable sin. I could understand, however, that she wanted to prepare me a supper; but my appetite was not tempted by what I saw around me, and I lighted my pipe and smoked. I believe she afterwards saw something in me which made her like me better; for while the waggoners were strewing themselves about the floor for sleep, she went out, and returning with a tolerably clean sheaf of straw, under each arm, called me to her, and shaking them out in the middle of the floor, pointed me to my bed. My pipe was ended, and putting my carpet-bag under my head, I lay down upon the straw; and the old woman climbed up to a sort of platform in one corner, where a moment after, I saw her sitting up with her arms above her head, with the utmost nonchalance changing her innermost garment.

I was almost asleep, when I noticed a strapping

big man, muffled up to the eyes, standing at my feet and looking in my face. I raised my head, and he walked round, keeping his eyes fixed upon me, and went away. Shortly after, he returned, and again walking round, stopped and addressed me, "Spreechen sie Deutsch?" I answered by asking him if he could speak French; and not being able, he went away. He returned again, and again walked round as before, looking steadily in my face. I rose on my elbow, and followed him with my eyes till I turned completely round with him, when he stopped as if satisfied with his observations, and in his broadest vernacular opened bluntly, "Hadn't we better speak English?" I need not say that I entirely agreed with him. I sprang up, and catching his hand, asked him what possessed him to begin upon me in Dutch; he replied by asking why I had answered in French, adding that his stout English figure ought to have made me know better; and after mutual good-natured recriminations, we kicked my straw bed about the floor, and agreed to make a night of it. He was the proprietor of a large iron manufactory, distant about three days' journey, and was then on his way to Warsaw. He went out to his carriage, and one of his servants produced a stock of provisions like the larder of a well-furnished hotel; and as I had gone to bed supperless, he seemed a good, stont, broad-shouldered guardian angel sent to comfort me. We sat on the back seat of the carriage, making a table of the front; and when we had finished, and the fragments were cleared away, we stretched our legs on the table, lighted our pipes, and talked till we fell on each other's shoulders.

Notwithstanding our intimacy so far, we should not have known each other by daylight, and at break of day we went out to examine each other. It was, however, perhaps hardly worth while to retain a recollection of features; for unless by some such accident as that which brought us together, we never shall meet again. We wrote our names in each other's pocket-book as a memorial of our meeting, and at the same moment started on our opposite roads.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

Friendly Solicitude—Raddom—Symptoms of a Difficulty—A Court of Inquisition—Showing a proper Spirit—Troubles thickening—Approaching the Climax—Woman's Influence—The Finale—Utility of the Classics—Another Latinist—A Lucky Accident—Arrival at Cracow.

At about eight o'clock we stopped to feed, and at the feeding-place met a German waggoner, who had lived in Hamburgh, and spoke English. He seemed much distressed at my not understanding the language of the country. He was a stout burly fellow, eating and drinking all the time, and his great anxiety was lest I should starve on the road. He insisted upon my providing against such a fatality, and had a couple of fowls roasted for me, and wrapped in a piece of coarse brown paper: and, at parting, backed by a group of friends, to whom he had told my story, he drank *schnaps* (at my expense) to my safe arrival at Cracow.

At eleven o'clock we reached Raddom. There was a large swinging gate at the barrier of the town, and a soldier opening it demanded my passport to be *vised* by the police; he got into the *caleche* with me, and we drove into the town, stopped in the public square, and went to the bureau together. He left me in an antechamber, and went within, promising, by his manner, to expedite the business, and intimating an expectation of *schnaps* in return. In a few minutes he returned, and barely opening the door for me to enter, hurried off, apparently with some misgivings about the *schnaps*. I entered, and found three or four men, who took no notice of me. I waited a few moments, and seeing my passport on a table before one of them, went up, and, certainly without intending any thing offensive, took up the passport with a view of calling his attention to it; he jerked it out of my hand, and looking at me with an imperious and impertinent air, at the same time saying something I have no doubt in character with the expression of his face, he slapped it down on the table. Two or three officers coming in, looked at it, and laid it down again, until at length one man, the head of that department I suppose, took it up, wrote a note, and giving the note and the passport to a soldier, directed me to follow him. The soldier conducted me to the bureau of the government, the largest building, and occupying a central position in the town, and left me in an antechamber with the usual retinue of soldiers and officers. In about a quarter of an hour he came out without the passport, and pulled me by the sleeve to follow him. I shook my head, and asked for the passport, and, in fact, moved towards



the door he had left. He seemed a good-hearted fellow, and, anxious to save me from any imprudence, pulled me back, held up his fingers, and pointing to the clock, told me to return at one; and touching his hat respectfully, with probably the only French words he knew, "adiéu, seigneur," and a look of real interest, hurried away.

I strolled about the town, dropped in at a *kuhier-nia*, went to the square, and saw my peasant friend feeding his horses, apparently in some trouble and perplexity. I went back at one, and was ordered to come again at four. I would have remonstrated, but, besides that I could not make myself understood, when I attempted to speak they turned abruptly away from me. I was vexed by the loss of the day, as I had agreed to pay a high price for the sake of going through a day sooner, and this might spoil my plan; and I was particularly vexed by the rough manner in which I was treated. I returned at four, and was conducted into a large chamber, in which were perhaps twenty or thirty clerks and inferior officers in the uniform of the government. As soon as I entered, there was a general commotion. They had sent for a young man who spoke a little French, to act as interpreter. The passport was, put into his hands, and the first question he asked me was how I, an American, happened to be travelling under a Russian passport? I answered that it was not from any wish of mine, but in obedience to their own laws, and added to the fact that this passport had been made out by the Russian ambassador at Constantinople; that under it I had been admitted into Russia, and travelled from the Black Sea to St. Petersburg, and from there down

to Warsaw, as he might see from the paper itself, the *vises* of the proper authorities, down to that of the governor of Warsaw, being there regularly endorsed.

He then asked what my business was in Poland, and what had induced me to come there. I answered, the same that carried me into Russia, merely the curiosity of a traveller; and he then inquired what in particular I wanted to see in Poland. If I had consulted merely my feelings, I should have told him that, besides being attracted by the interest of her heroic history, I wished to see with my own eyes the pressure of a colossal foot upon the necks of a conquered people; and this very system of inquisition and *espionage* was one of the things I expected to see, but I, of course, forebore this, and answered only in general terms, and my answer was not satisfactory. He then began a more particular examination asked my age, my height, the colour of my eyes, &c. At first I did not see the absurdity of this examination, and answered honestly according to the fact, as I believed it; but all at once, it struck me that, as I did not remember the particulars of the description of my person in the passport, my own *impromptu* might very easily differ from it, and, catching an insulting expression on his face, I told him that he had the passport in his hands, and might himself compare my person with the description there given of me. He then read aloud the entire description; height, so many feet; eyes, such a colour, &c. &c.; scanned me from head to foot; peered into my eyes, stopping after each article to look at me and compare me with the description. By this time every man in the room had

left his business and gathered round looking at me, and after the reading of each article and the subsequent examination, there was a general shaking of heads and a contemptuous smile.

At the time I remembered, what had before suggested itself to me rather as a good thing, that before embarking for Europe, I had written on to the department of state for a passport, with a description of my person made out at the moment by a friend, not very flattering, and, perhaps, not very true, but good enough for the Continent, which I expected to be the extent of my tour; and I felt conscious that, on a severer examination, my nose might be longer, or my eyes greyer, or in some other point different from the description. This, added to their close and critical examination, at first embarrassed me considerably, but the supercilious and insulting manner in which the examination was conducted, roused my indignation and restored my self-possession. I saw, from the informal way in which the thing was done, that this was a mere preliminary inquisition, and not the court to sit in judgment; and I had noticed from the beginning that most of these men were Poles, who had sold themselves to Russia for petty place and pay in her offices, traitors in their hearts and lives, apostates from every honourable feeling, and breathing a more infernal spirit against their enslaved country than the Russians themselves; and I told the interpreter, as coolly as the nature of the case would admit, to accept for himself, and to convey to his associates, the assurance that I should remember their little town as long as I lived; that I had then travelled from England through France,

Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia, and had nowhere met such wanton rudeness and insult as from them; that I did not think it possible that in any European government twenty of its officers would laugh and sneer at the embarrassment of a stranger, without a single one stepping forward to assist him; that I deeply regretted the occurrence of such a circumstance in Poland; that I felt convinced that there was not a true-hearted Pole among them, or my character as an American would have saved me from insult.

The interpreter seemed a little abashed, but I could see in the vindictive faces of the rest that they were greatly irritated. The examination was cut short, and I was directed to come again at half-past five, when the commandant, who had been sent for, would be there. By this time there was some excitement in the streets, and as I afterwards learned, it was noised through the little town that an American was detained under suspicion of travelling under a false passport. My *caleche* had been standing in the public square all day. I had been noticed going to and from the offices with a soldier at my heels, and my poor Pole had been wandering up and down the streets, telling every body his fear and interest in me, and particularly his anxiety about ten rubles I had promised him. As I passed along, people turned round and looked at me. I went to a *kukiernia*, where the dame had been very smiling and attentive, and could not even get a look from her. I went to another; several men were earnestly talking, who became silent the moment I entered. A small matter created an excitement in that little place. It was a rare thing for a traveller to pass

through it; the Russian government threw every impediment in the way, and had made the road so vexatious that it was almost broken up. The French, or the citizens of a free country like America, were always suspected of being political emissaries to stir up the Poles to revolution, and it seemed as if, under that despotic government, to be suspected was to be guilty. The Poles were in the habit of seeing slight offences visited with terrible punishments and probably half the little town looked upon me as a doomed man. I went back to the square, and took a seat on my *caleche*; my poor Pole sat on the box looking at me; he had followed me all over, and, like the rest seemed to regard me as lost. I had probably treated him with more kindness than he was accustomed to receive, though, for every new kindness he vexed me anew by stooping down and kissing my foot.

At half-past five o'clock I was again at the door of the palace. On the staircase I met the young man who had acted as interpreter; he would have avoided me but I stopped, and asked him to return with me. I held on to him, asking him if the commandant spoke French; begged him, as he would hope himself to find kindness in a strange country, to go back and act as a medium of explanation; but he tore rudely away, and hurried down stairs. A soldier opened the door, and led me into the same apartment as before. The clerks were all at their desks writing; all looked up as I entered, but not one offered me a seat, nor any the slightest act of civility. I waited a moment, and they seemed studiously to take no notice of me. I felt outrageous at their rudeness. I had no apprehensions of any se-

rious consequences, beyond perhaps, that of a detention till I could write to Mr. Wilkins, our ambassador at St. Petersburg, and resolved not to be trampled upon by the understrappers. I walked up to the door of the commandant's chamber, when one man who had been particularly insulting during the reading of the passport, rudely intercepted me, and leaning his back against the door, flourished his hand before me to keep me from entering. Fortunately, I fell back in time to prevent even the tip end of his fingers touching me. My blood flashed through me like lightning, and even now I consider myself a miracle of forbearance that I did not strike him.

In a few moments the door opened, and a soldier beckoned me to enter. Directly in front, at the other end of the room, behind a table, sat the commandant, a grim, gaunt-looking figure about fifty, his military coat buttoned tight up to his throat, his cap and sword on the table by his side, and in his hand my unlucky passport. As I walked towards him, he looked from the passport; and when I stopped at the table, he read over again the whole description, at every clause, looking at me; shook his head with a grim smile of incredulity, and laid it down as if perfectly satisfied. I felt that my face was flushed with indignation, and perhaps, to a certain extent, so distorted with passion that it would have been difficult to recognise me as the person described. I suggested to him that the rude treatment I received in the other room, had no doubt altered the whole character of my face, but he waved his hand for me to be silent; and, taking up a sheet of paper, wrote a letter or order, or something

I did not understand, and gave it to a soldier, who took it off to one corner and stamped it. The commandant then folded up the passport, and handed it again to the soldier, who carried it off and affixed to it an enormous seal, which looked very ominous and Siberian-like. I was determined not to suffer from the want of any efforts on my part, and pulled out my old American passport, under which I had travelled in France and Italy, and also a new one which Commodore Porter had given me in Constantinople. He looked at them without any comment, and without understanding them; and when the soldier returned with the big seal, he rose, and without moving a muscle, waved with his hand for me to follow the soldier. I would have resisted if I had dared. I was indignant enough to do some rash thing, but at every step was a soldier; I saw the folly of it, and grinding my teeth with vexation and rage, I did as I was ordered.

At the door of the palace we found a large crowd, who, knowing my appointment for this hour, were waiting to hear the result. A line of people was formed along the walk, who, seeing me under the charge of a soldier, turned round and looked at me with ominous silence. We passed under the walls of the prison, and the prisoners thrust their arms through the bars and hailed me, and seemed to claim me as a companion, and to promise me a welcome among them. For a moment I was infected with some apprehensions. In my utter ignorance, as to what it all meant, I ran over in my mind the stories I had heard of the exercise of despotic authority, and for one moment thought of my German host at Moscow and a journey to Siberia by mistake.

I did not know where the soldier was taking me, but felt relieved when we had got out of the reach of the voices of the prisoners, and more so when we stopped before a large house, which I remarked at once as a private dwelling, though a guard of honour before the door, indicated it as the residence of an officer of rank. We entered, and were ushered into the presence of the governor and commander-in-chief. He was of course a Russian, a man about sixty, in the uniform of a general officer, and attended by an aide-de-camp about thirty. I waited till the soldier had delivered his message; and before the governor had broken the seal, I carried the war into the enemy's country, by complaining of the rude treatment I had received, interrupted in my journey under a passport which had carried me all over Russia, and laughed at and insulted by the officers of the government, at the same time congratulating myself that I had met those who could at least tell me why I was detained, and would give me an opportunity of explaining any thing apparently wrong. I found the governor, as every where else in Russia where I could get access to the principal man, a gentleman in his bearing and feelings. He requested me to be seated, while he retired into another apartment to examine the passport. The aide-de-camp remained, and I entertained him with my chapter of grievances; he put the whole burden of the incivility upon the Poles, who, as he said, filled all the inferior offices of government, but told me, too, that the country was in such an unsettled state that it was necessary to be very particular in examining all strangers; and particularly as at that time several French



emissaries were suspected to be secretly wandering in Poland, trying to stir up revolution. The governor staid so long that I began to fear there was some technical irregularity which might subject me to detention; and I was in no small degree relieved when he sent for me, and telling me that he regretted the necessity for giving such annoyance and vexation to travellers, handed me back the passport, with a direction to the proper officer to make the necessary *visa* and let me go. I was so pleased with the result that I did not stop to ask any questions, and to this day I do not know particularly why I was detained.

By this time it was nine o'clock, and when we returned the bureau was closed. The soldier stated the case to the loungers about the door, and now all, including some of the scoundrels who had been so rude to me in the morning, were anxious to serve me. One of them conducted me to an apartment near, where I was ushered into the company of an elderly lady and her two daughters, both of whom spoke French. I apologised for my intrusion; told them my extreme anxiety to go on that night, and begged them to procure some one to take the governor's order to the commandant; in fact, I had become nervous and did not consider myself safe till out of the place. They called in a younger brother, who started with alacrity on the errand, and I sat down to wait his return. There must be a witchery about Polish ladies. I was almost savage against all mankind; I had been kept up to the extremest point of indignation, without any opportunity of exploding, all day, and it would have been a great favour for some one to knock me down; but

in a few minutes all my bitterness and malevolence melted away, and before tea was over I had forgot that I had been bandied all day from pillar to post, and even forgave the boors who had mocked me, in consideration of their being countrymen of the ladies who were showing me such kindness. Even with them I began with the chafed spirit that had been goading me on all day; but when I listened to the calm and sad manner in which they replied; that it was annoying, but it was light, very light, compared with the scenes through which they and all their friends had passed. I was ashamed of my petulance. A few words convinced me that they were the Poles of my imagination and heart. A widowed mother and orphan children, their staff and protector, had died in battle, and a gallant brother was then wandering an exile in France. I believe it is my recollection of Polish ladies that gives me a leaning towards rebels. I never met a Polish lady who was not a rebel, and I could but think, as long as the startling notes of revolution continue to fall like music from their pretty lips, so long the Russian will sleep on an unquiet pillow in Poland.

It was more than an hour before the brother returned, and I was sorry when he came; for after my professions of haste, I had no excuse for remaining longer. I was the first American they had ever seen: and if they do not remember me for any thing else, I am happy to have disabused them of one prejudice against my country, for they believed the Americans were all black. At parting, at my request, the eldest daughter wrote her name in my memorandum-book, and I bade them farewell.

It was eleven o'clock when I left the house, and

at the first transition from their presence the night seemed of pitchy darkness. I groped my way into the square, and found my *caleche* gone. I stood for a moment on the spot where I had left it, ruminating what I should do. Perhaps my poor Pole had given me up as lost, and taken out letters of administration upon my carpet-bag. Directly before me, intersecting the range of houses on the opposite side of the square, was a street leading out of the town. I knew that he was a man to go straight ahead, turning neither to the right hand nor the left. I walked on to the opening, followed it a little way, and saw on the right a gate opening to a shed for stabling. I went in, and found him with his horses unharnessed, feeding them, whipping them, and talking at them in furious Polish. As soon as he saw me he left them, and came at me in the same tone throwing up both his hands, and almost flourishing them in my face; then went back to his horses, began pitching on the harness, and, snatching up the meal bag, came back again towards me, all the time talking and gesticulating like a Bedlamite. I was almost in despair. What have I done now? Even my poor peasant turns against me; this morning he kissed my foot, now he is ready to brain me with a meal-bag. Roused by the uproar, the old woman, proprietor of the shed, came out, accompanied by her daughter, a pretty little girl about twelve years old, carrying a lantern. I looked at them without expecting any help. My peasant moved between them and me and the horses, flourishing his meal-bag, and seeming every moment to be more and more enraged with me. I looked on in dismay, when the little

girl came up, and dropping a curtesy before me, in the prettiest French I ever heard, asked me, "*Que voulez vous, monsieur?*" I could have taken her up in my arms and kissed her. I have had a fair share of the perplexity which befalls every man from the sex, but I hold many old accounts cancelled by the relief afforded me this day. Before coming to a parley with my Pole, I took her by the hand, and sitting down on the tongue of a waggon, learned from her that she had been taken into the house of a rich seigneur to be educated as a companion for his daughter, and was then at home on a visit to her mother; after which she explained the meaning of my postilion's outcry. Besides his apprehensions for me personally, he had been tormented with the no less powerful one of losing the promised ten roubles upon his arrival at a fixed time at Michoff, and all his earnestness was to hurry me off at once, in order to give him a chance of still arriving within the time. This was exactly the humour in which I wanted to find him, for I had expected great difficulty in making him go on that night; so I told him to hitch on his horses, and at parting did give the little girl a kiss, and the only other thing I could give her without impoverishing myself was a silk purse as a memento. I lighted my pipe, and, worn out with the perplexities of the day, in a short time forgot police and passports, rude Russians and dastardly Poles, and even the Polish ladies and the little girl.

I woke the next morning under a shed, horses harnessed, postilion on the box whipping, and a Jew at their head holding them, and the two bipeds quarrelling furiously about the stabling. I threw

the Jew a florin, and he let go his hold, though my peasant shook his whip, and roared back at him long after we were out of sight and hearing. At a few miles' distance we came to a stopping place, where we found a large *caleche* with four handsome horses, and the postilion in the costume of a peasant of Cracow, a little squared cap with a red feather, a long white frock somewhat like a shooting jacket, bordered with red, a belt covered with pieces of brass like scales lapping over each other, and a horn slung over his right shoulder. It belonged to a Polish Seigneur, who disaffected towards government, had succeeded in retaining his property, and was the proprietor of many villages. He was accompanied by a young man about thirty, who spoke a very little French; less than any man whom I ever heard attempt to speak it at all. They had with them their own servants and cooking apparatus, and abundance of provisions. The seigneur superintended the cooking, and I did them the honour to breakfast with them. While we were breakfasting, a troop of waggoners or vagabonds were under the shed dancing the *mazurka*. The better class of Poles are noble, high spirited men, warm and social in their feelings, and to them, living on their estates in the interior of their almost untrodden country, a stranger is a curiosity and a treasure. The old seigneur was exceedingly kind and hospitable, and the young man and I soon became on excellent terms. I was anxious to have a friend in case of a new passport difficulty, and at starting gladly embraced his offer to ride with me. As soon as we took our seats in the *caleche* we lighted our pipes and shook hands as a bargain of good-fellow-

ship. Our perfect flow of confidence, however, was much broken up by the up-hill work of making ourselves understood. I was not a great scholar myself, but his French was execrable; he had studied it when a boy, but for more than ten years had not spoken a word. At one time, finding it impossible to express himself, he said, "*Parlatis Latinum?*" — "Can you speak Latin?" I at first thought it was some dialect of the country, and could not believe that he meant the veritable stuff that had been whipped into me at school, and which, to me, was most emphatically dead language; but necessity developes all that a man has, and for three hours we kept up an uninterrupted stream of talking bad Latin and worse French.

I went on again. At about twelve o'clock we arrived at the town of Kielse. I felt nervous as we approached the barrier. I threw myself back in the *caleche*, and drew my cap over my eyes in grand seigneur style, the soldier touched his hat as he opened the gate, and we drove into the public square unmolested. I breathed more freely, but almost hesitated to leave the *caleche* while the horses fed. I smiled, however, at thinking that any effort to avoid observation was the very way to attract it, and went to a *kukiernia*, where I drank coffee, ate bread encrusted with sugar, and smoked a pipe until my Pole came in and kissed my foot, as an intimation that the horses were ready.

No questions were asked at the barrier; and we rode on quietly till nine o'clock, when we drove under the shed of a caravanserai. Fifteen or twenty waggoners were eating on a bench, and as they finished, stretched themselves on the floor for sleep.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I strolled out for a walk. The whole country was an immense plain. I could see for a great distance, and the old shed was the only roof in sight. It was the last night of a long journey through wild and unsettled countries. I went back to the time when on a night like that I had embarked on the Adriatic for Greece; thought of the many scenes I had passed through since, and bidding farewell to the plains of Poland, returned to my *caleche*, drew my cloak around me, and was soon asleep.

At nine o'clock we stopped at a feeding place, where a horde of dirty Jews were at a long table eating. I brushed off one corner, and sat down to some bread and milk. Opposite me was a beggar woman dividing with a child about ten years old a small piece of dry black bread. I gave them some bread and a jar of milk, and I thought, from the lighting up of the boy's face, that it was long since he had had such a meal.

At twelve o'clock we reached Michoof, the end of my journey with the *caleche*. I considered my difficulties all ended, and showed at the post-house my letter from the Polish captain to the commissario. To my great annoyance he was not in the place. I had to procure a conveyance to Cracow; and having parted with my poor Pole, overwhelmed with gratitude for my treatment on the road, and my trifling gratuity at parting, I stood at the door of the post-house with my carpet-bag in my hand, utterly at a loss what to do. A crowd of people gathered round, all willing to assist me, but I could not tell them what I wanted. One young man in particular seemed bent upon serving me; he accost-

ed me in Russian, Polish, and German. I answered him in English, French, and Italian, and then stopped. As a desperate resource, and almost trembling at my own temerity, I asked the question I had learned from my yesterday's companion, "*Parlatis Latinum?*" and he answered with a fluency and volubility that again threw me into another perplexity, caught my hand, congratulated me upon having found a language understood, praised the good old classic tongues, offered his services to procure any thing I wanted, &c.; and all with such rapidity of utterance that I was obliged to cry out with something like the sailor's "vast heaving," and tell him that if he went on at that rate it was all Russian to me. He stopped, and went on more moderately, and, with great help from him, I endeavoured to make him understand that I wanted to hire a wagon to take me to Cracow. "*Venite cum me,*" said my friend, and conducted me round the town until we found one. I then told him I wanted my passport *vised* for passing the frontier. "*Venite cum me,*" again said my friend, and took me with him and procured the *vise*; then that I wanted a dinner; still he answered "*Venite cum me,*" and took me to a *trattoria*, and dined with me. At dinner my classical friend did a rather unclassical thing. An enormous cucumber was swimming in a tureen of vinegar. He asked me whether I did not want it; and taking it up in his fingers, ate it as a dessert, and drinking the vinegar out of the tureen, smacked his lips, wiped his mustaches with the table cloth, and pronounced it "*optimum.*" For three hours we talked constantly, and talked nothing but Latin. It was easy enough for him, for, as he



told me, at school it had been the language of conversation. To me it was like breaking myself into the treadmill; but, once fairly started, my early preceptors would have been proud of my talk. At parting he kissed me on both cheeks, rubbed me affectionately with his mustaches; and after I had taken my seat, his last words were, "*Semper me servate in vestra memoria.*"

We had four and a half German, or about eighteen English miles to Cracow. We had a pair of miserable ragged little horses, but I promised my postilion two florins extra if he took me in three hours; and he started off so furiously that in less than an hour the horses broke down, and we had to get out and walk. After breathing them a little, they began to recover, and we arrived on a gentle trot at the frontier town, about half way to Cracow. My passport was all right, but here I had a new difficulty in that I had no passport for my postilion. I had not thought of this, and my classical friend had not suggested it. It was exceedingly provoking, as to return would prevent my reaching Cracow that night. After a parley with the commanding officer, a gentlemanly man, who spoke French very well, he finally said that my postilion might go on under the charge of a soldier to the next post house, about a mile beyond, where I could get another conveyance and send him back. Just as I had thanked him for his courtesy, a young gentleman from Cracow, in a barouche with four horses, drove up, and hearing my difficulty, politely offered to take me in with him. I gladly accepted his offer, and arrived at Cracow at about dark, where, upon his recommendation, I went to the Hotel de

la Rose Blanche, and cannot well describe the satisfaction with which I once more found myself on the borders of civilised Europe, within reach of the ordinary public conveyances, among people whose language I could understand. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Often, after a hard day's journey, I have asked myself the question, but seldom with the same self-complacency and the same determination to have mine ease as at Cracow. I inquired about the means of getting to Vienna, which at that moment I thought no more of than a journey to Boston. Though there was no particular need of it, I had a fire built in my room for the associations connected with a cheerful blaze. I put on my morning gown and slippers, and hauling up before the fire an old chintz covered sofa, sent for my landlord to come up and talk with me. My host was an Italian, and an excellent fellow. Attached to his hotel was a large restaurant, frequented by the first people at Cracow. During the evening, an old countess came there to sup; he mentioned to her the arrival of an American, and I supped with her and her niece; neither of them, however, were so interesting as to have any effect upon my slumber.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Cracow Casimir the Great. Kosciusko. Tombs of the Polish Kings. A Polish Heroine. Last Words of a King. A Hero in Decay. The Salt mines of Cracow. The Descent. The Mines. Underground Meditations. The Farewell.

CRACOW is an old, curious, and interesting city, situated in a valley on the banks of the Vistula, and approaching it as I did, towards the sunset of a summer's day, the old churches and towers, the lofty castles and the large houses, spread out on the immense plains, gave it an appearance of actual splendour. This faded away as I entered, but still the city inspired a feeling of respect, for it bore the impress of better days. It contains numerous churches, some of them very large, and remarkable for their style and architecture, and more than an hundred monasteries and convents. In the centre is a large square, on which stands the church of Notre Dame, an immense Gothic structure, and also the old palace of Sobieski, now cut down into shops, and many large private residences, uninhabited, and falling to ruins. The principal streets terminate in this square. Almost every building bears striking marks of ruined grandeur. On the last partition of Poland in 1815 by the Holy alliance, Cracow, with a territory of 500 square miles and a population of 108,000, including about 30,000 Jews, was erected into a republic; and at this day it exists nominally as a *free city*, under such pro-

tection as vultures give to lambs; three masters instead of one, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all claiming the right to interfere in its government.

On the opposite bank of the river is a large tumulus of earth, making the grave of Cracus, the founder of the city. A little higher up is another mound, revered as the sepulchre of his daughter Weada, who was so enamoured of war that she promised to give her hand only to the lover who should conquer her in battle. Beyond this is the field of Zechino, where the brave Kosciusko, after his return from America, with a band of peasants, again struck the first blow of revolution, and, by a victory over the Russians, roused all Poland to arms.

About a mile from Cracow are the ruins of the palace of Lobzow, built by Casimer the Great, for a long time the favourite royal residence, and identified with a crowd of national recollections; and until lately, a large mound of earth in the garden was revered as the grave of Esther, the beautiful Jewess, the idol of Casimir the Great.

I was not a sentimental traveller, nor sensible to the grief that is caused by love, and I could neither drop a tear at the tomb of Esther nor sing the glory of Casimir the Great; but my heart beat high as I turned to another monument in the environs of Cracow; an immense mound of earth, standing on an eminence visible from every quarter, towering almost into a mountain, and sacred to the memory of Kosciusko! I saw it from the palace of the kings and from the ramparts of the fallen city, and, with my eyes constantly fixed upon it, descended to the Vistula, followed its bank to a large convent, and then turned to the right, direct to the mound.

I walked to the foot of the hill, and ascended to a broad table of land. From this table the mound rises in a conical form, from the base 300 feet in diameter, to the height of 175 feet. At the four corners formerly stood small houses, which were occupied by revolutionary soldiers who had served under Kosciusko. On the farther side, enclosed by a railing, was a small chapel, and within it a marble tomb covering Kosciusko's heart! A circular path winds round the mound; I ascended by this path to the top. It is built of earth sodded, and was then covered with a thick carpet of grass, and reminded me of the tumuli of the Grecian heroes on the plains of Troy; and perhaps when thousands of years shall have rolled by, and all connected with our age be forgotten, and time and exposure to the elements shall have changed its form, another stranger will stand where I did, and wonder why and for what it was raised. It was erected by the voluntary labour of the Polish people; and so great was the enthusiasm, that, as an eye-witness told me, wounded soldiers brought earth in their helmets, and women in their slippers; and I remember, with a swelling heart, that on this spot a nation of brave men had turned to my country as the star of liberty, and that here a banner had been unfurled and hailed with acclamation by assembled thousands, bearing the sacred inscription, "Kosciusko, the friend of Washington!"

The morning was cold and dreary, the sky was overcast with clouds, and the sun, occasionally breaking through, lighted up for a moment with dazzling brilliancy the domes and steeples of Cracow and the palace and burial-place of her kings,

emblematic of the fitful gleams of her liberty flashing and dazzling, and then dying away. I drew my cloak around me and remained there till I was almost drenched with rain. The wind blew violently, and I descended and sheltered myself at the foot of the mound by the grave of Kosciusko's heart!

I returned to the city, and entered the Cathedral Church. It stands by the side of the old palace, on the summit of the rock of Wauvel, in the centre of and commanding the city, enclosed with walls and towers, and allied in its history with the most memorable annals of Poland; the witness of the ancient glory of her kings, and their sepulchre. The rain was pattering against the windows of the old church as I strolled through the cloisters, and among the tombs of the kings. A *verger* in a large cocked hat, and a group of peasants, moved, like myself, with noiseless steps, as if afraid to disturb the repose of the royal dead. Many of the kings of Poland fill but a corner of the page of history. Some of their names I had forgotten, or perhaps never knew, until I saw them inscribed on their tombs; but every monument covered a head that had worn a crown, and some whose bones were mouldering under my feet will live till the last records of heroism perish.

I approached with a feeling of veneration the tomb of Casimir the Great. It is of red marble; four columns support a canopy, and the figure of a king, with a crown on his head, rests on a coffin of stone. An iron railing encloses the monument. It is nearly 500 years since the palatines and nobles of Poland, with all the insignia of barbaric

magnificence, laid him in the place where his ashes now repose. The historian writes, "Poland is indebted to Casimir, for the greatest part of her churches, palaces, fortresses, and towns," adding that "he found Poland of wood, and left her of marble." He patronised letters, and founded the University of Cracow; promoted industry and encouraged trade; digested the unwritten laws and usages into a regular code; established courts of justice; repressed the tyranny of the nobles, and died with the honourable title of the King of the Peasants; and I did not forget, while standing over his grave, that beneath me slept the spirit that loved the groves of Lobzow, and the heart that beat for Esther the Jewess.

The tomb of Sigismund I. is of red marble, with a figure as large as life reclining upon it. It is adorned with bas reliefs and the arms of the republic, the white eagle and the armed cavalier of Lithuania. He died in 1541, and his monument bears the following inscription in Latin:—"Sigismund Jagellon, King of Poland, Grand-duke of Lithuania, Conqueror of the Tartars, of the Wallachians, of the Russians and Prussians, reposes under this stone, which he prepared for himself." Forty years ago Thaddeus Czacki, the Polish historian, opened the tombs of the kings, and found the head of Sigismund resting on a plate of silver bearing a long Latin inscription; the body measured six feet and two inches in height, and was covered with three rich ermines; on the feet were golden spurs, a chain of gold around the neck, and a gold ring on one finger of the left hand. At his

feet was a small pewter coffin enclosing the body of his son by Bone Sforza.

On the lower floor of the church, by the side of Poniatowski, the Polish Baynard, is the tomb of one nobler in my eyes than all the kings of Poland or of the world. It is of red marble, ornamented with the cap and plume of the peasant of Cracow, and bears the simple inscription, "T. Kosciusko." All over the church I had read elaborate panegyrics upon the tenants of the royal sepulchres, and I was struck with this simple inscription, and remembered that the white marble column reared amid the magnificent scenery of the Hudson, which I had often gazed at from the deck of a steam-boat, and at whose base I had often stood, bore also in majestic simplicity the name of "Kosciusko." It was late in the afternoon, and the group of peasants, two Poles from the interior, and a party of the citizens of Cracow, among whom were several ladies, joined me at the tomb. We could not speak each other's language : we were born and lived thousands of miles apart, and we were strangers in our thoughts and feelings, in all our hopes and prospects, but we had a bond of sympathy at the grave of Kosciusko. One of the ladies spoke French, and I told them that, in my far distant country, the name of their nation's idol was hallowed ; that schoolboys had erected a monument to his memory. They knew that he had fought by the side of Washington, but they did not know the recollections of his services was still so dearly cherished in America ; and we all agreed that it was the proudest tribute that could be paid to his memory, to write merely his name on his monument. It meant that it was needless



to add an epitaph, for no man would ask, Who was Kosciusko?

It was nearly dark when I returned to my hotel. In the restaurant, at a small table directly opposite me, sat the celebrated Chlopicki, to whom, on the breaking out of the last revolution, Poland turned as to another Kosciusko and who, until he faltered during the trying scenes of that revolution, would have been deemed worthy to lie by Kosciusko's side. Born of a noble family, a soldier from his birth he served in the memorable campaigns of the great patriot, distinguished himself in the Polish legions in Italy under Dombrowski, and, as colonel of a regiment of the army at the Vistula, behaved gloriously in Prussia. In Spain he fought at Saragossa and Sagunta, and was called by Suchet *le brave des braves*; as general of brigade in the army of Russia, he was wounded at Valentina, near Smolensk, and was general of a division in 1814, when Poland fell under the dominion of the autocrat. The Grand-duke Constantine censured him on parade, saying that his division was not in order; and Chlopicki, with the proud boast, "I did not gain my rank on the parade ground, nor did I win my decorations there," asked his discharge the next day, and could never after be induced to return to the service. The day after the revolutionary blow was struck, all Poland turned to Chlopicki as the only man capable of standing at the head of the nation. The command of the army, with absolute powers, was conferred upon him by acclamation, and one of the patriot leaders concluded his address to him with these words:—"Brother, take the sword of your ancestors and predecessors, Czarniecki,

Dombrowski, and Kosciusko. Guide the nation that has placed its trust in you in the path of honour. Save this unhappy country." Chlopicki, with his silver head grown white in the service of Poland, was hailed by 100,000 people on the Champ de Mars, with the shouts of "Our country and its brave defender, Chlopicki, for ever!" He promised never to abuse their confidence, and swore that he would defend the liberty of Poland to the last moment. The whole nation was enthusiastic in his favour; but in less than three months, at a stormy session of the diet, he threw up his high office of dictator, and refused peremptorily to accept the command of the army. This brave army, enthusiastically attached to him, was struck with profound grief at his estrangement; but with all the faults imputed to him, it never was charged that he attempted to take advantage of his great popularity for any ambitious purposes of his own.

The Poles speak of him more in sorrow than in anger; they say it was not enough that he exposed his person on the field of battle; that he should have given them the whole weight of his military talents, and the influence of his powerful name; that, standing alone, without children or relations to be compromised by his acts, he should have consumed the glory of his life by giving its few remaining years for the liberty of his country. He appeared about sixty-five, with hair perfectly white, a high florid complexion, a firm and determined expression, and in still unbroken health, carrying himself with the proud bearing of a distinguished veteran soldier. I could not believe that he had bar-

tered the precious satisfaction of a long and glorious career for a few years of ignoble existence; and though a stranger, could but regret that, in the wane of life, circumstances, whether justly or not, had sullied an honoured name. It spoke loudly against him that I saw him sitting in a public restaurant at Cracow, unmolested by the Russian government.

The next day I visited the celebrated salt-mines at Weilitzka. They lie about twelve miles from Cracow, in the province of Galicia, in part of the kingdom of Poland, which, on the unrighteous partition of that country, fell to the share of Austria. Although at so short a distance, it is necessary to go through all the passport formalities requisite on a departure for a foreign country. I took a fiacre, and rode to the different bureaus of the city police; and having procured the permission of the municipal authorities to leave the little territory of Cracow, next rode to the Austrian consul, who, thereupon, and in consideration of one dollar to him in hand paid, was graciously pleased to permit me to enter the dominions of his master the emperor of Austria.

In an hour and a half I arrived at the town of Weilitzka, containing about 3000 inhabitants, and standing, as it were, on the roof of the immense subterraneous excavations. The houses are built of wood, and the first thing that struck me was the almost entire absence of men in the streets, the whole male population being employed in the mines, and then at work below. I rode to the office of the superintendant, and presented my letter, and was received with great civility of manner; but his *Polish* was perfectly unintelligible. A smutty faced

operative, just out of the mines, accosted me in Latin, and I exchanged a few shots with him but hauled off on the appearance of a man whom the superintendant had sent for to act as my guide, an old soldier who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, and, as he said, became an amateur and proficient in fighting and French. He was dressed in miner's costume, fanciful and embroidered with gold, holding in his hand a steel axe; and having arrayed me in a long white frock, conducted me to a wooden building covering the shaft which forms the principal entrance to the mine. This shaft is ten feet square, and descends perpendicularly more than 200 feet into the bowels of the earth. We arranged ourselves in canvass seats, and several of the miners who were waiting to descend, attached themselves to seats at the end of the ropes, with lamps in their hands, about eight or ten feet below us.

When my seat left the brink of the shaft, I felt, for a moment, as if suspended over the portal of a bottomless pit; and as my head descended below the surface, the rope, winding and tapering to a thread, seemed letting me down to the realms of Pluto. But in a few moments we touched the bottom. From within a short distance of the surface, the shaft is cut through a solid rock of salt; and from the bottom, passages almost innumerable are cut in every direction through the same bed. We were furnished with guides, who went before us bearing torches, and I followed through the whole labyrinth of passages, forming the largest excavations in Europe, peopled with upwards of two thousand souls, and giving a complete idea of a subter-

aneous world. These mines are known to have been worked upwards of six hundred years, being mentioned in the Polish annals as early as 1237, under Boleslaus the Chaste, and then not as a new discovery, but how much earlier they had existed cannot now be ascertained. The tradition is, that a sister of St. Casimir, having lost a gold ring, prayed to St. Anthony, the patron saint of Cracow, and was advised in a dream, that by digging in such a place she would find a treasure far greater than that she had just lost, and within the place indicated these mines were discovered.

There are four different stories or ranges of apartments; the whole length of the excavations is more than 6000 feet, or three-quarters of an hour's walk, and the greatest breadth more than 2000 feet; and there are so many turnings and windings that my guide told me, though I hardly think it possible, that the whole length of all the passages cut through this bed of salt amounts to more than 300 miles. Many of the chambers are of immense size. Some are supported by timber, others by vast pillars of salt; several are without any support in the middle, and of vast dimensions, perhaps 80 feet high, and so long and broad as almost to appear a boundless cavern. In one of the largest is a lake covering the whole area. When the King of Saxony visited this place in 1810, after taking possession of his moiety in the mines of the Duke of Warsaw, this portion of them was brilliantly illuminated, and a band of music, floating on the lake, made the roof echo with patriotic airs. We crossed the lake in a flat boat by a rope, the dim light of torches, and the hollow sound of our voices, giving a lively idea of

a passage across the Styx; and we had a scene which might have entitled us to a welcome from the prince of the infernals, for our torch-bearers quarrelled, and in a scuffle that came near carrying us all with them, one was tumbled into the lake. Our Charon caught him, and without stopping to take him in, hurried across, and as soon as we landed beat them both unmercifully.

From this we entered an immense cavern, in which several hundred men were working with pickaxes and hatchets, cutting out large blocks of salt, and trimming them to the size of barrels. With their black faces begrimed with dust and smoke, they looked by the light of the scattered torches like the journeymen of Beelzebub the prince of darkness, preparing for some great blow-up, or like the spirits of the damned condemned to toil without end. My guide called up a party, who disengaged with their pickaxes a large block of sand from its native bed, and in a few minutes cut and trimmed it to fit the barrels in which, they are packed. All doubts to their being creatures of the upper world were removed by the eagerness with which they accepted the money I gave them; and it will perhaps be satisfactory to the advocates of that currency to know that paper money passes readily in these lower regions.

There are more than a thousand chambers or halls, most of which have been abandoned and shut up. In one is a collection of fanciful things, such as rings, books, crosses, &c., cut in the solid rock salt. Most of the principal chambers had some name printed over them, as the "Archduke," "Carolina," &c. Whenever it was necessary, my guides

went ahead and stationed themselves in some conspicuous place, lighting up the dark caverns with the blaze of their torches, struck their flambeaux against the wall, and millions of sparks flashed and floated around and filled the chamber. In one place, at the end of a long dark passage, a door was thrown open, and I was ushered suddenly into a spacious ballroom lighted with torches : and directly in front, at the head of the room, was a transparency with coloured lights, in the centre of which were the words "Excleso hospiti." "To the illustrious guest," which I took to myself, though I believe the greeting was intended for the same royal person for whom the lake chamber was illuminated. Lights were ingeniously arranged round the room, and at the foot, about twenty feet above my head, was a large orchestra. On the occasion referred to, a splendid ball was given in this room ; the roof echoed with the sound of music ; the nobles and princely ladies flirted and coquetted the same as above ground ; and it is said that the splendid dresses of a numerous company, and the blaze of light from the chandeliers, reflected upon the surface of the rock-salt, produced an effect of inconceivable brilliancy.

My chandeliers were worse than Allan M'Aulay's strapping Highlanders with their pine torches, being dirty, ragged, smutty-faced rascals, who threw the light in streaks across the hall. I am always willing to believe fanciful stories ; and if my guide had thrown in a handsome young princess as part of the "Excleso hospiti," I would have subscribed to anything he said ; but, in the absence of a consi-

deration, I refused to tax my imagination up to the point he wished.

Perhaps the most interesting chamber of all, is the chapter dedicated to that Saint Anthony who brought about the discovery of these mines. It is supposed to be more than 400 years old. The columns with their ornamented capitals, the arches, the images of the Saviour, the Virgin and saints, the altar and the pulpit, with all their decorations, and the figures of two priests represented at prayers before the shrine of the patron saint, are all carved out of the rock-salt, and to this day grand mass is regularly celebrated in the chapel once every year.

Following my guide through all the different passages and chambers, and constantly meeting miners and seeing squads of men at work, I descended by regular stairs cut in the salt, but in some places worn away and replaced by wood or stone, to the lowest gallery, which is nearly a thousand feet below the surface of the earth. I was then a rather veteran traveller, but up to this time it had been my business to move quietly on the surface of the earth, or, when infected with the soaring spirit of travellers, to climb to the top of some lofty tower or loftier cathedral; and I had fulfilled one of the duties of a visitor to the eternal city by perching myself within the great hall of St. Peter's; but here I was far deeper under the earth than I had ever been above it; and at the greatest depth from which the human voice ever rose, I sat down on a lump of salt and soliloquised,

"Through what varieties of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!"



I have since stood upon the top of the Pyramids, and admired the daring genius and the industry of man, and at the same time smiled at his feebleness, when, from the mighty pile, I saw in the dark ranges of mountains, the sandy desert, the rich valley of the Nile, and the river of Egypt, the hand of the world's great architect; but I never felt man's feebleness more than here; for all these immense excavations, the work of more than six hundred years, were but as the work of ants by the roadside. The whole of the immense mass above me, and around, and below, to an unknown extent was of salt; a wonderful phenomenon in the history of the globe. All the different strata have been examined by scientific men. The uppermost bed at the surface is sand; the second clay, occasionally mixed with sand and gravel, and containing a petrification of marine bodies; the third is calcareous stone, and from those circumstances it has been conjectured that this spot was formerly covered by the sea, and that the salt is a gradual deposite, formed by the evaporation of its waters. I was disappointed in some of the particulars which had fastened themselves upon my imagination. I had heard and read glowing accounts of the brilliancy and luminous splendour of the passages and chambers, compared by some to the lustre of precious stones; but the salt is of a dark grey colour, almost black, and although sometimes glittering when the light was thrown upon it, I do not believe it could ever be lighted up to shine with any extraordinary or dazzling brightness. Early travellers, too, had reported that those mines contained several villages inhabited by colonies of miners, who lived constantly

below ; and that many were born and died there, who never saw the light of day ; but this is entirely untrue. The miners descend every morning and return every night, and live in the village above. None of them ever sleep below. There are, however, two horses which were foaled in the mines and have never been on the surface of the earth. I looked at these horses with great interest. They were growing old before their time ; other horses had perhaps gone down, and told them stories of a world above, which they would never know.

It was late in the afternoon when I was hoisted up the shaft. These mines did not need the embellishment of fiction. They are, indeed, a wonderful spectacle, and I am satisfied that no traveller ever visited them without recurring to it as a day of extraordinary interest.

And here, on the banks of the Vistula, I take my leave of the reader. I have carried him over seas and rivers, mountains and plains, through royal palaces and peasants' huts ; and in return for his kindness in accompanying me to the end, I promise that I will not again burden him with my incidents of Travel.

THE END.

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